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TEXT CUT BOOK

BEST THINGS

FROM

BEST AUTHORS

VOLUME VII

COMPRISING



NUMBERS NINETEEN TWENTY AND TWENTY-ONE

OF

SHOEMAKER'S BEST SELECTIONS



PHILADELPHIA

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1897

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PART FIRST.



BEST SELECTIONS
FOR READINGS AND RECITATIONS.
NUMBER 19.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

Abridged.

I READ before my eyelids dropt their shade,
“The Legend of Good Women,” long ago
Sung by the morning star of song, who made
His music heard below.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,
And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
And trumpets blown for wars.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down
A cavalier from off his saddle bow,
That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town;
And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies by down-lapsing thought
Streamed onward, lost their edges and on creep
Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and brought
Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wander'd far
In an old wood; fresh-washed in coolest dew.
The maiden splendors of the morning star
Shook in the steadfast blue.

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Poured back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear undertone
Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime,
"Pass freely thro'; the wood is all thine own,
Until the end of time."

At length I saw a lady within call,
Stillter than chisell'd marble, standing there,
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech ; she turning on my face
The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
Spoke slowly in her place.

"I had great beauty ; ask thou not my name ;
No one can be more wise than destiny.
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
I brought calamity."

"No marvel, sovereign lady, in fair field
Myself for such a face had boldly died."
I answered free, and, turning, I appeal'd
To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks, averse
To her full height her stately stature draws.
"My youth," she said, "was blasted with a curse,
This woman was the cause.

"I was cut off from hope in that sad place
Which yet my spirit loathes and fears ;
My father held his hand upon his face,
I, blinded with my tears,

"Still strove to speak ; my voice was thick with sighs,
As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes.
Waiting to see me die.

"The high masts flick'r as they lay afloat ;
The crowds, the temples waver'd, and the shore ;
The bright death quivered at the victim's throat,
Touched, and I knew no more."

Whereto the other, with a downward brow :
"I would the white, cold, heavy-plunging foam,
Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me deep below,
Then, when I left my home."

Her slow words sank thro' the silence drear,
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea ;
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, "Come here,
That I may look on thee."

I, turning, saw throned on a flowery rise
One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled ;
A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burnished gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began :
"I govern'd men by change, and so I sway'd
All moods. 'Tis long since I have seen a man.
Once, like the moon, I made

“ The ever-shifting currents of the blood
According to my humors ebb and flow ;
I have no men to govern in this wood,
That makes my only woe.

“ Nay yet it chafes me that I could not bend
One will, nor tame and tutor with mine eye
That dull, cold-blooded Cæsar. Prythee, friend,
Where is Mark Antony ?

“ The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime
On fortune’s neck ; we sat as god by god ;
The Nilus would have risen before his time
And flooded at our nod.

“ We drank the Libyan sun to sleep, and lit
Lamps which outburn’d Canopus. O my life
In Egypt ! O the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife.

“ And the wild kiss, when fresh from war’s alarms,
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,
My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,
Contented there to die.

“ And there he died, and when I heard my name
Sigh’d forth with life, I would not brook my fear
Of the other ; with a worm I balk’d his fame,
What else was left ?

“ I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found
Me lying dead, my crown upon my brows ;
A name forever—lying robed and crown’d
Worthy a Roman spouse.”

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range,
 Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance
 From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change
 Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause, I knew not for delight,
 Because with sudden motion from the ground
 She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light
 The interval of sound.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
 A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn
 And singing clearer than the crested bird
 That claps his wings at dawn.

A daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
 A maiden pure, as when she went along
 From Mizpah's tower'd gate with welcome light,
 With timbrel and with song.

* * * * * *

To save her father's vow.

My words leaped forth : " Heaven heads the count of
 crimes,
 With that wild oath." She render'd answer high,
 "Not so, nor once alone, a thousand times
 I would be born and die.

"My God! my land! my father! these did move
 Me from my bliss of life that Nature gave,
 Lower'd softly, with a threefold love,
 Down to a silent grave.

* * * * * *

“How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire !

“Moreover it is written that my race
Hew’d Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth.” Here her face
Glow’d as I look’d at her.

She lock’d her lips, she left me where she stood.
“Glory to God,” she sang, and past afar,
Thridding the solemn boskage of the wood
Toward the morning star.

Losing her carol, I stood pensively,
As one that from a casement leans his head
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
And the old year is dead.

“Alas, alas !” a low voice, full of care,
Murmur’d beside me, “Turn and look on me ;
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,
If what I was I be.

“Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor !
O me, that I should ever see the light !
Those dragon eyes of anger’d Eleanor
Do hunt me day and night.”

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust,
To whom the Egyptian : “O you tamely died !
You should have clung to Fulvia’s waist and thrust
The dagger thro’ her side.”

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams
Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery
Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams
Ruled in the Eastern sky.

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark
Ere I saw her, who clasp'd, in her last trance,
Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc,
A light of ancient France.

Or her, who knew that Love can vanquish Death,
Who, kneeling, with one arm about her king
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in spring.

No memory labors longer from the deep
Gold mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep
To gather and tell o'er

Each sound and sight. With what dull pain
Compass'd how eagerly I sought to strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams again!
But no two dreams are like.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

GETTIN' ON.

WHEN I wuz somewhat younger,
I wuz reckened purty gay—
I had my fling at everything
In a rollickin', coltish way,
But times have strangely altered

Since sixty years ago—
This age of steam an' things don't seem
Like the age I used to know.
Your modern innovations
Don't suit me, I confess,
As did the ways of the good ol' days—
But I'm gettin' on, I guess.

I set on the piazza
An' hitch round with the sun—
Sometimes, mayhap, I take a nap,
Waitin' till school is done.
An' then I tell the children
The things I done in youth,
An' near as I can (as a vener'ble man)
I stick to the honest truth!
But the looks of them 'at listen
Seem sometimes to express
The remote idea that I'm gone—you see?
An' I am gettin' on, I guess.

I get up in the mornin',
An', nothin' else to do,
Before the rest are up an' dressed
I read the papers through;
I hang round with the women
All day an' hear 'em talk,
An' while they sew or knit I show
The baby how to walk;
An' somehow, I feel sorry
When they put away his dress
An' cut his curls ('cause they're like a girl's)—
I'm gettin' on, I guess.

Sometimes, with twilight round me,
I see (or seem to see)
A distant shore where friends of yore
Linger an' watch for me ;
Sometimes I've heered 'em callin'
So tenderlike an' low
That it almost seemed like a dream I dreamed,
Or an echo of long ago ;
An' sometimes on my forehead
There falls a soft caress,
Or the touch of a hand—you understand—
I'm gettin' on, I guess.

CAMPING AND CAMPERS.

THERE is no other word in the vocabulary of our language so suggestive of rare and pleasant conditions of life as camping. It is more than a mere word—it is a symbol as well.

Not only is it a word for the eye but it is equally a word for the ear. For in it are the sighing of zephyrs, the soft intoning of slow-moving night-winds, the roaring of strong gales, the moaning of tempests and the sobbings of storms amid the wet trees. The loon's call, the splash of leaping fish, the panther's cry, the pitiful summons of the lost hound, the slashing of deer wading among the lily pads, and the gentle dripping of odorous gums falling softly on the pine stems, listening to which in silence and sweet concern we, who were lying under the fragrant trees, like happy and weary children, have fallen gently asleep—all these sounds live in this magic

word as music lives forever in the air of Heaven, being a part of it.

And in it, too, are human voices, songs, laughter, and all the noises of merriment and frolic. No other phonograph is like to it. The happy hunter's proud hurrah over the captured game. The songs around the camp-fire under the stars in the hush of evening, the stranger's hail, the guide's strong call to breakfast—a heavenly sound—the flute's soft note heard over water on a still night, the cheer at reaching camp and the murmured farewells at leaving—verily, it is a vocal word and all the sounds that come from it are melody.

Dear word, sweet word, keep vocal to my ears until they cease to hear, and mirror to my eyes until they see no more the fair, the sweet and honest faces that out of the dear old camps that we have builded in so many parts for so many years now look forth upon me as out of many heavens. For if there be a better heaven than a well-placed camp, with a wisely-assorted company of honest and cheerful folk, I know not how to find it in my imagination, nor that passage of Revelation that tells us of it.

To all that camp on shores of lakes, on breezy points, on banks of rivers, by sandy beaches, on slopes of mountains and under green trees—anywhere, I, an old camper, a wood lover, an aboriginal veneered with civilization, send greeting. I thank God for the multitude of you; for the strength and beauty of you; for the healthiness of your tastes and the naturalness of your natures. I eat and drink with you. I hunt and fish with you. I boat and bathe with you, and with you by day and night enjoy the gifts of the good world. Kneeling here on the deck of my little yacht, stooping far

over and reaching low down, I fill to the brim the old camping cup that longer than the lives of some of you has never failed my lips ; and, holding it high in the bright sunlight, I swing it to the circle of the horizon, and, standing bareheaded, with the strong wind on my face, I drink to your health. O campers ! whoever and wherever you be. Here's health to you all and long life on the earth and something very like camping ever after.

W. H. H. MURRAY.

THE SUMMERSET FOLKS.

Permission of "The Analostan Magazine."

YOU ought to go to Summerset
And see the funny folks.
Although they never jest, they yet
Are full of funny jokes ;
For everybody in the town
Is downside up and upside down.

There's Mr. Wright who's always wrong,
And Mr. Sweet, who's sour ;
There's Mr. Poore, to whom belong
The greatest wealth and power,
While Mr. Newcome (so I hear)
Was really the pioneer.

The tallest man is Mr. Lowe,
The shortest Mr. Long ;
The crookedest is Mr. Rowe,
The weakest, Mr. Strong ;
And Small is stout and Stout is small,
While Little's biggest of them all.

The blackest man is Mr. White,
The reddest Mr. Gray,
The sunniest is Mr. Knight,
The gloomiest is Day ;
And Mr. Dunn and Mr. Brown
Are called the brightest men in town.

The greatest clown is Mr. Sage,
The gravest man is Joy ;
Old Father Young is bent with age,
Young Hoar is but a boy ;
And Mr. Gay is ever sad
Because his neighbor, Goode, is bad.

One Mr. Wise has lost his mind,
One Mr. Smart his wits,
And so throughout the town you find,
All sorts of strange misfits,
For everything is upside down—
That's how they came to name the town.

WILLIS B. HAWKINS.

*

THE THREE VOICES.

“ I WILL not die.” A feeble voice comes forth—
Scarce heard amid the rumbling of the wheels
Of time—forth from a tenement of clay.
Weak man protesting 'gainst the giant Death !

“ But thou shalt die,” rolls in the mighty wave
Of voices which like ours have cried for life,
Of voices from the other world beyond—

The deep cry of the past eternity.

"The fate that comes to all must come to thee,
And thou shalt die. * * All nature dies and e'en
The angels 'round God's throne may die—a death
Not like to thine, the sev'ring of a soul
From earthly prison whence it flees with joy—
But death eternal, sev'rance from their God.
And thou, O man, thou, too, must die."

"O death, I fear thee," comes again the voice
Of feeble man in trembling tones.

And then

A voice is heard re-echoing down the years,
Voice full of sweetness, like soft music on
The evening air. "The resurrection and
The life am I."

O death where is thy sting.
O grave where is thy vict'ry. Man shall live.

CHARLES C. HAHN.

MEDITATIONS ON IMMORTALITY.

THIS world is but the sun's kaleidoscope,
Altered beneath his ever-changing beams,
And nothing stands, or is; and thought and hope
Are changing, while they live, as change our dreams
What seems to stand, in times to come must change,
Even laws and doctrines bear the common lot;
For laws must rust, and all beneath the range
Of the sun's beam must fade, or change, or rot.
What is will not be, and the things that were,
Were not as they are fancied, for our altered fancies e'er.

The mighty sun rolls back the floods of night,
Transforming worlds to diamonds by his beams ;
The wilderness of stars, whose rays of light
Have pierced the midnight ocean with their streams
For ages back on ages, till unknown
Times lost in thought, and thought is lost in naught,
Yet still shine on, and farther back have shone ;
And by this mighty life they mock a lot,
To be a spark that flashes when we lie
The husks that held a grandeur, grander than the sky.

But still the spark, that's laughter in the eye,
That's cloaked beneath the color of the cheek ;
The spirit of a laugh, or in a sigh,
That's known, but never found, though we should seek
In every act to find it, is of worth
More than this grandeur of the realms of heaven.
'Tis ever hidden, but it still goes forth
In every act ; and through these acts is given
The power to build its world, to make its life,
To form the heaven it finds, when ends this mortal strife.

It has the power to make and to create ;
Its thoughts are shadows of the things to be ;
On past, or present, it can meditate,
On deeds, on worlds, and has capacity
To alter worlds. It acts upon thy form
As heaven on nature ; and its actions prove
More than all books or doctrines can inform
That it was destined for a life above
When stars are dead, and suns are sparks that die,
And all the worlds are ashes in the boundless wastes on
high.

Where goest thou, thou fleeting curious guest,
Once solitary tenant of the dust,
After the walls are down, and life's unrest
Is known no more? When this is ended, must
The spirit mingle with the midnight stars
Or turn to naught, and drift in endless space,
Or dwell within the moving wind that wars
With ocean's waves? Or join an unknown race
That makes the rising, living, fading war
Of life upon the surface of some world afar?

Or goest thou to dwell within the beams
Cast forth the mighty sun? Or will these be
In thy new state, but darkness; and the streams
Of drifting stars and worlds, unknown to thee?
Or is life naught? A spell-bound state in which
We are debarred from wonders, that, by these,
Were rare, indeed? Will the endless seas
Where stars are drops be filled with things unknown
And space be naught but night, night and ourselves
alone?

Ah, no! do not believe it, there is love;
And this, so selfish, knows not selfishness,
Being not of earth, it must be from above.
Its unfed longing is but its distress
For its unknown—its long forgotten home.
When freed our prison, then will new light shine
And worlds appear, now hidden by its gloom;
The cloud-hid heaven unfold, and show a mine
Of undreamed wonders, and our souls will grow
Into new life; for these will other life bestow;

The spirit take its life from its new state,
Its form from what surrounds it; so we'll grow

Into new life; it being its inborn fate,
Searching for knowledge, onward, still to go.
The soul is but the ocean-bird of heaven,
Borne from its home by storms and lost in space,
But yet it struggles back, though clouds are riven
By lightning's flashing to its resting-place;
Though storms and darkness shroud it in their gloom,
Yet there's an inward knowledge that must guide it
home.

ADAIR WELCKER.

A DINNER DISCUSSION.

THE DUCK QUESTION PRACTICALLY WORKED OUT.

A FEW days ago Mr. Grumbledorf came home promptly to his six o'clock dinner with the laudable desire uppermost in his breast to be pleasant with his wife. They had had a little tilt at breakfast about the proper way to serve buckwheat cakes, and both were a little ashamed of fussing over such a trifling matter.

Grumbledorf earnestly resolved to make amends for his quarrelsomeness, if he possibly could. He thought he would begin by not alluding in the least to their unpleasantness at breakfast, be very genial at dinner, and not touch on any subject upon which dispute could possibly arise.

As Grumbledorf seated himself at the table, his wife said: "Willie, dear, will you carve the duck? It looks so nice and tender, I am sure you would rather serve it in that way than have the girl cut it up in the kitchen."

Grumbledorf couldn't help but think this was a little

covert fling on his wife's part at their morning's trouble, but he put on his blandest smile, and replied: "Certainly, pet; I would rather carve it than not; but you mistake the name of the bird. This is not a duck, but a canvas-back."

"Well," said his wife, coloring a little, "isn't a canvas-back duck a duck?"

"No," replied Grumbledorf, quite blandly, "a canvas-back duck is a canvas-back duck, but a duck is quite a different thing. A duck runs around in the back yards and is killed with an axe."

"Oh! you're talking about tame ducks," said his wife, with a least bit of sarcasm.

"I would like to know, if a canvas back is not a duck, why a tame duck is a duck, either? If you weren't as stubborn as a mule you would see it, too."

"No, my dear," said Grumbledorf, struggling to appear calm, "I have investigated this subject very thoroughly, and know what I am talking about. If you have any conception of reason, please listen to me. A tame duck is simply called a duck, whereas this here," stabbing the bird with his fork, "is called a canvas-back duck to distinguish it from the other kind of ducks; the same—"

"There," cried Mrs. Grumbledorf, interruptingly, "you admit that it is a duck yourself. You say the prefix 'canvas-back' distinguishes it from the other kind of ducks. Doesn't the word others prove I am right, Mr. Grumbledorf? If 'canvas-back' distinguishes this from the other kind of duck doesn't that prove this is one kind of duck? And if it is a kind of duck, haven't I a right to call it duck just as much as you have to call a tame duck a duck? You know you are wrong,

as you always are, and if you weren't a great big, obtuse, headstrong man, talking to a poor, weak woman you'd admit it." And Mrs. Grumbledorf began to get ready to cry.

"Listen, my love," said Grumbledorf, trying to talk as blandly as possible, "you have a false conception of this matter. I am sure if you would only listen to reason you would agree with me. For instance, a dog is a dog, isn't it? Yet, if you had a prairie dog here on the table would you ask me to carve the dog? But if you shut up I will carve this canvas-back or die in the attempt. There, I've met you half way, anyhow."

"But you might have called it 'duck' while you were about it."

"Mrs. Grumbledorf, you are the most unreasonable woman I ever had any dealings with. What in the (jab with the fork) world do you expect (slash with the knife) of a man, anyway. What humbling (jab-slash-slash) concessions do you want (jab slash-slash) me to make and still (jab slash-slash) preserve my self-respect? (Jab-slashety-slash.) If I ever get enough off this duck—do you hear that?—duck to (jabety-jab-slash) stave off starvation I suppose I ought to be thank—(jabety-slashety-slash). Confound it! What are you standing there grinning for like a weather-beaten idiot? Call in the girl! There's your canvas back on the floor!"

"The what?" asked Mrs Grumbledorf.

"The duck," replied Grumbledorf, sheepishly, as he went to look for the benzine to clean out the grease splashes all over his coat and vest.

But Mrs. Grumbledorf was smiling. She had carried her point.

THE TOLA OF MUSTARD SEED.

WHOM, when they came unto the river-side,
A woman—dove-eyed, young, with tearful face
And lifted hands—saluted, bending low :
“ Lord ! thou art He,” she said, “ who yesterday
Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,
Where I live lone and reared my child ; but he
Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,
Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh
And tease the quick-forked tongue and opened mouth
Of that cold playmate. But, alas ! ere long
He turned so pale and still, I could not think
Why he should cease to play, and let my breast
Fall from his lips. And one said, ‘ He is sick
Of poison ;’ and another, ‘ He will die.’
But I, who could not lose my precious boy,
Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light
Back to his eyes ; it was so very small
That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think
It could not hate him, gracious as he was,
Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,
‘ There is a holy man upon the hill—
Lo ! now he passeth in the yellow robe—
Ask of the Rishí if there be a cure
For that which ails thy son.’ Whereon I came
Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god’s,
And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe,
Praying thee tell what simples might be good.
And thou, great sir ! didst spurn me not, but gaze
With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand ;
Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,

‘ Yea! little sister, there is that might heal
Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing;
For they who seek physicians bring to them
What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find
Black mustard-seed, a tola;* only mark
Thou take it not from any hand or house
Where father, mother, child or slave hath died;
It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.’
Thus didst thou speak, my Lord!’

The Master smiled

Exceeding tenderly. “ Yea! I spake thus,
Dear Kisagotami! But didst thou find
The seed?”

“ I went, Lord, clasping to my breast
The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut—
Here in the jungle and toward the town—
‘ I pray you, give me mustard, of your grace,
A tola—black;’ and each who had it gave,
For all the poor are piteous to the poor;
But when I asked, ‘ In my friend’s household here
Hath any peradventure ever died—
Husband, or wife, or child, or slave?’ they said:
‘ O sister! what is this you ask? the dead
Are very many, and the living few!’
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
And prayed of others; but the others said,
‘ Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave!’
‘ Here is the seed, but our good man is dead!’
‘ Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died
Between the rain-time and the harvesting!’
Ah, sir! I could not find a single house
Where there was mustard-seed and none had died!

* Two ounces.

Therefore I left my child—who would not eat
 Nor smile—beneath the wild-vines by the stream,
 To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
 Where I might find this seed and find no death,
 If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,
 As I do fear, and as they said to me.”

“My sister! thou hast found,” the Master said,
 “Searching for what none finds—that bitter balm
 I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
 Dead on thy bosom yesterday: to-day
 Thou know’st the whole wide world weeps with thy woe:
 The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
 Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay
 Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
 Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives
 O’er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice—
 As these dumb beasts are driven—men their lords.
 I seek that secret: bury thou thy child!”

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

COURTING IN KENTUCKY.

WHEN Mary Ann Dollinger got the skule daown
 thar on Injun Bay
 I was glad, fer I like ter see a gal makin’ her honest
 way.
 I heerd some talk in the village ababout her flyin’ high,
 Tew high fer busy farmer folks with chores ter dew ter
 fly;
 But I paid no sorter attention ter all the talk ontell

She come in her reg'lar boardin' raound ter visit with
us a spell.

My Jake an' her had been cronies ever since they could
walk,

An' it tuk me aback ter hear her kerrectin' him in his
talk.

Jake aint no hand at grammar, though he haint his
beat for work ;

But I sez ter myself, "Lookout, my gal, yer a-foolin'
with a Turk !"

Jake bore it wonderful patient, an' said in a mournful
way,

He p'sumed he was behindhand with the doin's at Injun
Bay.

I remember once he was askin' for some o' my Injun
buns,

An' she said he should allus say, "them air," stid o'
"them is " the ones.

Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy mornin' an' evenin'
long,

Tell he dassent open his mouth for fear o' talkin' wrong.

One day I was pickin' currants daown by the old quince
tree,

When I heerd Jake's voice a-sayin', "Be ye willin' ter
marry me ?"

An' Mary Ann kerrectin', "Air ye willin', yeou sh'd
say."

Our Jake he put his foot daown in a plum, decided way,

"No wimmen-folks is a-going ter be rearrangin' me,

Hereafter I says 'craps,' 'them is,' 'I calk'late,' an'
'I be.'

Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't hark ter what
I say ;

But I ain' a-goin' to take no sass from folks from Injun
Bay.

I ask you free an' final, ' Be ye goin' ter marry me ? ' ”
An' Mary Ann sez, tremblin', yet anxious-like, “ I be.”

FLORENCE E. PYATT.

THE TWO CHURCH-BUILDERS.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

Permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A FAMOUS king would build a church,
A temple vast and grand ;
And, that the praise might be his own,
He gave a strict command
That none should add the smallest gift
To aid the work he planned.

And when the mighty dome was done,
Within the noble frame,
Upon a tablet broad and fair,
In letters all aflame
With burnished gold, the people read
The royal builder's name.

Now when the King, elate with pride,
That night had sought his bed,
He dreamed he saw an angel come
(A halo round his head),
Erase the royal name and write
Another in its stead.

What could it mean? Three times that night
That wondrous vision came ;
Three times he saw that angel hand
Erase the royal name,
And write a woman's in its stead,
In letters all aflame.

Whose could it be? He gave command
To all about his throne
To seek the owner of the name
That on the tablet shone ;
And so it was the courtiers found
A widow poor and lone.

The King, enraged at what he heard,
Cried, " Bring the culprit here !"
And to the woman trembling sore
He said, "'T is very clear
That you have broken my command ;
Now let the truth appear !"

" Your Majesty," the Widow said,
" I can't deny the truth ;
I love the Lord—my Lord and yours—
And so, in simple sooth,
I broke your Majesty's command
(I crave your royal ruth).

" And since I had no money, Sire,
Why, I could only pray
That God would bless your Majesty ;
And when along the way
The horses drew the stones, I gave
To one a whisp of hay !"

"Ah! now I sec," the King exclaimed,
 "Self-glory was my aim ;
 The woman gave for love of God,
 And not for worldly fame ;
 'Tis my command the tablet bear
 The pious widow's name !"

JOHN G. SAXE.

BRIDGET O'FLANNAGAN

ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND COCKROACHES.

OCH, Mollie Moriarty, I've been havin' the quare iksparyincis since yiz hurrud from me, an' if I'd known how it wud be whin I lift ould Oireland, I'd nivir have sit fut intil this coontry befoor landin'. Me prisint mistriss that I had befoor the lasht wan is a discoiple av a new koind av relijun called Christian Soience. She's been afther takin' a sooccission av coorsis av coolchur (I belave that's fwat they call it), an', in-did, oop wid this Christian Soience. I've hurrud her talkin' wid the other ladies about moind an' matther, an' as will as I can undhershtand, Christian Soience manes that iverything is all moind an' no matther, or all matther an' nivir moind, an' that ivery wan's nobody, an' iverything's nothing ilse. The mistriss ses there's no disase nor throoble, an' no nade av physic ; nivirthiliss, whin she dishcoovered cockroaches intil the panthry, she sint me out wid the money to buy an iksterminatin' powdher. Thinks I to mesilf, "I'll give thim roaches a dose av Christian Soience, or fwat the ladies call an 'absint thratemint.'" So I fixed the powers av me

moind on the middlesoom craythers an' shpint the money till me own binifit. Afther a few days the mis-thriss goes intil the panthry, an' foinds thim roaches roonin' 'round as if they'd nivir been kilt at all. I throied to iksplain, but wid the inconsishtency av her six she wouldn't listhin till a worrud, but ses I was addin' impertinince to desavin'. So I'm afther lookin' fur a place, an' if yiz know av any lady widout notions that do be bewildherin' to me moind, addhress,

MISS BRIDGET O'FLANNAGAN,

Post-Office,

Ameriky.

M. BOURCHIER.

THE DROP OF WATER.

(Inquisition—Goa, 1560.)

THEY have chained me in the central hall,
 And are letting drops of water fall
 On my forehead so close to the granite wall
 Drop—drop.

They were cold at first, but they now are warm,
 And I feel a prick like the prick of a thorn,
 Which comes with the fall of each drop so warm,
 Drop—drop.

A circle I feel beginning to form,
 A circle of fire round each drop so warm,
 A circle that throbs to the prick of the thorn,
 Drop—drop.

The circle is growing between my eyes,
Each drop that falls increases its size,
And a flame of fire upward flies,

At each

Drop—drop.

It's growing larger, my God! the pain
Of this awful, damnable, circular flame,
Cutting its way through my throbbing brain.

Drop—drop.

It's growing larger, dilating my brain,
Before its circular throbbing flame,
Till I feel like a universe of pain,

Drop—drop.

Suns of fire are falling fast,

Drop—drop,

On to my brain, O God! can this last?

Drop—drop.

The stars of the universe all beat time,
As each raging sun of heat and flame
Falls with a measured throb on my brain,

Drop—drop.

Time has grown as large as my brain,

Drop—drop.

Ten million years of agonized pain
Lie between the fall of each sun of flame,

Drop—drop.

Something is coming!

Drop—drop.

Something is going to happen!

Drop—

Something has snapped !
The falling suns cease !
O God ! can it be that you've sent me release ?
Is this death, this feeling of exquisite peace ?

It is death.

HARRY STACPOOLE.

BYLO LAND.

WHEN out of the West long shadows creep,
And the stars peep out, a shining band,
Our baby—weary of fun and play—
Goes out thro' the gates to Bylo Land.

O, which is the road to Bylo Land ?
By the way of grandpa's easy chair,
Or, better, by mother's loving arms,
With kisses pressed on the shining hair ?

She nestles down with a weary sigh,
While the lashes touch the rounded cheek ;
With her arms clasped, close 'round mother's neck,
Who kisses the love she cannot speak.

A wonderful land is Bylo Land,
To judge by the smiles on baby's face ;
The angels must surely weave her dreams,
And lend to her of their winsome grace.

O, baby, we envy thy sunny lot,
For we that are older seldom see
The flowery path to Bylo Land,
Or meet the angels that talk with thee.

NEW YORK DISPATCH.

IN DE MORNIN'.

GOOD-BYE, chile! I aint here for long.
 I'se a-waitin' patient for de dawnin';
 De angels dar is a pullin' mighty strong
 And I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

When de stars fell down, I 'member it well,
 Yet I don't know de year I was born in,
 But I goes by a star dat neber has fell,
 So I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

I mind back yonder in old Tennessee
 How de speculators come without a warnin',
 But now I'se a waitin' for de Lord to come for me,
 And I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

What hab I done dat de Lord let me stay
 A waitin' so long for de dawnin'?
 The earth is gettin' dark and a fadin' away,
 But I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

Don't cry, chile! I must say good night,
 For your mammy's done had a warnin',
 To close up de shutter and put out de light,
 But I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

LIZZIE YORK CASE

MR. THE. CIBBER.

MAN is a most frail being, incapable of directing his steps, unacquainted with what is to happen in his life; and, perhaps, no man is a more manifest instance of the truth of this maxim than Mr. The. Cibber, just now gone out of the world.

This gentleman was born of creditable parents, who gave him a very good education, and a great deal of good learning, so that he could read and write before he

was sixteen. However, he early discovered an inclination to follow bad courses ; he refused to take the advice of his parents, and pursued the bent of his inclination ; he played at cards on the Sundays, called himself a gentleman, fell out with his mother and laundress ; and even in these early days his father was frequently heard to observe that young The.—would be hanged.

As he advanced in years he grew more fond of pleasure ; would eat an ortolan for dinner, though he begged the guinea that bought it, and was once known to give three pounds for a plate of green peas, which he had collected over-night as charity for a friend in distress ; he ran into debt with everybody that would trust him, and none could build a sconce better than he, so that at last his creditors swore with one accord that The.—would be hanged.

But, as getting into debt by a man who had no visible means but impudence for subsistence, is a thing that every reader is not acquainted with, I must explain that point a little, and that to his satisfaction.

There are three ways of getting into debt ; first, by pushing a face ; as thus, “ You, Mr. Lustring, send me home six yards of that paduasoy—but hark ye, don’t think I ever intend to pay you for it.” At this the mercer laughs heartily, cuts off the paduasoy and sends it home ; nor is he, till too late, surprised to find the gentleman had said nothing but truth and kept his word.

The second method of running into debt is called fineering, which is getting goods made up in such a fashion as to be unfit for every other purchaser, and if the tradesman refuses to give them upon credit, then threaten to leave them upon his hands.

But the third and best method is called, "Being the good customer." The gentleman first buys some trifle and pays for it in ready money; he comes a few days after with nothing about him but bank bills, and buys, we will suppose, a sixpenny tweezer-case; the bills are too great to be changed, so he promises to return punctually the day after and pay for what he has bought. In this promise he is punctual; and this is repeated for eight or ten times, till his face is well known, and he has got at last the character of a good customer. By this means he gets credit for something considerable, and then never pays it.

In all this the young man who is the unhappy subject of our present reflections was very expert, and could face, fineer, and bring custom to a shop with any man in England; none of his companions could exceed him in this, and his companions at last said that The.—would be hanged.

As he grew old, he grew never the better; he loved ortolans and green peas, as before; he drank gravy-soup, when he could get it, and always thought his oysters tasted best when he got them for nothing, or, which was just the same, when he bought them upon tick; thus the old man kept up the vices of the youth, and what he wanted in power he made up in inclination, so that all the world thought that old The.—would be hanged.

And now I have brought him to his last scene—a scene where, perhaps, my duty should have obliged me to assist. You expect, perhaps, his dying words, and the tender farewell of his wife and children; you expect an account of his coffin and white gloves, his pious ejaculations and the papers he left behind him. In this

I cannot indulge your curiosity ; for, oh ! the mysteries of fate ; The. was drowned.

Hearer, pause and ponder, and ponder and pause ;
who knows what thy own end may be ?

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

RIDE.

Permission of "Outing."

TO the men at work in the field Ruth came running
and crying,

With steps that staggered and reeled, dress, ribbons, and
hair all flying,

One hand pressed to her side : " Little Mary is dying !
Ride for the doctor, ride ! She has eaten the poison
paste

Mixed for the vermin ! Haste, saddle the horses ! away !
Death will not linger or stay ! Ride ! "

While they saddle the black, while they bridle the gray,
" Hurry ! "

Girth knotted, buckle a-lack, black rearing, gray pulling
back,

(Hurry is often delay.) Richard ran straight to the
hall

Where, leaning against the wall, a horse that is always
ready,

He caught, as he ran his wheel—steed of rubber and
steel,

Silent, and fleet, and steady, set door-way and gate-way
a-flving,

Leaped to his seat at a stride, and was off like a bird on
the wing. (Ride !)

Seven miles off is the town (Ride!) the roadway wind-
ing and brown,

Smooth and hard as a stone, runs the long valley down,
The rider is riding alone, and his feet like pistons
flying

Drive the pedals around, and, like an engine flying,
He skims along the ground. (Ride!)

So rapidly, so silently the slender wheel did glide,
That the gray line of the road backward under him
flowed

Like a freshet-swollen stream, and the trees on either
side

Seemed floating in a tide. His pulses throb and bound ;
Like engine puffs of steam is the panting of his breath.
But he rides a race with death, and his single thought is
—Ride!

Now he is rising the hill, heavily go his feet,
Driven by desperate will. (Ride!) His breath is a
sob and his heart

A hammer that strives to beat his rocking ribs apart,
He reels and sways in his seat, his teeth gleam, white
and bare,

Where his lips are parted wide. The sweat drips under
his hair,

He cannot see aright for the black specks in his sight,
But he will not pause or bide a moment's breathing
space;

Sweet Ruth is his hoped-for bride, there's a double stake
in this race. (Ride !)

At last he is over the brow, the village below him is
lying ;
Legs over the handles, now down the long slope he is
flying,
Like skimming swallows that glide down the long slant
of the wind. (Ride !)
The swiftness of his pace dashes the wind in his face,
His sight is no longer blind, his ears have ceased their
humming,
His heart beats easy again, he draws his breath without
pain,
His second wind is coming, and when he reaches the
plain (Ride !)
Lightly he sits in his seat, and the strokes of his rapid
feet
Are fast as the ceaseless beat of the ripples of a tide.
And the wheel beneath him springs like a bird to the
strokes of its wings—
Like a lover's thoughts to his bride. (Ride !)

The doctor's fast-trotting mare is fleet, and her load is
light,
But the village people stare as he lashes her to flight.
With a rush, a scramble, a scurry, the dust spurns under
her feet—"Hurry!"
But ere she has covered a third of her race, like a low-
flying bird
Comes stealing beside her wheel the steed of rubber and
steel,
Forcing the mare to her stride ; its rider sits lightly and
straightly,
Well over his handle-bar, spinning the pedals greatly,
As, leaning forward far, he shouts to the doctor, "Ride!"

Half-way on the road they meet the galloping horsemen
—“Hurry!”

Pell-mell, worry, and flurry they follow with scampering
feet,

Now the house is in sight, at the gate Ruth, waiting,
“Thank God! not too late.

O Richard!” As panting he stands she clasps him
with both her dear hands.

And he knows, as he catches his breath and looks in her
tear-streaming face,

Not in vain has he ridden his race and beaten the cham-
pion, Death.

It is done! The race is over and won!

The wheel still stands in the hall

And gleams, and glistens with pride,

As, leaning against the wall, silent, tireless, and steady,

A horse that is always ready, it seems to invite you to
ride it;

And it hears the bridegroom and bride,

In the twilight, standing beside it,

The murmur of vows they repeat, the parting of soft
lips that meet,

The hearts of lovers that beat like the patter of baby
feet;

But never again may it feel, while rubber and metal
abide,

Such a thrill as ran through its steel

When Ruth to the startled men cried:

“Ride!”

PRESIDENT BATE.

KID SIXEY'S CHRISTMAS.

“HEY, Swipesey! Kid Sixey's got hurted,
 Bruk 'is leg jumpin' off'n a car,
Dat Kid 'ee's too small fer dis bizness!
 He orter be hum wid 'is mar.”

“'Is mar! wot yer givin' us, Ikey?
 Dat Kid haint no mudder, she's dead;
'Is fadder does time on de Islan',
 'Nd 'ee's got ter hustle instead.”

Says Ikey, “Wot did dey do wid 'im?”
 “Sneaked 'im off to de hosp'le straight.”
“Dat's tuff, 'nd to-morrer is Kwysmus!
 Dar aint none inside o' dat gate.”

“Say, Swipesey, let's buy 'im some Kwysmus!
 'Ow much 'ave yer got yer kin spare?”
“Eight cents.” “Well, I has got seben,
 Come on to de fruit stan' down dere!”

“All right, 'nd say, Ikey, O Ikey!
 You buy some 'nd I'll swipe some more
W'en de Dago aint lookin', den Sixey
 Will 'ave a rum Kwysmus fer shore!”

“Wot yer askin' fer dem apples, Dago?”
 “Two for fiva, three for fiva, one a cent,”
“Gimme fifteen cents wuth, mix 'em up now!
 (Sneak, Ikey!) dere, my money's spent!”

" Policeman! stopa him! stopa him!

He gota my fruita, no pay!"

" Oi have yees, ye thavin' ragmuffins!

To the pracinct ye'll go right away."

" Why, bless me! now, officer, what's this?

These children look scarce ten years old!"

" Faith, yer honor, one robbed an Oitalian,

While fruit to the ither he sould!"

" Well, I hardly know what to do with them;

I ought to—but that seems too bad,

When to-morrow is Christmas, quite likely

A merry one they never had.

" Well, boys, now tell me about it,

How came you to steal in that way?

It seems you had money to buy with,

I'll hear now what you have to say."

" Please, sir, Kid Sixey got hurted

Jumpin' off 'n a car, 'nd we t'ought

He wouldn't know nothin' 'bout Kwysmus,

Unless we somet'ings fer 'im bought.

" But de Dago he tried fer to bluff us

Wid 'is 'two-fer-five, tree-fer-five,' so

We swiped some to help Sixey's Kwysmus,

'Nd even up t'ings, don't yer know.

" But de Dago got on, de cop hooked us

'Nd shook us 'nd brought us to you.

Please, sir, can't Sixsey 'ave Kwysmus

At de hosp'le now? boo-boo-oo!"

"Ahem ! boys—ahem ! I'll discharge you,
Provided you both will agree
To never steal more, and provided
You'll give this to Sixey for me."

"O Swipesey !" "O Ikey, a shiner !
Dat Judge is de ginivine stock.
Say, wot'll we buy now for Sixey ?"
"O Swipesey ! I know, a brick block !"

"Naw, wot'd 'e do wid it, cully ?
Let's git 'im some taffy 'nd gum,
Some peanuts 'nd some tobacker,
Say, won't 'e think Kwysmus 'as come ?"

"A present from Santa Claus. Sixey !"
"Fer me, missus ! me did you say ?
A poor little busted-up newsboy
Like me don't have Kwysmus no way."

" 'Fer Sixey. Frum Swipesey and Ikey,
Wid complunts.' Dem kids I know !
Oh ! I guess it is fer me, missus !
Ole Santa Claus found me, dat's so."

"No, mum ; I aint cryin' frum leg-ache,
Seem's if all de pain 'd gorn away.
I never t'ought I'd be so happy
In hosp'le on Kwysmus Day."

WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

THE MONK'S VISION.

I READ a legend of a monk who painted,
In an old convent cell in days bygone,
Pictures of martyrs and of virgins sainted,
And the sweet Christ-face with the crown of thorn.

Poor daubs, not fit to be a chapel's treasure—
Full many a taunting word upon them fell ;
But the good abbot let him, for his pleasure,
Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused : " Could I but render
Honor to Christ as other painters do—
Were but my skill as great as is the tender
Love that inspires me when His cross I view !

" But no ; 'tis vain I toil and strive in sorrow ;
What man so scorns, still less can he admire ;
My life's work is all valueless ; to-morrow
I'll cast my ill-wrought pictures in the fire."

He raised his eyes within his cell—O wonder !
There stood a visitor ; thorn-crowned was He,
And a sweet voice the silence rent asunder :
" I scorn no work that's done for love of me."

And round the walls the paintings shone resplendent
With lights and colors to this world unknown,
A perfect beauty, and a hue transcendent,
That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

There is a meaning in this strange old story :
Let none dare judge his brother's worth or need ;
The pure intent gives to the act its glory,
The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed.

BOSTON PILOT.

THE HORSE AUCTIONEER.

IN AN EMERGENCY HE IS CALLED IN TO SELL A PIANO.

THE regular auctioneer was ill, and in the emergency the auctioneer from the horse stables across the street consented to act in his place. A big crowd of people filled the room to bid on a lot of household goods that had been advertised for sale. A piano was the first thing offered.

"Now, ladies and gents," said the horse auctioneer, as he mounted the block, "I wish to call yer attention to dis magnificent pianer-forte. I have its pedigree here, which will be furnished to de purchaser, an' he will be surprised at what he has bought. I would call yer particular attention to its color—a beautiful mahogany bay, one of de most beautiful and desirable colors dat kin be selected. Dis pianer hasn't got spot or blemish. It is warranted to work double or single. Examine it closely for ringbone, spavin, or quarter crack. Will some one in de audience please step to de front and test its wind?"

A young man who combed his hair pompadour and had a wild look in his eyes elbowed through the crowd and, taking a seat on the stool, ran his fingers over the keys, then through his pompadour, hitched the stool a little closer, found one of the pedals, and began to thump out a tune.

"What do you think of dat lick, ladies and gents?" said the auctioneer, as he looked triumphantly around the room. "Ever see anyt'ing purtier den dat in yer lives? Never a skip or a break. Dat gait's good fer 2.20 anywhere. Now, what am I bid? Remember, whoever buys dis pianer buys a pedigree a yard long."

The ladies in the crowd looked at the auctioneer in some wonderment, and taking this for silent admiration he directed his remarks to them :

“Now, ladies, here’s a pianer dat I kin recommend to yer on de dead square. Dis is a single-foot instrument dat doesn’t shy or scare at de cars. Jest as easy as a rockin’ chair. Gentle as a lamb. Doesn’t kick or bite. Will de gent let ’er go ’round once more for de benefit of de ladies?”

The young man on the stool “let ’er go ” again, this time pounding out, “Where is My Wandering Boy To-Night,” and several other things of equal artistic merit.

“Now, ladies and gents,” said the auctioneer, when the young man paused for breath, “dat’s a performance dat speaks for itself. Remember, dis pianer is jest off of grass. Hasn’t been handled for six months. Whatam I bid?”

But there was no bid.

The ladies went out of the room by twos, threes, and fours, and left only the men to enliven the occasion by calling out, “Let ’er go once under the saddle,” etc.

AN AMERICAN EXILE.

Permission of I. H. Brown & Co.

IN Norfolk Bay, long years ago, where waved
The nation’s flag from mizzen gaff
Of frigate, sloop, and other war-like craft,
A group of naval officers, assembled
On the flag ship’s quarter-deck, discussed
With earnestness the act by which the State

Of South Carolina annulled
The tariff laws of Congress.
The President's prompt act,
Dispatching Scott to Charleston, ordering
The execution of the laws by force,
Had thrilled the nerves of those who bore
Their country's arms.

The naval service boasted many men
Who traced through veins as chivalrous as their sire's
The blood of Sumter, Pickens, Hayne,
And other revolutionary patriots;
And, conscious of a lineage illustrious
From those who gave the grand Republic birth,
Their minds were often filled with politics
Of State; and thus the acts of courts
And legislatures oft became their theme
In time of peace as much as warlike deeds
Of Neptune.

One of these, in this debate
A handsome, sun-bronzed officer of most
Commanding mien, became conspicuous
In warm approval of his State's rash act
And censure strong of President
And Congress. While his flashing eye betrayed
The fierce emotions of his soul, his voice
Rang fearful maledictions: "Curse the country
Whose flag from yonder mizzen floats; the men
Be cursed, who in the name of government
Ignore the rights my native State has held supreme."

Then drawing forth his rapier
As if in frenzied rage: "My sword's my own,

My heart is loyal to my native State ;
 And here I swear, this blade shall ne'er be drawn
 But in defense of rights this tyrant thing
 Called government, usurps, and those its threats
 Would terrify. Its flag be trailed in dust ;
 The fate of Carthage be its cursed doom ;
 The memory of its present acts, with those
 Who give them shape, go down in blood and shame."

Such direful imprecations shocked the ears
 Of those who heard ; and ere the speechless group
 Recovered from their blank amaze a young
 Lieutenant felled the speaker senseless to
 The deck ; then, quick before the officer
 Commanding, preferred the charge of treason.

Court-martial trials are speedy in results ;
 The sentence, novel in its terms, was heard
 With unfeigned haughtiness and scorn by him
 Whom it deprived of country :

"The prisoner, hence, for life shall be consigned
 To vessels cruising in a foreign sea :
 No tongue to him shall speak his country's name,
 Nor talk to him of aught save daily wants ;
 And ever to his sight that country's flag
 Shall be a token that its power lives
 To carry out this sentence."

* * * * *

In far off seas, away from kindred hearts
 And native home, the years passed slowly on ;
 But pride and stubborn will did not desert
 This strange misguided man ; his fate he seemed

To cherish for the cause he still believed
Would triumph in the end.
Yet to and fro his narrow bounds he paced,
Alone amid a frigate's crew. No cheering word
His yearning heart in time could e'er expect
From stricken mother, weeping wife, and babes
By him made worse than orphans, who might blush
To call him father. Still above, around,
In sportive play, the flag he madly cursed, as star
By star was added to its field of blue,
In gorgeous folds waved kindly o'er his head,
As if forgiving his ingratitude.

And now, as other years rolled sadly by,
And he was passed from ship to ship, as each
In turn went home, the lines of grief and frosts
Of age bore silent evidence of slow decay.
In time his face was marked with pensive cast,
A harbinger of sad, repentant thought.
A sailor, unperceived took note of him,
And oft observed him watch the waving flag
With strange emotion. And once his lips
Were seen to move: "Thou ever-present curse,
Reminding me of what I am, of what
I've lost, thou Nemesis of nature's wrongs!
For that I've sinned against my birth, my soul's
Remorse affirms. How long e'er nature's laws,
More kind than human heart, will free my eyes
From thee, thou vengeful witness of my shame?
I'd tear thee from thy staff—but when I think
Of all the tears thou'st witnessed in these eyes,
At first my curses, then my prayers to God,
Of secret thoughts conceived within thy sight,

Thou seem'st so much a friend, I would not blot
 From out thy field a single star—and yet—and yet—
 O soul ! when will thy mad resentment cease ?”

* * * * * *

Full thirty years had passed since sound
 Of friendly voice had filled his ear, and now
 He paced another deck than one designed
 For heavy armament—a merchant craft,
 Commissioned while the nation's ships of war
 Were called for duty home to try the cause
 For which this poor, deluded exile gave
 His manhood and his life.

Near set of sun

The cry of “sail” was heard, and then,
 Against his will, they hurried him below.
 The startling call to quarters reached his ear ;
 And ere the roll of drum and boatswain's whistle died
 away
 There came a distant “boom” that roused a hope
 He yearned to realize. A moment more,
 A deaf'ning sound, that shook the very keel
 Awoke his heart with joy. He knew and hailed
 The truth. The land—his land was now at war.
 The foe—his name, it mattered not to him—
 Had struck the challenge blow and filled his soul
 With fire.

O love of country ! Thou art lasting as
 The faith of childhood. Thou art stronger than
 The love of life—the fear of death !
 This exiled penitent, this prodigal

Without a home, would prove himself a man !
He cried for help to free him from his bonds :
“ Ahoy there ! Men on deck ! For love of God
Let me not perish in this cell. Unbar the door,
Take off these chains, and arm me for the fight !
Oh ! give me air and light beneath the flag ;
My blood will wash away my curse ! ” But all
Was vain.

A tearing shot that ploughed through side
And prison bulkhead walls, made clear
A passage wide enough through which
He sought his wild desire.
But e'er he reached the deck, the foe had lashed
His ship beside, and countless fierce wild men
Were leaping down among the feeble crew,
Who battled hard, but vain, against such odds.

He saw the flag the enemy displayed,
A flag unknown, unseen by him before,
Though strangely like the one he cursed—now loved
So much—would die in its defense.
He wrenched a cutlass from a dying hand,
And hewed his way among the privateers.
Where'er he struck, the way was cleared of men
Like wheat before the blade. His strange demean
And antique garb amazed the foe, until
It seemed he'd drive the boarders to their ship.
At last, his wounds o'ercame his madd'ning strength,
And sinking to his knee, was soon disarmed,
But spared the murd'rous stroke by one who knew
His name and story from a child.
His glazing eye turned wistful toward that flag,

Now drooping low, as if to mourn for him :

“My country! thou art now avenged! my life—
My wasted life—I give to thee—to thee.”

I. H. BROWN.

MUCKLE-MOUTH MEG.

FROWNED the Laird on the Lord : “ So, red-handed
I catch thee ?

Death-doomed by our law of the border !
We’ve a gallows outside and a chiel to dispatch thee :
Who trespasses—hangs : all’s in order.”

He met frown with smile, did the young English gal-
lant :

Then the Laird’s dame : “ Nay, Husband, I beg !
He’s comely : be merciful ! Grace for the callant
—If he marries our Muckle-mouth Meg !”

“ No mile-wide mouthed monster of yours do I marry ,
Grant rather the gallows !” laughed he.

“ Foul fare kith and kin of you—why do you tarry ?”

“ To tame your fierce temper !” quoth she.

“ Shove him quick in the Hole, shut him fast for a
week :

Cold, darkness, and hunger work wonders ;
Who lion-like roars now, mouse-fashion will squeak,
And ‘ it rains ’ soon succeed to ‘ it thunders.’ ”

A week did he bide in the cold and the dark
—Not hunger ; for duly at morning

In flitted a lass, and a voice like a lark
Chirped, "Muckle-mouth Meg still ye're scorning?"

"Go hang, but here's parritch to hearten ye first!"
"Did Meg's muckle-mouth boast within some
Such music as yours, mine should match it or burst.
No frog-jaws! So tell folk, my Winsome!"

Soon week came to end, and, from Hole's door set
wide,
Out he marched, and there waited the lassie;
"Yon gallows, or Muckle-mouth Meg for a bride!
Consider! Sky's blue and turf's grassy;

"Life's sweet; shall I say ye wed Muckle-mouth
Meg?"

"Not I," quoth the stout heart; "too eerie
The mouth that can swallow a bubblyjock's egg;
Shall I let it munch mine? Never, Dearie?"

"Not Muckle-mouth Meg. Wow, the obstinate man!
Perhaps he would rather wed me!"

"Ay, would he—with just for a dowry your can!"
"I'm Muckle-mouth Meg," chirruped she.

"Then so—so—so—so—" as he kissed her apace—
"Will I widen thee out till thou turnest
From Margaret Minnikin-mou', by God's grace,
To muckle-mouth Meg in good earnest?"

ROBERT BROWNING.

A UNIT.

Permission of J. B. Lippincott Co.

- WHEN I was camping on the Volga's banks,
The trader Zanthon with a leash of mares
Went by my tent. I knew the wily Jew,
And he knew me. He muttered as he passed,
"The last Bathony, and his tusks are grown.
A broken 'scutcheon is a 'scutcheon still,
And Amine's token in my caftan lies—
Amine, who weeps and wails for his return."
He caught my eye, and slipped inside the tent.
"Haw, Zanthon, up from Poland, at your tricks!
How veer the boars on old Bathony's towers?—
True to the winds that blow on Poland's plains?"
"They bite the dust, my lord, as beast to beast.
When Poles conspire, conspiracy alone
Survives, to hover in the murky air.
My lord, Bathony's gates are left ajar
For you to enter; or—remain outside;
The forest holds the secret you surprised,
And men are there, to dare as they have dared."
"Haw, Zanthon, tell me of the palatine.
The air of Russia makes a man forget
He was a man elsewhere: the trumpets' squeal
I follow, and the thud of drums. You spoke
As if I were of princely birth: hark ye,
Battalion is the name I listen to."
"The cranes that plunder in your fens, my lord,
The doves that nest within your woods, I saw
Fly round the gaping walls, and plume their wings
Upon your father's grave. Do you know this?"

"A token, Zanthon? so—a withered flower!
You think I wore one in my sword-hilt once?
Methinks there is no perfume in this flower.
Watch, while I fling it on the Volga's tide.
The chief, my father, sent me with a curse
To travel in the steppes, and so I do.
The air of Russia makes a man forget
He was a man elsewhere, for love, or hope,
And as he marches, he becomes but this.
Haw, Zanthon, would you learn the reason why?
Search on the Caucasus, the northern seas,
Look in the sky, or over earth, then ask,
The answer everywhere will be, 'The Tzar!'"

ELIZABETH STODDARD.

TWO DROWNED LOVERS.

TWO yachtsmen, after storm—out of whose clutch their yacht had been wrenched as by the hand of God—were strolling on a beach one morning, with the dear old pines on the one hand and the dread billows still rolling hungrily on the other, when, clambering around a point of slippery rocks, they suddenly saw, half embedded in the sand, two white faces lying side by side. A man's and woman's face, both young, lying so closely that the pale cheeks almost touched. Doubtless they had, when warm with life, touched each other lovingly a thousand times, for surely these two lying thus on a foreign beach, a thousand leagues from home, were lovers, death mated. They were young emigrants

seeking by faith another and a better country. God grant they found it!

See his strong boots reaching heavily above the knee, and her stout shoes. But how shapely the full foot within, and how finely death has marbled it in beauty! Poor, brave little foot, thou didst come to the end of thy journey suddenly. Thy sunrise was thy noonday and thine evening, too! See the sand in the man's beard. The sand is so like the hair in color that thou must look close to see the sifted grains. And the young woman's, what a sable wealth was given her for ornament! How could hers be so black, she being a German girl? Or was there in her veins a dash of that old race, older than Egypt's, who for unnumbered ages dwelt where Spain now is; who, tradition says, conquered the world, and the swarth beauty of whose women can be found here and there to-day on every shore of the round earth? I know not. I only know that two yachtsmen found one morning two faces lying half embedded in the sand, one of a man, the other a woman's; the man's beautifully blonde, the woman's gloriously dark; lying so closely each to the other that they almost touched, and so saying, "Oh! finder of us, we are two lovers murdered by the dreadful sea; but we kissed each other in the white surf out yonder before we died."

W. H. H. MURRAY.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot.
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot :
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers " 'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear,
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,

Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight forever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily

As he rode down to Camelot :
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror crack'd from side to side ;

"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot ;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot :
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly
And her eyes were darkened wholly,

Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And around the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,

All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

Permission of The Century Company.

(The "King's Daughters" is the name of a numerous benevolent organization of American women.)

WHIN you was out a lady called,
A lady foine and fair,
Wid swate blue eyes, and purty mouth,
And lovely banded up hair.

And whin she asked ef you was in,
Says I, "No, mum, she's not ;
But ef you'll lave yer card wid me,
I'll see it's not forgot."

"Oh ! niver moind," says she. "I came
A little news to bring
About some poor we're doing for—
I'm dau'ther av the King."

Thin, "houly saints !" I lost me wits,
And curtsied down so low,
That whin the princess left the door,
I niver saw her go.

But gettin' quick me sinses back,
I hurried down the strate,
And, bowin' low, says I to her,
"Pray won't yer hoighness wait ?"

She looked at me and smiled most swate,
Wid all her white teeth showin' :
"No, not to-day ; I'll come again.
'Tis toime I must be goin'."

Now, though I am a Dimmycrat,
All kings and queenses hatin',
And bein' an American,
All white folks aqual ratin',

I'd loike to know the princess' name,
And who moight be her father,
And what she's doin' over here
So far across the wather.

And ef her Royal Hoighness wants
A maid to wait upon her,
I'll do it on these blissed knees,
Sure's me name's O'Connor.

MARY L. HENDERSON.

SWEET PEACE IS BORN.

THERE is no life in which there is
No weeping Lent.
Each year we find a new-made grave
Till life is spent.

There is no life but has its pain,
Each life its cross.
There is no soul however blessed,
Sin may not toss.

There is no life but has its pain,
Each life its tomb.
The light of weary hearts goes out
And leaves but gloom.

In Lent I prayed for you this prayer—
“May all thy loss
Lead thee but nearer to
The stained cross.”

But at the end of Lenten gloom
Comes Easter morn ;
The cross is bare, the grave unlocked,
Sweet peace is born.

CHARLES C. HAHN.

MIDNIGHT IN LONDON.

Abridged.

THERE it lies before you, that moving panorama, that ever-shifting kaleidoscope, dazing, bewildering in its myriad of mystic changes. Startling romances stride over the vast scene like pawns upon a boundless chess-board. Wealth and poverty jostling side by side in the great highways. Millionaire and beggar touching elbows in the surging crowd. Money-kings in carriages, riding past hunger-haunted hovels. Women, mothers, children, dying of cold and destitution. Everywhere bustle, “pêle-mêle,” confusion ; city arteries throbbing with agitation ; the rush, the race, the hurry of women and men ; droning of countless wires, carrying electric messages of life, death, sorrow, peace, joy, happiness, engagement, battle, loss, victory, fortune into the home, the public house, the counting-room, the offices of the great journals.

The rumbling tram-car, carrying home the belated dozing passenger ; cabbie, urgently rousing his groggy

fare, cautious landlord, artfully closing the shutters to cheat the excise law and accommodate the all-night toper; screech of boatman's whistle; river pirates lugging away their booty; prison deputies guarding their sleeping charge; condemned, penitent criminal, with feverish anxiety clutching the crucifix and trying to make peace with God, before the golden sun dawns upon his execution day; glum doctor bobbing about, post-haste, in answer to his patient's call; crafty, designing solicitor drawing up the last testament of the old miser; modest maiden kneeling beside the couch of innocence, entrusting her pure soul to the keeping of her Maker; Sister of Charity speaking words of cheer to a poor woman; a life-lamp going out in a near-by garret; child of nobility opening his eyes to the world in yonder palace; child of poverty born within the lowly manger; drunken man reeling home to his pallid, starving martyr-wife, who fondles in her trembling arms her puny babe, so like a parcel of unwelcome death; jolly company tripping to the strains of merry music; gay thespians clinking glasses and toasting public favorites in rousing bumpers; sly, treacherous burglar helping the lad through the window; highwaymen, foot-pads way-laying the lonely traveler; a cry in the night, a struggle, sharp crack of the robber's pistol, a shriek, murder, escape; bold elopement of lad and lassie thwarting the stern parental protest; tipsy serenaders waking the welkin with laughter and song. Clang! Clang! Clang! the fire-bells! Bing! Bing! Bing! the alarm! In an instant quiet turns to uproar—an outburst of noise, excitement, clamor—bedlam broken loose! Bing! Bing! Bing! Rattle, clash, and clatter. Open fly the doors; brave men mount their boxes. Bing! Bing! Bing!

They're off! The horses tear down the street like mad. Bing! Bing! Bing! goes the gong.

"Get out of the track! The engines are coming! For God's sake snatch that child from the road!"

On, on, wildly, resolutely, madly fly the steeds. Bing! Bing! the gong. Away dash the horses on the wings of fevered fury. On whirls the machine, down streets, around corners, up this avenue and across that one, out into the very bowels of darkness, whiffing, wheezing, shooting a million stars from the stack, paving the breath of startled night with a galaxy of stars. Over the house-tops to the north, a volcanic bulge of flame shoots out, belching with blinding effect. The sky is ablaze. A tenement-house is burning. Five hundred souls are in peril. Merciful Heaven! Spare the victims. Are the engines coming? Yes, here they are, dashing down the street. Look! the horses ride upon the wind. Eyes bulging like balls of fire; nostrils wide open. A palpitating billow of blaze, rolling, plunging, bounding, rising, falling, swelling, heaving, and with mad passion bursting its red-hot sides asunder, reaching out its arms, encircling, squeezing, grabbing up, swallowing everything before it with the hot, greedy mouth of an appalling monster.

How the horses dash around the corner. Animal instinct, say you? Aye, more. Brute reason.

"Up the ladders, men!"

The towering building is buried in bloated banks of savage, biting elements. Forked tongues dart out and in, dodge here and there, up and down and wind their cutting edges around every object. A crash, a dull, explosive sound, and a puff of smoke leaps out. At the highest point upon the roof stands a dark figure in a

desperate strait, the hands making frantic gestures, the arms swinging wildly—and then the body shoots off into frightful space, plunging upon the pavement with a revolting thud. The man's arm strikes a bystander as he darts down. The crowd shudders, sways, and utters a low murmur of pity and horror. The faint-hearted lookers-on hide their faces. One woman swoons away.

"Poor fellow! Dead!" exclaims a laborer, as he looks upon the man's body.

"Aye, Joe and I knew him well, too. He lived next door to me, five flights back. He leaves a widowed mother and two wee bits of orphans. I helped him bury his wife a fortnight ago. Ah, Joe! but it's hard lines for the orphans."

A ghastly hour moves on, dragging its regiment of panic in its trail and leaving crimson blotches of cruelty along the path of night.

"Are they all out, firemen?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"No, they're not! There's a woman in the top window holding a child in her arms—over yonder in the right-hand corner! The ladders, there! A hundred pounds to the man who makes the rescue!"

A dozen start. One man, more supple than the others and reckless in his bravery, clambers to the top rung of the ladder.

"Too short!" he cries. "Hoist another!"

Up it goes. He mounts to the window, fastens the rope, lashes mother and babe, swings them off into ugly emptiness and lets them down to be rescued by his comrades.

"Bravo! Fireman!" shouts the crowd.

A crash breaks through the uproar of crackling timbers.

"Look alive up there! Great God! The roof has fallen!"

The walls sway, rock, and tumble in with a deafening roar. The spectators cease to breathe. The cold truth reveals itself. The fireman has been carried into the seething furnace. An old woman, bent with the weight of age, rushes through the fire-line, shrieking, raving, and wringing her hands and opening her heart of grief.

"Poor John! He was all I had! And brave lad he was, too! But he's gone now. He lost his own life in savin' two more, and now—now he's there, away in there!" she repeats, pointing to the cruel oven.

The engines do their work. The flames die out. An eerie gloom hangs over the ruins like a formidable blackened pall.

* * * * *

And the noon of night is passed.

ARDENNES JONES-FOSTER.

THE PALMER.

Mr. Proudfit was first known in literature under the name of Peleg Arkwright. His earlier poems were, many of them, in dialect. They were "full of the gamin sentiment, the tenderness, the pathos, the nobility of the poor and uneducated." His later poems are pitched upon a different key, but they are no less true to nature.

A HOLY man returned from Palestine?
 Now let the castle-gates be opened wide,
 In God's name bid him enter; food and wine
 Set forth, that so to him this even-tide
 May joyous be. Mayhap it chances so
 That he somewhat of our dear liege doth know.

God grant he may have tidings: hither now

He comes, worn, weary, bent, and slow,
A monkish cowl doth overhang his brow;

They seat him at the board, he bends him low
In prayer—full wise; I cannot stay apart,
I must bespeak him straight. Be still my heart.

Thy blessing, father! Nay, but sit and eat!

A cup of water? sure thy vows must be
Austere, indeed, forbidding wine and meat

On weary journeys. Pray thee now to me
Unfold if aught thou knowest of my lord,
Who went to Paynim lands with his good sword.

Thou sayest well; he was the stateliest knight

That ever marched to those far distant shores,
God wot, I know, that on the breast of fight,

Ever in front his crested helmet towers!
The prince he was of princeliest Christian men,
What must he be to dark-browed Saracen?

I mind me, Palmer, how my bosom swelled

When first I saw him couch his pennoned lance;
In merry joust his valiant right arm quelled

The bravest knights and Paladins of France!
And when victorious in the gallant fray,
He crowned me Queen of Beauty on that day.

And when he brought me hither as his bride,

And through these gates we entered hand in hand,
No queen was ever flushed with more of pride,

No dame so happy was in all the land;
And when he armed him for the Holy War,
God-speed I gave him, though my heart was sore.

Alas! the day. My memory lingers yet
Upon the scene of parting that befell ;
He stooped him, while his prancing steed did fret,
To kiss the little child he loved so well.
Then sternly rode he forth, my kingly one,
And all his armor glistened in the sun.

Come hither, Hubert! This, the comely boy,
I held in arms the while he rode apace,
My Hubert! thou art still my only joy!
See, doth he not reveal his knightly race,
Will not my lord, when he doth come again,
Rejoice to see his boy admired of men?

Thou tremblest with fatigue, good Palmer, yet,
Before thou goest to thy rest, I pray,
Tell me but this : My noble spouse hath met
With naught of ill, so far, so far away?
What sayest thou, dreadful monk, beneath thy cowl?
Perdition seize thee for thy tidings foul!

Return no more again to France and me?
At hands of swarthy Paynim hosts he bled?
His lifeless, fallen body thou didst see?
Jesu! have mercy; dead! my lord is dead!
Thou liest, monk! Ah! pardon; see I kneel,
My heart is breaking and my brain doth reel!

Bear with me, father! Nay, thou fiendish one!
Why cam'st thou here to strike me dead with woe?
Turn round thy face and see what thou has done!
Fling back that cowl! Thy fateful features show.
Why hidest thou thy face? Alas! I rave;
My peerless knight, my love is in the grave!

Mother divine, support me! O sweet Christ, to Thee,
 A stricken, lonely woman here doth bow;
 Monk, monk, what flashing eyes are those I see?
 Strange stature hast thou gotten even now.
 Away! I fear thee! what, in armor drest,
 Dear lord, my husband, take me to thy breast!

DAVID L. PROUDFIT.

JIM, ARIZONA, 1885.

Permission of the "Cosmopolitan."

CLIMBIN' the Mesa Grande,
 'N' the bronchos fit to drap,
 'Th the sand hub-high, 'n' the white-het sky,
 Like the breath o' hell—gee-tap!

Nary a pasagero—

Jes' me 'n' the stage; 'n' in't,
 Thet Fargo box fr'm the Pint o' Rocks
 'Th dust f'r the Frisco mint,

Ten thous'n' cool, I reck'n,
 Ten thous'n' ef ther's a nick—
 'N' me on the drive at sixty-five,
 'N' the po'r ol' wife gone sick!

Yo' Bill Green! wot you think'n'?
 Be yo' locoed, or wot? I 'low
 Et's a purty bust, ef the line can't trust
 O' Bill f'r a white man now!

Trust me? Bet yo' que si, now!
 We're po'r ez the ribs o' grief;

But the Boy 'n' Sue—'t 'd kill the two
Ef Dad wuz to turn the thief!

Po'r Jim! Et gallds him awful,
This rustle f'r daily bread;
'Th his mammy down, 'n' no work in town
'N' nuth'n' to hope ahead.

He says to me this morn'n'—
Thet quiet 'n' despurt-like—
"Dad, I'm a-goin' to the Cabezon,
'N' I'll die but I'll make a strike!

"I can't stan' this no longer,
F'r 'taint nuther jest n'r right!"
'N' out he lit. Jim's wild a bit,
But yo' bet his heart is white!

Ef only—whoa, yo' devils!
A hold-up, ez shore ez chalk!
Throw up my han's? Why, f'r shore! A man's
A fool to dispute sech talk!

Whoop! Then I ketched yo' nappin'!
Thet box is a trifle more'n
A load f'r one 'n' not drap his gun—
Now s'posen you throw up yo'rn!

Don't tech thet gun! Yo' ijjit,
Take thet! Hed to tumble him!
Deader'n a rat—why, thet's my ol' hat—
'N' the mask—h-h-h! God! My Jim!

C. F. LUMMIS.

THE OUTCAST.

RAGGED? So ragged a dog would sniff
At his tatters! And yet he sits there as if
He may have known some day, back in the past,
Before he became what he is—"outcast"—
Some such place, that he called his home,
Where a mother listened to hear him come,
As the dusk drew on, to the fireside where
She gathered her jewels—and he was there.

Hungry? Yes, for a sup of rum
And the cheer such as he may find in a slum;
But hungering, too, with a dull, strange smart,
At the bottom of what was once a heart,
For a sight of the group about the blaze
On the hearth he sat by—in other days!

Cold? The colder for thinking how warm
He used to be in there, safe from the storm
Which had so often frozen his finger-ends
That he and the sleet have at last become friends.
Cold? There's a shiver that numbs the blood
Even in veins that might well flow—mud,
When the ice of memory breaks, and the rift
Shows a guiltless childhood's sunny drift
One moment, and then is frozen again,
While the shiverer, thinking of now and then,
Wonders if he, and his like, are the men
Who were boys like that?

And the picture—

What is it brings that back when all else is a blot

In memory's maze? Can he see thro' the gloom
Where it hangs on the wall of the sitting-room
The face of a boy with innocent eyes,
Ignorant yet of deceit and lies ;
A mother-boy, who is not too old
To be kept, like a lamb, in the mother's fold !

He shivers again and the shadows pass
From the mirror of time ; see, it comes in the glass—
This face of his own lost youth ;

Shall he knock ?

No ; were she alive such an awful shock
Might kill that mother, whose loving hand
Caressed him—" the finest boy in the land !"

The shadows gather ; upon his ear
The rush of a current sounds strangely near
And soft as the splash of waters falling,
He hears, with a shudder, a wild voice calling—
The river, the river !

For all who are cold
And weary and homeless, whose hearts are old—
For all who are tired of the strife,
The pangs and perils that we call life—
It calls in the twilight ;

" The echoless shore "

Will know him to-morrow as " only one more !"

LIFE'S SUNSETS.

LIFE'S sunsets should have in them the elements of rest and quiet. The day may have been dark and troublous, but at "eventide" there should "be light."

The ripening of the grain, the falling of the leaf are sequences of law which follow and supplement the growth of the same. So, after a life well spent, our ripening should come in natural succession. We have watched the leaves bud and blossom; have seen the fruitage grow and develop and come to maturity. Our lives have been full of plans, buds, and promises of hope. Some of these have come to a ripe fruition. Many more were blasted and came to naught. But with the fall of the leaf we cast them aside and gather the ripened harvest, be it much or little. Perhaps a few seeds sown by our lives may have dropped where they shall yet develop in fruitage in other lives than ours. We cannot measure the exact amount which we have done or yet left undone. The little harvest that we have gathered we hold in our hands, weak and tremblingly and full of fears. But be it much or little it is our all as much. We lay it at the Master's feet and await the summons which will call us homeward to our reward. As earth's beauty fades before our eyes in the sunset of our age, may the glorious morning of the life eternal dawn upon our vision, ushering in a new day of cloudless youth and beauty.

CHRISTIAN AT WORK.

NOTEN LIKE A PATIENCE.

DE FORTY-LEVENTH CHAPTER OF MASSA DANIEL AN' DE
FIFTY-TENTH VARSE.

Sermon of Native Preacher of the West Indies.

MY bredren! one time, long, long time ago, dar was one great king—Neber-could-a-make-a-razor.

One day him go 'long wid him high-heel boots on—promp, promp, promp; prasently him knock him foot 'gin one old iron hoop; him pick him up; him tak him home, him grind, him grind, him grind, but him Neber-could-a-make-a-razor.

One day dis great king, Neber-could-a-razor, him set up one big brebra image (brebra is an African word and means something very large), and him say, "Averybody when dey hear de cow-horn music an' de trombone an' de jewsharp dey mus' fall down and wash-up dis big brebra image." Now, my bredren, dat cow-horn music, sweet, sweet music, de pianner now'days no compare wid it. Well, my bredren, averybody when dey hear de cow-horn music an' de trombone an' de jewsharp dey all fall down and wash-up dat big brebra image 'cept Massa Daniel. Massa Daniel him stiff himself up, him fold him hands, so; him look all about; den dey go tell King Neber-could-a-razor, and King Neber could-a-razor him well and angry, him call Massa Daniel and say, "Hi, sar! Dis a true t'ing dey tell me 'pon you? You no fall down and wash-up dis big brebra image? Speak, sar." Den Massa Daniel stiff himself up and him say, "No, sar; me wouldn't dew it sar—me wouldn't do it, sar." Den King Neber-could-a-razor well and be, and him call tree big niggarmen, toke Massa Daniel an'

trow him in one den, where dare five big lion. Now, my bredren, de lion den not small like dey is now in Africa. Dey big, big, like a donkey. After dey trow Massa Daniel in dey roll 'tone at de mouf of de den. Den de king take some sealing-wax, put 'pon it, take him watch seal, 'tamp it, make all fast. Den him go home.

But, my bredren, King Neber-could-a-razor berry on-easy; him tink much 'pon Massa Daniel, him berry fond of Massa Daniel.

Him walk up and down de pi-azza, up and down de pi azza all night. Him go in him drawing-room, him sit in him easy-chair, him cock him foot on table, him smoke pipe, him call, call for him rum and water, but him no able to get any rest at—at all—all de night long.

Well, my bredren, just as daylight come down, King Neber could-a-razor take tree big niggarmen an' go to de den. Dey roll away de 'tone, and him call out, "Hi, Massa Daniel, you dare?" And him look in. And, my bredren, 'stead de five big donkey lions eat Massa Daniel, Massa Daniel eat de whole of de five big donkey lions! My bredren, noten like a patience.

REPORTED BY MRS. T. S. OUGHTON.

BALLAD OF THE BIRD-BRIDE.

(Eskimo.)

THEY never come back, tho* I loved them well,
 I watch the south in vain;
 The snow-bound skies are blea and gray,

Wild and wide is the wan gull's way,
And she comes never again.

Years ago on the flat white strand,
I won my wild sea-girl ;
Wrapped in my coat of the snow-white fur,
I watched the wild birds settle and stir,
The gray gulls gather and whirl.

One, the greatest of all the flock,
Perched on an ice-floe bare,
Called and cried as her heart were broke,
And straight they were changed, that strange bird folk,
To women young and fair.

Swift I sprang from my hiding-place,
And held the fairest fast ;
I held her fast, the sweet, strange thing,
Her comrades skirled, but they all took wing,
And smote me as they passed.

I bore her safe to my warm snow-house,
Till sweetly there she smiled ;
And yet whenever the shrill winds blew,
She would beat her long white arms anew,
And her eyes glanced quick and wild.

But I took her to wife and clothed her warm
With skins of the gleaming seal ;
Her wandering glances sank to rest
When she held a babe to her fair, warm breast,
And she loved me dear and leal.

Together we tracked the fur and the seal,
And at her behest I swore
That bird and beast my bow might slay
For meat and our raiment, day by day,
But never a gray gull more.

A weariful watch I keep, for, aye,
'Mid the snow and the changeless frost ;
Woe is me for my broken word !
Woe, woe's me for my bonny bird,
My bird and the love-time lost !

Have ye forgotten the old keen life ?
The hut with the skin-strewn floor ?
Oh ! wild white wife, and bairnies three,
Is there no room in your hearts for me,
Or our home on the lone sea-shore ?

Once the quarry was scarce and shy,
Sharp hunger gnawed us sore,
My spoken oath was clean forgot,
My bow twanged thrice with a swift, straight shot,
And slew me sea-gulls four.

The sun hung red on the sky's dull breast,
The snow was wet and red ;
Her voice shrilled out with a woful cry,
She beat her long white arms on high,
" The hour is here," she said.

She beat her arms, and she cried full fain
As she swayed and wavered there,

“Fetch me the feathers, my bairnies three,
Feathers and plumes for ye and me,
Bonny gray wings to wear!”

They ran to her side, our bairnies three,
With the plumage black and gray,
Then she bent her down and drew them near,
She laid the plumes on our bairnies dear,
And some on her own arms lay.

“Babes of mine, of the wild wind’s kin,
Feather ye quick, nor stay.
Oh, oh! but the wild winds blow!
Babes of mine, it is time to go,
Up, dear hearts, and away!”

And, lo! the gray plumes covered them all,
Shoulder and breast and brow.
I felt the wind of their whirling flight,
Was it sea or sky? was it day or night?
It is always night-time now.

Dear, will you never relent, come back?
I loved you long and true.
Oh! winged, white wife, and our bairnies three,
Of the wild wind’s kin, tho’ ye surely be,
Are ye not my kin too?

Aye, ye once were mine, and till I forget,
Ye are mine forever and aye,
Mine, wherever your wild wings go,
While shrill winds whistle across the snow
And the skies are blear and gray.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

REUBEN JAMES.

THREE ships of war had Preble when he left the
Naples shore,
And the knightly King of Naples lent him seven galleys
more ;
And never since the Arno floated in the Middle Sea
Such noble men and valiant have sailed in company
As the men who went with Preble to the siege of
Tripoli.
Stewart, Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, how their names
ring out like gold !
Lawrence, Porter, Trippe, Macdonough, and a score as
true and bold ;
Every star that lights their banner tells the story that
they won,
But one common sailor's glory is the splendor of the
sun.

Reuben James was first to follow when Decatur laid
aboard
Of the lofty Turkish galley and in battle broke his
sword,
Then the pirate captain smote him, till his blood was
running fast,
And they grappled, and they struggled, and they fell
beside the mast.
Close beside him Reuben battled with a dozen undis-
mayed,
Till a bullet broke his sword-arm and he dropped the
useless blade.

Then a swinging Turkish sabre clave his left and brought
him low,
Like a gallant bark dismasted at the mercy of the foe.
Little mercy knows the corsair; high his blade was
raised to slay
When a richer prize allured him where Decatur strug-
gling lay;
“Help!” the Turkish leader shouted, and his trusty
comrade sprang
And his scimitar like lightning o’er the Yankee captain
swung.

Reuben James, disabled, armless, saw the sabre flash on
high,
Saw Decatur shrink before it, heard the pirates taunting
cry,
Saw in half the time I tell it how a sailor, brave and
true,
Still might show a bloody pirate what a dying man can
do.
Quick he struggled, stumbling, sliding in the blood
around his feet,
As the Turk a moment waited to make vengeance
doubly sweet.
Swift the sabre fell, but swifter bent the sailor’s head
below,
And upon his fenceless forehead Reuben James received
a blow.

So was saved our brave Decatur, so the common sailor
died,
So the love that moves the lowly lifts the great to fame
and pride.

Yet we grudge him not his honors for whom love like
this had birth,

For God never ranks His sailors by the register of earth !

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

LOOKING FOR BARGAINS.

THREE WOMEN IN COUNSEL ABOUT A BATH TOWEL.

ONE is bad enough, two are worse, but three women in counsel over the merits of a bath towel are enough to make a poor, worn-out clerk wish he might depart from earth by the electricity method.

"It seems like quite a good one for the money, don't it?" says the intending purchaser.

"Well, I don't know," says the other, holding the towel up at full length and eying it critically, "I got one quite as good for thirty-seven and a half cents at Wanamaker's."

"You did?"

"Yes, but it was eight or nine weeks ago, and I don't s'pose they've any more like it."

"I may be mistaken, but I've an idea it would shrink," says number three, taking the towel from number two and wrapping a corner of it over her finger. "See, it's a little thin."

"Well, I wouldn't mind if it did shrink a little, because—oh! look at this one. Isn't it lovely?"

"Beautiful! How much is it?"

"A dollar and a half."

"Mercy! I'd never pay that for a bath towel."

"Nor I."

"These colors would fade."

"Of course they would."

"Do you know I like good plain crash as well as anything for towels."

"I don't know, but—see these towels for fifteen cents. I paid twenty-five cents for some last week not a bit better."

"Let's see; they are full length? Yes. They are cheap. I've a notion to—but I guess I won't. I have so many towels now."

"They're a bargain if one only really needed them."

"How do you like towels used as tidies?"

"Horrid!"

"I think so, too."

"So do I—oh! let me tell you, I saw a woman on the street one day with an apron made out of a red and white fringed towel!"

"Mercy! Looked like fury, didn't it? How was it made?"

"Oh! one end was simply gathered to a band, and—there, the towel was just like this one—and she'd taken it so and gathered it in so, and—really it didn't look so bad after all."

"Do you suppose the colors would run in this border?"

"Well, I hardly know. I had one very much like it once and the colors in it ran dreadfully the very first time I washed it."

"Then I'll not take this, for I—why, if it isn't four o'clock, and—"

"I must go."

"So must I."

"And I—no, I'll not take the towel to-day."

ST. LOUIS CHRONICLE.

THE BALLAD OF THE WAYFARER.

O'ER the cheerless common
Where the bleak winds blow
Wanders the wan woman ;
Waysore and weary,
Through the dark and dreary
Drift-bed of the snow.

On her pale, pinch'd features snowing 'tis and sleeting,
By her side her little son runs, with warm heart beating,
Clinging to her wet robe while she wails, repeating :
" Further, my child, further—further let us go !"

Fleet the boy doth follow,
Wondering at her woe :
On with footfall hollow
O'er the pathway jagged
Crawls she, wet and ragged,
Restless and slow.

" Mother !" now he murmurs, 'mid the tempest's crying,
" Mother, rest a little ; I am faint with flying.
Mother, rest a little." Still she answers, sighing :
" Further, child, and faster—further let us go !"

But now she is sitting
On a stone, and lo !
Dark her brows are knitting
While the child, close clinging
To her raiment wringing,
Shivers at the snow.

" Tell me of my father ! for I never knew him ;
Is he dead or living, are we flying to him ?"

"Peace, my child!" she answers, and the voice thrills
through him,

"When we wander further—further, thou shalt know."

(Wild wind of December,

Blow, wind, blow!)

"Oh! but I remember!

In my mind I gather

Pictures of my father,

And a gallant show.

Tell me, mother, tell me, did we always wander?

Was the world once brighter? In some town out yonder
Dwelt we not contented?" Sad she seems to ponder,
Sighing, "I will tell thee when we further go."

"Oh! but, mother, listen,

We were rich, I know!"

(How his bright eyes glisten.)

"We were merry people,

In a town with a steeple,

Long, long ago;

In a gay room dwelling, where your face shone brightly

And a brave man brought us food and presents nightly.

Tell me, 'twas my father!" Now her face looms whitely,

While she shivers, moaning, "Peace, let us go!"

How the clouds gather,

How the winds blow!

"Who was my father?

Was he prince or lord there,

With a train and a sword there?

Mother, I will know!

I have dreamt so often of those gallant places,

There were banners waving—I could see the faces,

Take me to my father !” cries he, with embraces,
While she shivers, moaning, “ No, child, no !”

While the child is speaking
Forth the moon steals slow,
From the black cloud breaking,
Shining white and eerie
On the wayside weary,
Shrouded white in snow.

On the heath behind them, 'gainst the dim sky lying,
Looms the gallows blackly, in the wild wind sighing.
To her feet the woman springs, with fierce shriek crying :
“ See, O God in heaven ! * * * Woe, child, woe !”

(Blow, wind of December,
Blow, wind, blow !)
“ Thou canst not remember
Thou wert but a blossom
Nourished on my bosom,
Years, years ago !

Thy father stole to feed us ; our starving faces stung him ;
In yonder town behind us they seized him and they
hung him !

They murdered him on gallows-tree, and to the ravens
flung him !

Faster, my child, faster—faster let us go !”

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

HOW BIG WAS ALEXANDER, PA ?

HOW big was Alexander, pa,
That people call him great ?
Was he like old Goliath tall,
His spear a hundred weight ?

Was he so large that he could stand
Like some tall steeple high ;
And, while his feet were on the ground,
His hands could touch the sky ?

Oh ! no, my child ; about as large
As I or Uncle James.
'Twas not his stature made him great,
But greatness of his name.

His name so great ? I know 'tis long,
But easy quite to spell ;
And more than half a year ago
I knew it very well.

I mean, my child, his actions were
So great he got a name
That everybody speaks with praise,
And tells about his fame.

Well, what great actions did he do ?
I want to know it all.
Why, he it was that conquered Tyre
And leveled down her wall,

And thousands of her people slew,
And then to Persia went,
And fire and sword on every side
Through many a region sent.

A hundred conquered cities shone
With midnight burnings red ;
And strewed o'er many a battle-ground,
A thousand soldiers bled.

Did killing people make him great?
Then why was Abdel Young
Who killed his neighbor, training-day,
Put into jail and hung?

I never heard them call him great.
Why, no—'twas not in war,
And him that kills a single man,
His neighbors all abhor.

Well, then, if I should kill a man,
I'd kill a hundred more ;
I should be great, and not get hung
Like Abdel Young before.

Not so, my child, 'twill never do ;
The Gospel bids be kind.
Then they that kill, and they that praise,
The Gospel do not mind.

You know, my child, the Bible says,
That you must always do
To other people as you wish
To have them do to you.

But, pa, did Alexander wish
That some strong man would come
And burn his house and kill him, too,
And do as he had done?

And everybody called him great
For killing people so—
Well, now, what right he had to kill,
I should be glad to know.

If one should burn the buildings here,
And kill the folks within,
Would anybody call him great,
For such a wicked thing?

LECTURE BY THE NEW MALE STAR.

Report made by a lady after the present style of reporting women's lectures.

A FAIR-SIZED audience assembled last night to hear the new male star in the lecture firmament.

He had been heralded as a "second Castelar," a "John Bright in miniature," etc., etc. Expectation was therefore on tip-toe, and all of the good-looking ladies took front seats, of course.

At exactly eight o'clock Mr. Newman stepped upon the stage. He is a small man, with large, luminous brown eyes, and fair complexion.

He wore his hair cut short and parted on the left side, about an eighth of an inch from the middle. It looked as though it was used to a good brush, and had received some attention from a first-class barber from time to time. His collar, which was linen and of the usual style, stood firm and close about a shapely throat, and a small white necktie told where it joined upon the shirt. Mr. Newman wore a shield-bosom shirt, with three small diamonds glistening upon its snowy surface, and another gem gleamed from the third finger of his shapely left hand. His cuff-buttons were of the most correct style, and his cuffs, which were of white linen, were visible below the cuff of an evening coat of black broadcloth. His coat was lined with black satin, and

hung upon him gracefully. From beneath his trousers peeped the daintiest of feet, encased in patent-leather shoes.

The shoes were tied with silk strings. During the lecture one of the strings became untied, but the plucky little lecturer appeared not to notice it. Mr. Newman has small teeth and a very winning smile. He used his hands with the best possible effect, to show that they were white and delicate. We feel sure that if all lecturers on Timbuctoo were so delightful the whole female population at least would soon be converted to his way of thinking.

The charming little man will lecture in Chicago next week.

He received much applause and a recall. The subject of his lecture was, as near as we gathered, "The Natives of Timbuctoo." He said that they lived there, and were as comfortable as could be expected under all the circumstances; that otherwise it was folly, and if it were not so it was largely due to destiny.

The lecture then closed amid renewed applause, during which the plucky little man bowed himself off the stage.

We neglected to state that Mr. Newman wore a watch, with chain and charm attachment. The watch was worn in the upper left-hand vest pocket, and the chain was very evidently gold.

Those who had the good fortune to meet the brilliant little man, say that he had an overcoat and hat of the most correct style. But this we did not see, and so can only vouch for the real literary feast we have reported above. His necktie buckled in the back.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

THE EVERLASTING NO.

I LIVED in a continual, indefinite, pining fear, tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I know not what; it seemed as if all things in Heaven and earth were but boundless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein I, palpitating, waited to be devoured.

All at once there rose a thought in me, and I asked myself, "What art thou afraid of? Wherefore like a coward doest thou ever hiss and whimper and go cowering and trembling?"

"Despicable biped! what is the worst of the sum total which lies before thee? Death? Well, Death! and say the pangs of Tophet, too, and all that the devil and man may, will or can do against thee!"

"Hast thou not a heart? canst thou not suffer whatso it be? and as a child of freedom trample it under thy feet? Let it come then, I will meet and defy it."

And as I so thought there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul, -and I shook base fear away from me forever.

I was strong of an unknown strength, a spirit almost of a god. Ever from that time the temper of my misery was changed, not fear or whining sorrow was in it, but indignation and grim-eyed defiance.

Thus had the everlasting "No" pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my being, and my Me stood in native God-created majesty, and thereupon I began to be a man.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

SCOTCH JEANIE'S STORY.

“ **I** T was a bonny simmer morn, anither sic as this,
 That my braw, winsome Jamie lad gi’ed me his
 parting kiss,
 An’ tried to say wi’ cheerfu’ tone: ‘ Dear, I maun gang,
 ye ken,
 To win the bairnies bread, but, love, I’ll soon be hame
 again.’

“ Wi’ that he gaed, an’ I alane stood greeting on the
 san’s,
 An’ naething cude I do that day but sob an’ wring my
 han’s.
 { didna ken how lang he’d bide—I trembled lest for
 aye—
 An’ how was I to rear the bairns wi’ nae kind helper
 by ?

“ Oh ! had I kenned how lang the days to pass, wi’ lag-
 ging feet,
 Ere I sude see the bonny face (e’en now it gars me
 greet) !
 Oh ! had I kenned the bitter years that ’twixt us twa
 sude roll,
 Dear Lord ! I wad hae dee’d, I ken, in agony o’ soul.

“ An’ then to think my bairnies two sude sicken sac and
 dee,
 An’ only ane puir little lamb be left to comfort me !
 Oh ! mony times I prayed to God that I might dee and
 gang
 To where ‘ the weary ’ are ‘ at rest ’—ye ken the gude
 auld sang.

“The neebors said that Jem was dead, an’ I ’twixt
doubts and fears,
’Twixt fears an’ hopes, was sair distrest those weary
lanesome years;
But ane thocht on my barren life was like the Heaven’s
dew;
What tho’ my Jamie’s ship were wracked, he ne’er wad
prove untrue.

“To-night the Laird o’ Stirling, when the sun was
grawing red,
He asks me to wed him, for he lo’ed me (so he said),
‘Try and forget!’—not while the sun his faithfu’ course
sude keep,
Not till these weery een sude close in their last restfu’
sleep.

“An’ sae, I tauld his honor nay, and he gaed out the gate
An’ said some angry words about ‘regretting’ when
‘too late’;
But then he changed his mind, I ween, an’ coming back
ance mair
He spaik o’ a’ the flashing gems that I sude hae to
wear;

“An’ tauld me o’ his splendid hame, his lan’s sae braid
and free,
‘An’ these,’ said he, ‘are a’ for Jean if she’ll but marry
me!’
Oh! then the fiery Scottish bluid began to blaze wi’in!
I felt to wed the Laird an’ a’ wad be a deadly sin.

“Oh! keep your goold an’ jewels bright (my anger ris-
ing mair,

For trying sae to buy me o'er had hurt my pride fu'
sair);

Oh! keep your empty mansion an' your 'lan's sae braid
an' free!

Oh! wist ye not, his memory is dearer far to me?

"He spaik nae ward, nae answer deigned, an' I a spent
an' wairn,

Had thrain me in dear Jamie's chair, my heart a'
bruised an' tairn,

When up the gravel walk I heard a footstep cross the
stones

I'd recognize, it seems to me, amang a thoosan' anes!

"Then at the sneck there cam' a pause—I thocht my
time had come,

Because I could na speak nor move, my han's grew cold
an' numb;

Then some one open flung the door—my heart, cude it
be he!

Behold! the blessed Lord had brocht my Jamie hame
to me."

Verse 4—"braw," fine, handsome; "maun gang," must go; "ken,"
know. Verse 5—"grèeting," weeping. Verse 6—"gars me greet," makes
me weep. Verse 14—"sneck," door-latch.

TIRED OUT.

"JUST tired out," the neighbor said,
Turning from the squalid bed,
Where the weary woman lay,
Panting life's last hours away.

Save that sound of sobbing breath,
All was still as coming death;
For the frightened children cowered,
Where, with heavy brows that lowered,
'Neath the long enduring strain,
The mute husband bore his pain.

Just tired out—far down below
Waves were fretting on the flow;
And the full, recurrent roar
Echoed upward from the shore,
Fainter grew the pulses' beat
As the worn hands plucked the sheet
And the death-damps gathered, where
Ruffled all the tangled hair.
Said the watcher at her side,
“She is waiting for the tide.”

When the waves had ebbed anew,
The tired life was over too;
Gone from want, and care, and ill,
Very peacefully and still.
After all she bore and wept,
Hard-worked wife and mother slept,
Very fair she looked, and meek,
Long dark lashes swept her cheek.
Worn hands crossed upon her breast,
For the “weary was at rest.”

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

SERMONS.

THERE are two ways of regarding a sermon—either as a human composition or a Divine message. If we look upon it entirely as the first and require our clergymen to finish it with the utmost care and learning for our better delight, whether of ear or intellect, we shall be necessarily led to expect much formality and stateliness in its delivery, and think that all is not well if the pulpit have not a golden fringe around it, and a goodly cushion in front of it; but we shall, at the same time, consider the treatise thus prepared as something to which it is our duty to listen without restlessness for half an hour or three-quarters, but which when that duty has been decorously performed, we may dismiss from our minds in happy confidence of being provided with another when next it shall be necessary. But if once we begin to regard the preacher, whatever his faults; as a man sent with a message to us, which it is a matter of life or death whether we hear or refuse; if we look upon him as set in charge over many spirits in danger of ruin, and having allowed to him but an hour or two in the seven days to speak of them; if we make some endeavor to conceive how precious those hours ought to be to him—a small advantage on the side of God, after his flock have been exposed for six days together to the world's temptations, and he has been forced to watch the thorn and the thistle springing up in their hearts, and to see what wheat he had scattered there, snatched from the wayside by this wild bird and the other; and at last, when, breathless and weary with the week's labor, they give him this interval of imperfect

and languid hearing, he has but thirty minutes to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men to convince them of all their weakness, shame them for all their sins, warn them of all their dangers to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of those doors where the Master Himself has stood and knocked, yet none opened—thirty minutes to raise the dead in! Let us but once understand and feel this, and we shall look with changed eyes upon that frippery of gay furniture about the place from which the message of judgment must be delivered, which either breathes upon the dry bones that they may live or, if ineffectual, remains recorded in condemnation, or, perhaps, against the utterer and listener alike, but assuredly against one of them.

JOHN RUSKIN.

TRAY.

SING me a hero! quench my thirst
Of souls, ye bards!

Quoth Bard the first:

“Sir Olaf, the good knight, did don
His helm and eke his habergeon.”
Sir Olaf and his bard!

“That sin-scabbed brow,” quoth Bard the second,
“That eye wide open as though fate beckoned
My hero to some steep, beneath
Which prejudice smiled tempting death.”
You, too, without your host have reckoned.

“ A beggar child ” (let’s hear this third) :

“ Sat on a quay’s edge : like a bird
Sang to herself in careless play
And fell into the stream. Dismay !
Help, you, the standers-by ! ” None stirred.

“ Bystanders reason, think of wives
And children ere they risk their lives.
Over the balustrade has bounced
A mere instinctive dog, and pounced
Plumb on the prize. How well he dives !

“ Up he comes with the child, see, tight
In mouth, alive, too, clutched from quite
A depth of ten feet—twelve, I bet !
Good dog ! what, off again ? there’s yet
Another child to save ? All right.

“ How strange we saw no other fall ;
It’s instinct in the animal.
Good dog ! but he’s a long time under ;
If he got drowned I should not wonder,
Strong current, that, against the wall.

“ Here he comes, holds in mouth this time—
What may the thing be ? Well, that’s prime.
Now, did you ever ? Reason reigns
In man alone, since all Tray’s pains
Have fished the child’s doll from the slime.

“ And so, amid the laughter gay,
Trotted my hero off—old Tray—

Till somebody prerogated
With reason, reasoned, 'Why he dived,
His brain would show us, I should say.

" 'John, go and catch, or, if need be,
Purchase that animal for me.
By vivisection, at expense
Of half an hour and eighteenpence,
How brain secretes dog's soul, we'll see.' "

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE VEILED STATUE AT SAIS.

A YOUTH, who had to Sais in the land
Of Egypt come, by thirst of knowledge driven,
To learn the secret wisdom of the priests,
Had quickly passed through many a stage of lore,
But still his curious spirit urged him on
To fresh inquiry not to be appeased
By all the sage hierophant might urge.
"What have I, if I have not all?" he'd say,
"Is it a question here of Less or More?
This truth of yours, is it, like sensuous joys,
Only a sum of items, one may hold—
This man of greater, that of less amount—
And keep, curtail, or add to, till he dies?
Is truth not one and indivisible?
Take from some harmony a single tone,
Take from the rainbow one of all its tints,
And all that's left of the fair whole is naught,
If lacks its perfect tale of tints and tones!"

While thus conversing, 'neath a dome they stood,

That o'er the temple's hushed recesses rose ;
Where, as he looked around, the young man's eyes
On a veiled statue rested, giant-high.
Turning in wonder to his guide, he said,
" What is it, that behind yon veil is hid ?"
" Truth," came the answer. " How !" exclaims the
youth ;

" Truth, only Truth, is all for which I strive,
And is it this you shroud up from my ken ?"
" That you must settle with the Power Divine !"
The hierophant replied. " No mortal hand,
He hath declared, shall draw this veil aside,
Till I myself shall lift it up, and he,
Who with unhallowed fingers ere that time
Shall raise yon holy interdicted veil,
He, says the voice divine "—" Well, what ? "—" Shall
see

The Truth." " A strange oracular saw ! And thou,
Hast thou, then, never lifted it thyself ?"
" No, of a truth, nor ever felt the wish."
" How ! Never felt the wish ? If this thin veil
The only barrier be 'twixt me and Truth "—
" This, and a law "—the holy man strikes in.
" Of mightier force, my son, than thou surmisest,
Is this slight web—light to thy hand, 'tis true,
But to thy conscience weighted as with lead."

Home went the young man brooding, deep in thought.
No sleep for him, so burns he with desire
To know, but tosses on his bed, with brain
On fire ; then about midnight up he springs.
Borne on by steps he can no more control,
He gains the temple, scales the boundary wall,
One venturous leap—how easy seemed it now !—

And he is in the inmost holiest shrine.

Here now he halts, and standing there alone,
The lifeless hush clings round him like a pall,
A hush unbroke, save that his tread awakes
A hollow echo in the mystic vaults.
Down through an opening in the arching dome
The moonlight streams, a pale and silvery blue,
And, awe-inspiring, like some present God,
Through the dark shadows of the vaulted shrine
In its long drooping veil the statue gleams.

With tottering steps he makes his way to it ;
Now is his impious hand about to touch
The Holy Thing, when, hot and cold by turns,
Through all his limbs a something runs, that seems
As with invisible arms to thrust him back.

“Unhappy man ! What wouldst thou do ?” He hears
An inward voice that whispers—“ Wilt thou tempt
The dread All Holy One ? No mortal hand,”
So spake the voice oracular, “ must draw
This veil aside, till I myself shall raise it.”
“ Yet said it not, that same oracular voice,
That whoso lifts this veil shall see the Truth ?
Be what there may behind, raise it I will !”
Loud rang his voice, “ See it I will !” “ Then see !”
A long derisive echo shrilled again.

Even as he speaks he tears the veil aside,
And now you ask what there he saw revealed ?
I know not. Senseless, cold, and deathly pale,
The priests next morning found him stretched along
Beside the base of Isis’ statue. What
He had beheld, or what befell him there,
His lips would ne’er divulge. But from his life
All cheerfulness was gone for evermore,

And deep grief brought him to an early grave.

"Woe to the man!" These were his warning words,
When pressed by those who would not be denied,

"Woe to the man who makes his way to truth
Through guilt! It ne'er will gladden him again."

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER BY THEODORE MARTIN.

MARY ALICE SMITH.

Abridged.

Permission of The Bowen-Merrill Company.

"**W**HERE—is—Mary—Alice—Smith? Oh!—she
—has—gone—home!" It was the thin,
mysterious voice of little Mary Alice Smith herself that
so often queried and responded as above—every word
accented with a sweet and eerie intonation, and a very
gayety of solemn earnestness that baffled the cunning
skill of all childish imitators. A slender wisp of a girl
she was, not more than ten years of age in appearance,
though it had been given to us as fourteen.

Whether an orphan child only, or with a father that
could thus lightly send her adrift, I do not know now,
but I do recall distinctly that on a raw, bleak day in
early winter, she was brought to us, from a wild country
settlement, by a reputed uncle, who swung this little
blue-lipped, red-nosed waif over the muddy wagon-
wheel to father's arms, like so much country produce.
How we gathered round her when father brought her
in, and mother fixed a cozy chair for her close to the
blazing fire, and untied the little summer hat, with its
hectic trimmings, together with the dismal green veil
that had been bound beneath it round the little tingling

ears. The hollow, pale-blue eyes of the child followed every motion with an alertness that suggested a somewhat suspicious mind.

"Dave gimme that!" she said, her eyes proudly following the hat as mother laid it on the pillow of the bed. "Mustn't git it mussed up, sir, er you'll have Dave in your wool!" she continued, warningly, as our childish interest drew us to a nearer view of the gaudy article in question.

Half awed, we shrank back to our first wonderment, one of us, however, with the bravery to ask, "Who's Dave?"

"Who's Dave?" reiterated the little voice, half scornfully. "W'y, Dave's a great big boy! Dave works on Barnses place. And he kin purt nigh make a full hand, too. Dave's purt nigh tall as your pap! He's purt nigh growed up—Dave is! And—David—Mason—Jeffries," she continued, jauntily teetering her head from left to right, and for the first time introducing that peculiar deliberation of accent and undulating utterance that we afterward found to be her quaintest and most charming characteristic, "And—David—Mason—Jeffries—he—likes—Mary—Alice—Smith!" And then she broke abruptly into the merriest laughter and clapped her little palms together till they fairly glowed.

"And who's Mary Alice Smith?" clamored a chorus of merry voices.

The elfish figure straightened haughtily in the chair. Folding the slender arms tightly across her breast, and, tilting her wan face back with an imperious air, she exclaimed, sententiously, "W'y, Mary Alice Smith is me."

It was not long before we were piloting the little stranger here and there about the house and laughing

at the thousand funny things she said and did. The winding stairway in the hall quite dazed her with delight. Up and down she went a hundred times, it seemed.

"I'm mighty glad I'm come to live in this here house," she said.

We asked her why.

"Oh! 'cause," she said, starting up the stairs, "'cause Uncle Tomps, ner Aunt 'Lizabeth don't live here; and when they ever come here to git their dinners, like they will ef you don't watch out, w'y then I kin slip out here on these here stairs and play like I was climbin' up to the Good World where my mother is—that's why!"

Then we hushed our laughter and asked her where her home was, and what it was like and why she didn't like her Uncle Tomps and Aunt 'Lizabeth, and if she wouldn't want to visit them sometimes.

"Oh! yes," she artlessly answered in reply to the concluding query; "I'll want to go back there lot's o' times, but not to see them! I'll—only—go—back—there—to see"—and here she was holding up the little flared-out fingers of her left hand, and with the index finger of the right touching their pink tips in ordered notation with the accent of every gleeful word—"I'll—only—go—back—there—to—see—David—Mason—Jeffries—'cause—he's—the—boy—fer—me!" And then she clapped her hands again and laughed in that half-hysterical, half-musical way of hers till we all joined in and made the echoes of the old hall ring again. "And then, after I've been in this here house a long, long time, and you all git so's you like me awful—awful—awful well, then some day you'll go in that room there—and that room there—and in the kitchen—and

out on the porch—and down the cellar—and out in the smoke-house—and the wood-house—and the loft—an' all around—Oh! ever' place—and in here—and up the stairs—and all them rooms up there—and you'll look behind all the doors—and in all the cubboards—and under all the beds—and then you'll look sorry-like, and holler out, kindo skeért, and you'll say, 'Where—is—Mary—Alice—Smith?' And then you'll wait and listen and hold your breath; and then somepin'll holler back, away fer off, and say, 'Oh!—she—has—gone—home!' And then ever'thing'll be all still ag'in, and you'll be afeard to holler any more—and you dursn't play—and you can't laugh, and your throat'll thist hurt and hurt, like you been a-eatin' too much calamus root er somepin'!"

What a queer girl she was, and what a fascinating influence she unconsciously exerted over us!

"Talk about riddles," she said, abruptly, to us one evening after supper, as we lingered, watching her clearing away the table, "talk about riddles, it—takes—David—Mason—Jeffries—to—tell—riddles! Bet you don't know

'Riddle-cum, riddle-cum right!

Where was I last Saturday night?

The winds did blow—the boughs did shake—

I saw the hole a fox did make!'"

We were dumb.

"You can't guess nothin'," she said, half pityingly. "W'y that's easy as fallin' off a chunk! A man named Fox he kilt his wife and chopped her head off, and they was a man named Wright lived in that neighborhood—and he was a-goin' home—and it was Saturday night—

and he was a-comin' through the big woods—and they was a storm—and Wright he clumb a tree to git out the rain, and while he was up there here come along a man with a dead woman—and a pickaxe and a spade. And he drug the dead woman under the same tree where Mr. Wright was—so ever' time it 'ud lightnin', w'y Wright he could look down and see him a-diggin' a grave there to bury the woman in. So Wright he kep' still till he got her buried all right, you know, and went back home; and then he clumb down and lit out fer town, and waked up the constabul—and he got a suppeeny and went out to Fox's place and had him jerked up 'fore the gran' jury. Then, when Fox was in court and wanted to know where their proof was that he kilt his wife, w'y Wright he jumps up and says that riddle to the judgeman and all the neighbors that was there. And so when they got it all studied out—w'y they tuck ole Fox out and hung him under the same tree where he buried Mrs. Fox under. And that's all o' that."

One day Aunt 'Lizabeth came and took Mary Alice back with her, saying that "A good long visit to her dear ole home—pore as it was—would do the child good."

It was early spring when she returned. I remember how we ran far up the street to welcome her—for afar off we had recognized her elfish face and eager eyes peering expectantly from behind the broad shoulders of a handsome fellow mounted on a great high-stepping horse that neighed and pranced excitedly as we came hurrying toward them.

"Whoo-ee!" she cried, in perfect ecstasy, as we paused in breathless admiration. "Clear—the—track—there—old—folks — young—folks!—for — Mary — Alice—

Smith—and—David—Mason — Jeffries—is—come—to—town!"

Oh! what a day that was! And how vain, indeed, would be the attempt to detail here our happiness in having back with us our dear little girl, and her hysterical delight in seeing us so warmly welcome to the full love of our childish hearts the great, strong, round-faced, simple-natured "David—Mason—Jeffries!" And happy little Mary Alice Smith—how proud she was of him! A hundred times that day she swung her head back jauntily to whisper to us in that old mysterious way of hers that "David—Mason—Jeffries—and—Mary—Alice—Smith—knew—something—that—we—couldn't—guess!" That night at supper-time we knew the secret. He had enlisted.

* * * * *

Among the list of "killed" at Rich Mountain occurred the name of "Jeffries, David M." We kept it from her while we could. At last she knew.

* * * * *

"It don't seem like no year ago to me!" Over and over she had said these words. The face was very pale and thin, and the eyes so bright—so bright!

"Git me the picture again!"

She drew the thin hands up, and, smiling, pressed the pictured face against her lips, "David—Mason—Jeffries," she said—"le's—me—and—you—go—play—out—on—the—stairs!"

And ever in the empty home a voice goes moaning on and on, and, "Where is Mary Alice Smith?" it cries, and "Where—is—Mary—Alice—Smith?" and the still, belated echo, through the high depths of the old hall

overhead, answers quaveringly back, "Oh!—she—has—gone—home!"

Upon our knees, we wring our lifted hands and gaze, through streaming tears, high up the stair she used to climb in childish glee to call and answer eerily. And now no answer anywhere! Her voice is silent evermore.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A GROWN-UP BIRTHDAY.

THIS is my birthday, baby. Did you know
Aunties had birthdays too? Why, how you stare!
Your wide eyes, like two solemn mountain lakes,
Set in a fringe of pale larch-yellow hair.
"Do they have cakes?"

No, cakes are not for people old as I.
They grow for little folks, the pretty things,
All sweet and pink, with glittering sugar top
And lighted tapers set in careful wings.
"When did you stop?"

A long time since, before our baby came.
You needn't look so very sorry, dear.
It is no matter; Auntie doesn't care,
She has cake every night—not once a year.
"How old you are!"

Well, yes. I used to sit up in the pew
At church, when I was small like you, and stare
At men and women not so old as I,
And wonder at their wrinkles and gray hair.
"Why don't you cry?"

Ah! baby, why? How can I tell you that?

You bloom too near the ground, my violet blue,
To look beyond the grass and flowers close by,
I, taller grown, have further sight than you,
And see the sky.

Above the vapory mists that shroud the plain,
Above the further clouds, my vision flies,
To seek the place of the all-perfect day;
And fain my feet would follow where my eyes
Have shown the way.

I climb, and the road widens all the way;
I near—the morning breaks, the fog-wreaths fly;
I breathe a heavenly air, and hear at times
The sound of bell-notes pealing clear and high
In welcoming chimes.

Each step but brings me nearer to the goal;
Each milestone left behind marks one mile past;
Each moment grows the vision on my eyes;
Each birthday says: The end is coming fast.
Beloved, arise!

What am I saying? Never mind, my pet.
Auntie was talking stupid, grown-up talk.
Don't wrinkle so your pretty puzzled brow
And try to understand; but come and walk.
"I like you now."

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

LOVE AND LATIN.

SHE just had left the Latin school,
Her mind with richest learning stored,
And she was grandly beautiful—
A maiden made to be adored.

I loved her and I told her so,
But added this, whatever hap,
Let not your friends at present know,
She whispered softly, “verbum sap.”

I have no wealth to give to thee
At present, sweet; is love enough?
She bent her loving gaze on me
And, smiling, answered, “quantum suff.”

We’ve wed; she’s mine while life endures,
And oft I say with love aglow,
You stole my heart, and I won yours,
To which she answers, “quid pro quo.”

HER LAUGH—IN FOUR FITS.

AT ten a blithesome little maid,
Restrained by naught but nature’s law,
Went roaming o’er the glassy glade
And laughed a merry haw! haw! haw!

At twenty she was bright and fair,
But now, restrained by her mamma,

She only tossed her golden hair
And laughed a rippling ha! ha! ha!

At thirty she was more sedate,
And, still from wedded bondage free,
She said her time was grôwing late,
And laughed a yearning he! he! he!

At forty she despaired of joy,
For none had come her heart to woo,
She sighed for either man or boy,
And laughed a doleful who! who! who!
WASHINGTON POST.

A TRAGEDY IN THE SUNSHINE.

BREAKING suddenly through the cedar thicket, I stood on the very edge of the cliff—at the top of a ragged wall which rose almost four hundred feet from the green grass of the valley. From my perch I could see for fifty miles to the west.

Nature never made a more perfect day in the western mountains. Everything living, dead, was bathed in sunshine, and there was such intense quietness that I heard the swish of a buzzard's wings as he sailed over my head so high that he seemed no larger than a robin.

I turn from the distant landscape and look down into the valley. Half a mile from the foot of the wall—yet seeming scarce a stone's throw away—is a camp fire—a camp fire which smolders and sends up a thin, lazy column of blue smoke. Thirty feet from the fire, lying on the broad of his back on the grass, with hat over his face,

as a human figure. It is that of an Indian. You can tell that by his position.

It is a camp then—the camp of a pair or trio of Indian hunters belonging to the reservation. It is their land, and if there is any trespassing I am the guilty one. Where this hunter's companions are I know not, but they have left him alone for the time, and he has improved the opportunity to sleep. So quiet—so peaceful—so flooded with sunshine that no spot can be safer for one bound in the chains of slumber.

Look! Five hundred feet beyond the body is a cedar thicket. Between the body and the thicket are scattered rocks—a sort of outcrop. My eye was simply passing over this ground when it detected a movement in the thicket. For a long minute I keep my gaze fastened on the spot, and for some unexplained reason my heart beats faster. Was it a deer? A grizzly would hardly be found there. Perhaps it is a wild horse, or a steer which has broken from the herd over the ridge. I watch and wait.

Good Heavens! A great tawny beast glides out of the thicket and stands for a moment sniffing the air. It is the panther of the mountains—agile, fierce, and having the strength of the tiger! The scent comes down to him on the breeze, though I cannot feel a breath of air stirring.

He sniffs to the right, to the left; he points straight at the sleeping man.

Death has marked down a victim.

Now watch! The beast sinks down to the earth, stretches out a paw—pulls his body along the grass—shows a suppleness which even the tiger cannot display. The first rock is to his left—five yards away. He seeks

the cover of it, and his every motion reminds one of a cat. He flattens his body—creeps—crawls—reaches the rock and for a moment is hidden. Then I see him peering from the left hand side.

Has his victim moved?

No!

He still sleeps in the warm sunshine, unconscious of the fact that his lease of life is reduced to minutes.

The panther moves out for the cover of the second rock. He is bolder now. He seems to realize that his victim is helpless. He crouches and creeps, lifting each fore paw slowly and with the greatest care. He does not make a halt of more than sixty seconds behind the second rock. He leaves it with a bound which carries him fifteen feet, and in ten seconds he is there.

I know what is going to happen, but I make no move. I forget for the time that I have the power. The march of a thousand men down the valley could not draw my eyes away from that sight.

The panther seems to sink into the earth behind the stone for a moment. Then I see his head rising above it as he places his paw on the stone. His ears are laid flat, his lip drops down and shows his teeth, and I know that his eyes are glowing like living coals. It is forty feet to the sleeping Indian. Will some magnetic influence warn him of his peril? Will some unseen signal bring his companions back in time?

No!

My heart stands still as the panther disappears.

It is scarcely a second before his body rises like a great bird leaving the earth, and at his second bound he alights full upon the sleeper's breast, with a savage shriek. There is a wild yell—a struggle lasting half a

minute, and then I see the beast lying across the body and tearing at the throat. When sure that his victim is dead he rises up, seizes the body by the shoulder, and with a swing and a flint he throws the weight across his back and trots leisurely off over the grass to the thicket and disappears. The Indian's companions will search for him, but they will find only his bones.

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

IN SWANAGE BAY.

“’TWAS five and forty years ago,
Just such another morn,
The fishermen were on the beach,
The reapers in the corn.
My tale is true, young gentlemen,
As true as you were born.

“My tale’s all true, young gentlemen,”
The good old boatman cried,
Unto the sullen, angry lads,
Who vain obedience tried ;
“Mind what your father says to you,
And don’t go out this tide.

“Just such a shiny sea as this,
Smooth as a pond, you’d say,
And the white gulls flying and the crafts
Down channel making way.
The Isle of Wight all glistening lay
Seen clear from Swanage Bay.

“ The battery point, the race beyond,
Just as to-day, you see ;
This was, I think, the very stone
Where sat Fred, Dolly, and me.
She was our little sister, sirs,
A small child, just turned three.

“ We sat and watched a little boat,
Her name, the ‘ Tricksy Jane,’
A queer old tub, laid up ashore,
But we could not see her plain.
To see her and not haul her up,
Cost us a deal of pain.

“ Said Fred to me, ‘ Let’s have a sail ;
Father will never know ;
He’s busy in his wheat up there,
And cannot see us go ;
These landsmen are such cowards
If a puff of wind does blow.

“ ‘ I have been to France and back three times,
Who knows best, dad or me,
Whether a craft’s seaworthy or not ?
Dolly, wilt go to sea ?’
And Dolly laughed and hugged him tight
As pleased as she could be.

“ I don’t mean, sirs, to blame poor Fred,
What he did, sure I’d do ;
And many a sail in ‘ Tricksy Jane ’
We’d had when she was new.
Father was always sharp, and what
He said, he meant it, too.

“ And Fred, though pale as any ghost,
Had only said to me :
‘ We’re all right now, old lad !’ when up
A wave rolled, drenched us three ;
One lurch, and then I felt the chill
And roar of blinding sea.

“ I don’t remember much, but that—
You see I’m safe and sound.
I have been wrecked four times since then,
Seen queer sights, I’ll be bound ;
I think folks sleep beneath the deep
As calm as under ground.

“ But Fred and Dolly ? Well, poor Fred,
I saw him rise and cling
Unto the gunwale of our boat,
Floating, keel up, and sing
Out loud, ‘ Where’s Doll ?’ I hear him yet,
As clear as anything.

“ ‘ Where’s Dolly ?’ I no answer made,
For she dropped like a stone
Down through the deep sea, and it closed ;
The little thing was gone.
‘ Where’s Doll ?’ three times, then Fred loosed hold
And left me there alone.

“ ‘Tis five and forty years since then,”
Muttered the boatman gray,
And drew his rough hand o’er his eyes
And stared across the bay ;
“ Just five and forty years,” and not
Another word did say.

“But now the sky had not a cloud,
The bay looked smooth as glass,
Our Fred could manage any boat,
As neat as ever was ;
And Dolly crowed, ‘ Me go to sea !’
The jolly little lass !

“Well, sirs, we went, a pair of oars,
My jacket for a sail,
Just round ‘ old Harry and his wife,’
Those rocks, there, within hail.
And we came back—d’ye want to hear
The end o’ the old man’s tale ?

“Ay, ay, we came back past that point ;
But then a breeze up-sprung.
Fred shouted, ‘ Hoy ! down sail !’ and rowed
With all his might among
The white sea-horses that upreared
So terrible and strong.

“I pulled too ; I was blind with fear,
But I could hear Fred’s breath
Coming and going as he told
Dolly to creep beneath
His jacket, and not hold him so.
We rowed for life and death.

“We’d almost reached the sheltered bay,
We could see father stand
Upon the little jetty, here,
His sickle in his hand ;
The horses white, the yellow fields,
The safe and pleasant land.

“But Dolly?” ask the children all,
As they about him stand.
“Poor Doll! she floated back next tide,
With seaweed in her hand;
She’s buried o’er that hill you see,
In a churchyard on the land.

“But where Fred lies, God knows; he’ll find
Our Fred at judgment day.”
The boatmen fell to mending nets,
The boys ran off to play,
And the sun shone and the waves danced
In quiet Swanage Bay.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

BEWARE!

From the German.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care !
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care !
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware ! Beware
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

COLD, HARD CASH.

OH cash ! Thou potent thing ; to thee
We bow our heads and bend the knee ;
We know without thy kingly aid we cannot cut a dash,
But when with thee we are allied
We know the world is on our side,
And men will all respect us for our
Cold,
Hard
Cash.

Wit, beauty, learning—all are good,
And we esteem them as we should,
But when we size them up with thee, they're just the
merest trash ;

The world bestows its warmest smile
 On him whose dollars highest pile,
 The public eye is dazzled by our
 Cold,
 Hard
 Cash.

And even Cupid, so they say,
 Will gold against affections weigh,
 And loves to dwell where riches may its wealth in jewels
 flash,
 The sly young elf admires grace ;
 A perfect form, a pretty face ;
 But yet 'tis said he's fondest of the
 Cold,
 Hard
 Cash.

Thus from the cradle to the grave
 Can gold our paths with pleasure pave,
 But when near the river Styx and hear its water splash,
 The boatman who would row us o'er
 Unto a sad or sunlit shore
 Cannot be bribed to change his course for
 Cold,
 Hard
 Cash.
 CHICAGO HERALD.

HOW UNCLE PODGER HUNG A PICTURE.

YOU never saw such a commotion up and down a
 house in all your life as when my Uncle Podger
 undertook to do a job. A picture would come home

from the frame-maker's and be standing in the dining-room, waiting to be put up; and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say :

"Oh! you leave that to me. Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. I'll do all that."

And then he would take off his coat and begin. He would send the girl out for sixpen'orth of nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get, and from that he would gradually work down and start the whole house.

"Now you go and get me my hammer, Will," he would shout; "and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the step-ladder, and I had better have a kitchen-chair, too; and, Jim, you run round to Mr. Goggles and tell him, 'Pa's kind regards, and hopes his leg's better; and will he lend him his spirit-level?' And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light; and when the girl comes back she must go out again for a bit of picture-cord; and Tom—where's Tom? Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut himself; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He could not find his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools, and start looking for his coat, while he would dance round and hinder them.

"Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where

my coat is? I never came across such a set in all my life—upon my word I didn't. Six of you!—and you can't find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago! Well, of all the—"

Then he'd get up and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out:

"Oh! you can give it up! I've found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it."

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair, and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, the whole family, including the girl and the charwoman, standing round in a semicircle, ready to help. Two people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it, and hold him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass him up the hammer, and he would take hold of the nail, and drop it.

"There!" he would say, in an injured tone, "now the nail's gone."

And we would all have to go down on our knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair and grunt, and want to know if he was to be kept there all the evening.

The nail would be found at last, and by that time he would have lost the hammer.

"Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? Great heavens! Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer!"

We would find the hammer for him, and then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the

wall, where the nail was to go in, and each of us had to get up on a chair beside him and see if we could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule, and re-measure, and find that he wanted half thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head, and go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row the original number would be forgotten and Uncle Podger would have to measure it again.

He would use a bit of string this time, and at the critical moment, when the old fool was leaning over the chair at an angle of forty-five, and was trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip, and down he would slide on to the piano, a really fine musical effect being produced by the suddenness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

And Aunt Maria would say that she would not allow the children to stand round and hear such language.

At last Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand and take the hammer in his right hand. And with the first blow he would smash his thumb, and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody's toes.

Aunt Maria would mildly observe that next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall she hoped he'd let her know in time so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done.

"Oh! you women, you make such a fuss over everything," Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up. "Why, I like doing a little job of this sort."

And then he would have another try, and at the second blow the nail would go clean through the plaster, and half the hammer after it, and Uncle Podger be precipitated against the wall with force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose.

Then we had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole was made, and about midnight the picture would be up—very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody tired and wretched—except Uncle Podger.

JEROME K. JEROME.

YAWCOB'S DRIBULATIONS.

MAYBE dot you don't rememper,
Eighdeen—dwendy years ago,
How I doldt aboutt mine Yawcob—
Dot young rashkell, don'd you know,
Who got schicken-box und measles;
Filled mine bipe mid Limburg sheeze;
Cut mine cane oup indo dhrum-schticks,
Und blay all sooch dricks as dhese.

Vell! dhose times dhey vas been ofer,
Und dot son off mine, py shings!
Now vas taller as hees fader,
Und vas oup to all sooch dhings
Like shimnasdic dricks und pase pall;
Und der oder day he say

Dot he boxes mid " adthledics,"
Somevheres ofer on Back Bay.

Times vas deeferent, now, I dold you,
As vhen he vas been a lad :
Dhen Katrine she make hees drowers
Vrom der oldt vones off hees dad ;
Dhey vas cut so full und baggy,
Dot id dook more as a fool
To find oudt eef he vas going,
Or vas coming home vrom school.

Now, dhere vas no making ofer
Off mine clothes to make a suit,
For dot poy—der times vas schanged ;
" Der leg vas on der oder boot ;"
For vhen hees drowers dhey gets dhin,
Und sort off " schlazy " roundt der knee
Dot Mrs. Strauss she dake der sceessors
Und she cuts dhem down for me.

Shust der oder day dot Yawcob
Gife me von eledric shock,
Vhen he say he vants fife-hundord
To invesht in railroadt schtock.
Dhen I dell him id vas beddher
Dot he leaf der schtocks alone,
Or some fellar dot vas schmardter
Dake der meat und leaf der bone.

Und vhen I vas got oxcited,
Und say he get " schwiped " und fooled,
Dhen he say he haf a " pointer "
Vrom soom frendts off Sage und Gould ;

Und dot he vas on "rock bottom ;"
 Had der "inside drack" on "Atch—"
 Dot vas too mooch for hees fader,
 Und I coom oup to der scratch.

Dhen in bolitics he dabbles,
 Und all quesdions, great und schmall,
 Make no deeferent to dot Yawcob—
 For dot poy he knows id all,
 Und he say dot dhose oldt fogies
 Must be laid oup on der shelf,
 Und der governors und mayors
 Should pe young men—like himself.

Vell I vish I vas dransborted
 To dhose days off long ago,
 Vhen dot schaffer beat des milk-ban,
 Und schkydooddled droo der schnow.
 I could schtand der mums und measles,
 Und der ruckshuns in der house ;
 Budt mine presentd dribulations
 Vas too mooch for Meester Strauss.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

DIVIDED.

Abridged.

I.

AN empty sky, a world of heather,
 Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom ;
 We two among them wading together.
 Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

We two walk till the purple dieth
And short dry grass under foot is brown,
But one little streak at a distance lieth
Green like a ribbon to prank the down.

II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
And God He knoweth how blithe we were !
Never a voice to bid us eschew it :
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair !

Hey the green ribbon ! we kneeled beside it,
We parted the grasses dewy and sheen ;
Drop over drop there filtered and slided
A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
Light was our talk as of faery bells—
Faery wedding-bells faintly rung to us
Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,
We lapped the grass on that youngling spring ;
Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
And said, " Let us follow it westering."

III.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows,
Circling above us the black rocks fly

Forward, backward ; lo ! their dark shadows
Flit on the blossoming tapestry—

Flit on the beck, for her long grass parteth
As hair from a maid's bright eyes brown black ;
And, lo ! the sun like a lover darteth
His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on ! we sing in the glorious weather
Till one steps over the tiny strand,
So narrow, in sooth, that still together
On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever :
On either margin, our songs all done,
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, " Come over "—I may not follow ;
I cry, " Return "—but he cannot come :
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow ;
Our hands are hanging, our hearts are dumb.

IV.

A breathing sigh, a sigh for answer,
A little talking of outward things :
The careless beck is a merry dancer,
Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider ;
" Cross to me now—for her wavelets swell :"
" I may not cross "—and the voice beside her
Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path ; ah ! no returning ;
No second crossing that ripple's flow :
"Come to me now, for the west is burning ;
Come ere it darkens ;"—" Ah, no ! ah, no !"

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching—
The beck grows wider and swift and deep :
Passionate words as of one beseeching—
The loud beck drowns them ; we walk and weep.

V.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
A tired queen with her state oppressed,
Low by rushes and sword-grass stooping,
Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness ;
Her earth will weep her some dewy tears ;
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places
On either marge of the moonlit flood,
With the moon's own sadness in our faces,
Where joy is withered, blossoms and bud.

VI.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,
When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide ;
A flashing edge for the milk-white river,
The beck, a river—with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver,
On she goes under fruit-laden trees ;

Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,
And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew and shines the river,
Up comes the lily and dries her bell ;
But two are walking apart forever,
And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding ;
The river hasteth, her banks recede ;
Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
Bear down the lily and drown the reed.

While, O my heart ! as white sails shiver,
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
That moving speck on the far-off side !

Farther, farther—I see it—know it—
My eyes brim over, it melts away,
Only my heart to my heart shall show it
As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
Yea better—e'en better than I love him.

And as I walk by the vast calm river,
The awful river so dread to see,
I say, " Thy breadth and thy depth forever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

JEAN INGELow.

OH! THE GOLDEN, GLOWING MORNING.

OH! the golden, glowing morning,
All the waiting earth adorning,
For this Easter Day!
To the King in all His splendor,
Lord of life and death, we render
Highest lauds this day.
Let the banners float before us,
While we raise th' exulting chorus,
Christ is risen! He is risen!
This is Easter Day!

Hark! The highest heavens ringing,
Hark! The quivering angels singing,
"This is Easter Day!"
No more grieving! no more sighing!
No more weeping! no more dying!
"Christ is King this day!"
With the blessed ones before us,
We will swell the heavenly chorus—
Christ is risen! He is risen!
This is Easter Day!

Shout aloud the wondrous story,
For the King in all His glory
Draweth nigh this day!
Vernal benediction giving—
Christ the Life—the ever living!
On this Easter Day!
Let the banners float before us—
Send along the angel chorus—
Christ is risen! He is risen!
This is Easter Day!

On the festal altar glowing
Lo! the Paschal emblems—showing
 Forth this Easter Day!
Come with garlands, come with treasure,
Come with anthems' raptest measure
 For this Easter Day!
How the bells are chiming o'er us
While we join the heavenly chorus!
 Christ is risen! He is risen!
 This is Easter Day!

Oh! that longed-for day of union,
When Thine own, in Thy communion,
 Lord of Easter Day—
Into life eternal waking,
Celebrate—Thy love partaking—
 Endless Easter Day!
For the joy that waits before us,
We will swell the angel chorus
 Christ is risen! He is risen!
 This is Easter Day!

NEW YORK HERALD.

THE WAR-HORN OF THE ELKINGS.

A beautiful specimen of prose-poetry. From the House of the Wolfings.
Permission of Roberts Brothers.

IT was an evening of summer, when the wheat was in the ear, but yet green, and the neatherds were done driving the milch-kine to the byre, and the horseherds and the shepherds had made the nightshift, and the outgoers were riding two by two, and one by one,

through the lanes between the wheat and the rye toward the meadow. Round the cots of the thralls where gathered knots of men and women, both thralls and free-men, some talking together, some hearkening a song or a tale, some singing, and some dancing together, and the children gamboling about from group to group with their shrill and tuneless voices, like young throstles who have not yet learned the song of their race. With these were mingled dogs, dun of color, long of limb, sharp nosed, gaunt, and great; they took little heed of the children as they pulled them about in their play, but lay down, or loitered about, as though they had forgotten the chase and the wild wood. Merry was the folk with that fair tide, and the promise of the harvest, and the joy of life, and there was no weapon among them so close to the houses, save here and there the boar-spear of some herdsman or herdswoman late come from the meadow. . . . Now the sun was set and the gloaming was at point to begin, and the shadowless twilight lay upon the earth. The nightingales on the borders of the wood sang carelessly from the scattered hazel trees above the greensward, where the grass was cropped down close by the nibbling of the rabbits; but in spite of their song and the divers voices of the men-folk about the houses, it was an evening on which sounds from aloof can be well heard, since noises carry far at such tides. Suddenly they who were on the edges of these throngs and were the less noisy held themselves as if to listen, and a group that had gathered about a minstrel to hear his story fell hearkening also round about the silenced and hearkening tale tellers. Some of the dancers and singers noted them, and in their turn stayed the dance and kept in silence to hearken, and so from group to

group spread the change, till all were straining their ears to hearken the tidings. Already the men of the night-shift had heard it, and the shepherds of them had turned about and were trotting smartly back through the lanes of the tall wheat, but the horseherds were now scarce seen on the darkening meadow, as they galloped on fast toward their herds to drive home the stallions. For what they had heard was the tidings of war. . . . Nor did any that hearkened doubt what it was, all knew it for the blast of the great war-horn of the Elkings whose Roof lay up Mirkwood Water, next to the Roof of the Wolfings.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

SIEGE OF THE ALAMO.

COME, gather round, my boys, to-night,
And I will strive to tell
Of the Alamo's bloody fight,
And how her heroes fell.
'Twas in the dark and bloody days
When Santa Anna's men
Made havoc in our Texas lands,
On every field and glen.

The little fort was manned by few,
But they were tried and brave
As ever rammed a bullet home,
Or filled a soldier's grave ;
Travis, as brave a gentleman
As ever rode a steed,
Commander of the little fort
In all its desperate need ;

Crockett, the gallant pioneer,
Whose life so well is known,
And Edwin Bowie, round whose fame
Such deadly lustre shone.
These, with some hundred men,
Had made their last and fatal stand,
With none to succor or defend
In all broad Texas land.

Three thousand Mexic demons made
The air with yells resound,
As they gathered like the hungry wolves
The little fort around.
Again, and yet again, had sent
The still undaunted few
For fresh recruits, from the neighboring forts,
To aid their venture through.

Into their walls the shot and shell
Fell ceaseless like the rain,
While many a Texas bullet sank
Deep in some Mexic brain.
Besieged, beset on every side,
Within was sickness dire,
And fever burned within their veins,
Hot as Vesuvian fire.

At last the fatal day had come,
The cruel force is cast
With all its power upon the fort,
Their latest hope is past.
It needs to die as brave men should,
When life's last hope is done ;

No piteous wail the soldier makes
Because his course is run.

Within the courtyard, 'round their chief,
The still undaunted few
Are met to say the latest words
Of courage and adieu.
"My gallant boys," their leader said,
"Our final hope is o'er ;
Now let us fight as desperate men
Who hope to fight no more.
As long as coming races
Heroic deeds shall tell,
Let them recount Alamo's siege,
And how its forces fell.

"Brave Crockett, you who never yet
Have shunned a foe to meet,
Can give us deeds of courage now
To make our death-pang sweet.
See yonder waves our lone star flag,
Our Texan banner brave ;
The hands that wave, the eyes that wept,
Shall never see our grave.
It matters not, the deeds we do
Fond lips at last will tell,
And boys unborn recount the fight,
Where Bowie fought and fell

"Hark ! hear that yell ! They're ours now !"
The words were hardly said,
When rushed the red fiends to the work,
'Mid dying and the dead.

With rifles clubbed the Texans fought
For vengeance, not for life,
And many a Mexic home was reft
Of sire, in that short strife.
The feet sank deep in crimson stain,
The fight raged everywhere.
Fannin had led the murderers on,
And in his last despair
Stood ready to fire the magazine—
Death found the hero there.

ELIZABETH L. SAXON.

A QUEER BOY.

Permission of The Century Company.

HE doesn't like study, it "weakens his eyes,"
But the "right sort" of book will insure a surprise.

Let it be about Indians, Pirates, or Bears,
And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;—
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear.
Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's "tired as a hound,"
Very weary of life, and of "tramping around."
But if there's a band or a circus in sight,
He will follow it gladly from morning till night.
The showman will capture him some day, I fear,
For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head "aches to split,"
And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit,"

But mention base-ball, and he's cured very soon ;
And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon.
Do you think he "plays 'possum"? He seems quite
sincere ;
But— isn't he queer ?

W. H. SALTER.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

IF you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow ;
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead ?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long ;
Why should one that thrills your heart
Lack that joy it may impart ?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone ;
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two of three" in prayer ?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a loving brother's eyes,
Share them, and by sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies ;

Why should any one be glad,
When his brother's heart is sad?

If a silver laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying,
For both grief and joy a place ;
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seed of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them, trust the Harvest-Giver ;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

Written when the author was grievously tormented by that disorder

MY curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortured gums along ;
And through my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance ;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines !

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
 Rheumatics know, or cholic squeezes ;
 Our neighbor's sympathy may ease us,
 Wi' pitying moan ;
 But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
 Aye mocks our groan !

Adown my beard the slavers trickle !
 I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
 As round the fire the giglets kickle,¹
 To see me loup ;²
 While, raving mad, I wish a heckle*
 Were in their doup.

Of a' the numerous human dools³
 Ill hairsts,⁴ daft bargains, cutty-stools,
 Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,⁵
 Sad sight to see !
 The tricks o' knaves, or tash o' fools,
 Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
 Whence a' the tones o' misery yell,
 And rankèd plagues their numbers tell,
 In dreadfu' raw,
 Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell
 Amang them a' !

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
 That gars the notes of discord squeel,

1 The mirthful children laugh.

2 Jump.

4 Harvests.

3 Troubles.

5 Grave-earth.

* Flax used to be cleaned d straightened by drawing it many times through a mass of sharp steel spikes fixed in a bench, points uppermost. This was called a heckle.

Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe thick,
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland weal
A towmond's toothache!
ROBERT BURNS.

THE LAST LESSON.

Related by a little Alsatian.

THIS morning I was late in going to school, and I had great fear of being reprimanded, as M. Hamel had said he would question me upon the participles, and I did not know the first word.

For a moment the idea came into my head to miss the lesson and take my way across the fields. It was so warm, so bright. The blackbirds could be heard whistling in the edge of the woods, and in the Rippert field the Prussian soldiers were exercising.

All this had much more attraction for me than the participles, but I had the strength to resist, and ran rapidly toward the school.

In passing before the mayoralty I found that everybody stopped at the bulletin board. There it had been, for two years, that all bad news had come to us—lost battles, requisitions, orders of commandery—and I thought, without stopping, What is it now?

Then as I ran past the place, the blacksmith, Wachter, who was there with his apprentice to read the dispatches for him, cried to me: "Don't hurry so, little one, you will be at your school soon enough." I thought he was making sport of me, and ran, all breathless, into M. Hamel's little courtyard.

Usually at the opening of the school there **was** a great racket, which was heard even in the street—desks, opened, closed, the lessons repeated in concert very high in pitch—the pupils stopping their ears to remember better, the master's great rule tapping the table as he cried out: "A little more quiet!"

I counted upon all this uproar to gain my seat without being seen, but just this day all was as tranquil there as a morning of Sunday. Through the open window I could see my comrades already ranged in their places, and M. Hamel passing and repassing with the terrible iron ferule in his hand.

It was necessary to open the door and enter in the midst of this great calm. You may imagine if I was red, if I was afraid!

But M. Hamel looked at me without anger, and said, very sweetly: "Hurry to your place, my little Frantz; we were about to commence without you."

I strode over the bench and seated myself at my desk. Then, when my fright was a little abated, I noticed that our master had on his handsome green coat, his finely-folded shirt front, and the embroidered skull cap of black silk, all of which he wore only upon examination days, and at the distribution of prizes. Then, there was something extraordinary and solemn about everything. But what surprised me most was to see at the end of the room the benches, which were usually unoccupied, filled by the people of the town, who were all silent, like us—old Hauser with his tricorne, the old mayor, the old postman, and many others.

Everybody seemed sad. Old Hauser had brought with him an old spelling-book, worn at the edges, which

he held upon his knees, and he had his great spectacles set for going through the pages.

While I was astonished at all this, M. Hamel mounted his seat, and with the same sweet and grave voice with which he had received me, said: "My children, this is the last time I shall teach you. The order has come from Berlin that nothing but German shall be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new master will come to-morrow. To-day is your last lesson in French. I pray you be very attentive."

These words overwhelmed me. Ah! this was what was posted at the mayor's.

My last lesson in French! And I could scarcely write! Must I stop here? How I regretted now the time squandered, the lessons lost by running after birds' nests, or sliding upon the Saar! My books that I had found wearisome, so heavy to carry; my grammar, my saints' history seemed old friends who were leaving me with much sorrow. Then, M. Hamel—the idea that he was going to leave made me forget his punishments, his strokes of the rule.

Poor man! It was in honor of this last day in school that he had put on his fine Sunday clothes, and now I understood why the old men were seated at the end of the room. They seemed to say that they only regretted that they had not come more often to the school. It was also a way of thanking our master for his forty years of good service, and of showing their patriotism.

I was thinking of this when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not now give to be able to recite all the famous rules of the partici-

ples, very high, very distinct, without a mistake! But I was embarrassed at the first words, and remained standing, balancing upon my bench, with swelling heart, without daring to lift my head.

Then M. Hamel said to me: "I will not scold you, my little Frantz; you are punished enough. See how it has been, every day you have said, 'Bah! I have time enough, I will learn to-morrow,' and now what has come? Ah! this has been the great fault of our Alsace, this putting off instruction until to-morrow. Now these invaders have the right to say to us, 'How is it; you pretend to be French and do not know how to read and write your language!' In all this, my poor Frantz, you are not the most guilty. We all have part in the reproaches made of us. Parents have not cared enough about the instruction of their children; they liked better to see them till the earth. And I, have I nothing to reproach myself? Have I not often watered my garden instead of working? And when I wished to go trout fishing, have I not whined for you to give me a holiday?"

Then from one thing to another, M. Hamel began to speak of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world, the most polished, the most solid, that we must now watch over each other and see that we never forget it; for when a people fall slaves, if they keep their own language it is as if they held the key to their prison.

Then he took up a grammar and read our lesson to us. I was astonished to see how I could understand. All that he said seemed easy, easy. I believed that I had never listened so well, and that he had never had so much patience in his explanations. It might be said

that the poor man, being obliged to go, wished to give us all his knowledge—even to make it enter our heads at a single stroke.

This lesson ended, we passed to writing. For this day M. Hamel had prepared for us an entirely new exercise to be written in fine, round hand: France, Alsace, France, Alsace. The papers looked like little flags floating all around the class. How each one applied himself, and what silence! Nothing could be heard but the scratching of the pens upon the paper. Some May-bugs entered, but no one paid attention, not even the youngest who were tracing the characters with their pencils. Upon the roof of the house the pigeons cooed, and I said to myself, “I wonder if they will be required to sing in German?”

From time to time, when I lifted my eyes, I saw M. Hamel motionless in his seat, as if fixing in mind all the objects about him. Forty years had he been there. Even the benches and desks were polished by use. The walnut trees in the yard were large, the hops engarlanded the very roof of the house; he had planted them all. What grief to the poor man to leave all these scenes! Even now we could hear his sister in the room above packing the trunks. To-morrow he would go from the country forever.

Yet he had the courage to go through the school to the end. After writing, we had the lesson in history, then the little ones chanted their Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu. At the end of the room old Hauser was holding the spelling-book in both hands and spelling the lesson with them. His voice trembled with emotion, and it was so droll to hear that we all longed to laugh and to cry.

Ah! how I remember that last day in school!

Suddenly the church clock sounded noon, after the angelus. At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians sounded under our windows, where they had come to drill.

M. Hamel rose, all pale; never had he appeared so grand.

"My friends," said he, "my friends, I—I—" But something stifled him, and he could not finish the sentence.

Then he turned toward the blackboard, took a bit of crayon, and wrote in letters that covered all the space, "Vive la France!"

Then he stopped, leaned his head against the wall, and without speaking, with his hands made sign to us, "The end has come—Go!"

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
ALPHONSE DAUDET, BY ANNA RANDALL DIEHL

HOSS.

From Harper's Weekly. Copyright 1889 by Harper Brothers.

"NO; my boys, they don't amount to no great,
From Hubert to Ross;
Take to teachin' and preachin' and such fool nonsense,
But my gal Em thar, that I lost,
She was all hoss, sir;
Nervous and steppy from head to foot;
Hoss, cl'ar hoss.

"Her mother died when she was a two weeks-babe.
That thar was a loss
To the gal. But she never cared for no such as gals do,

Nor mincin', nor prinkin'
Nor flirtin', nor fibbin';
But only hoss; good honest hoss;
Straight, fast hoss.

"Boys curled up on the sofys readin'. My Em
Never gave a toss
For such nonsense. Could throw on harness or saddle
Quicker'n any man on the place,
'Ud drive anything anywheres;
Trusted 'em. Sorter shy of folks, Em was,
Hoss, cl'ar hoss.

"Says the womenfolks, 'You must put her to school,'
says they,
'Let her l'arn who's boss,
Or she won't be good for nothin.' So I took my gal
To a school twelve miles to the north;
And I sold her pet hoss
Thirty miles to the south;
Sold her hoss.

"Next mornin' I went out to the stable and thar,
Sure's my name's Ross,
There stood my gal, all bedraggled, twelve miles from
the north;
And thar, thirty miles from the south,
With his halter rope broke,
And his nose on her neck,
Stood her hoss!

"That winter, waal, a fambly near us took scarlet fever;
Couldn't get no nurse,
'I'll go,' says my gal, all the neighbors hangin' back!

'I'll go.' She saved the little brats, and she took it ;
 And she died, my gal Em.
 Hoss, ye see, jest the same,
 Cl'ar through, hoss.

"Handsomest pale look ye ever see. Somehow my gal's
 face said to me,

'Dad, what's the loss?'

Jest the same old way, thin nostril, for'ard look, lips
 curled.

No, my boys ain't much ; but I had a gal once,

My gal Em that I lost.

She was hoss, without flaw,

Peerless hoss !"

SARAH P. MCLEAN GREENE.

THE GLACIER-BED.

In a village in Switzerland, a young guide, on the way back from his wedding, met a party of tourists, who were looking for a guide to explore a glacier. The bridegroom left his bride at the chalet door, as they returned from the church, she promising to keep a light in her window until he should come home ; but he fell through a ravine upon a glacier-bed and was lost. The widowed wife, having learned that in the course of fifty years the glacier would emerge from the ravine, waited, and her lost husband was found frozen in the ice, all those years after his wedding-day.

BURNING, burning, burning forever, by night and
 day—

Let be the light in my window—don't touch it—don't
 take it away :

With the sap of my life I have fed my lamp that its
 flame should burn

Till the morn of our bridal night, till my love, my hus-
 band return.

What say you ? he is dead !—I will not believe it ; no !
We were wedded—who can remember that ? 'tis so long
ago—

At the church of our mountain village : the morning
light shone down
From the glittering peaks of the Alps to circle my bridal
crown.

Oh me, the joy of us two that blessed day made one !
The song of the happy children—the flowers—the
dancing sun—

All these were about us that time he led me home as his
bride—

When the strangers crossed our path, and he heard them
call for a guide.

And duty o'ermasters love—and he dared not deny that
call,

For among our Alpine heroes, they knew him, the
bravest of all :

With a foot, and an eye, and an arm to match with his
dauntless heart ;

And I knew where his honor led—though loth we were
to part.

But his honor, his choice, his desire was mine, for I
loved him so :

When I looked in my darling's face I was brave and I
bade him go :

I stayed at our chalet door, and he tore himself away
From the blessed kisses of love, and the joy of our
marriage-day.

I'll come back to thee, dear," he said, "when the
mountain is veiled in night :

Set a lamp in thy window to shine as my star, my
guiding light,
Through the winding paths of the ice, from beneath, from
above,
Let my eyes be fixed on thy beacon bright, my newly
wedded love."

And fixed as ice was my gaze that followed him as he
went ;
And yet, when I saw him go, I was more than happy—
content :
The warmth of his arms was around me, my lips had
thrilled to his kiss :
My soul had tasted his love—could heaven be sweeter
than this ?

And I knew that nothing could part us more, in life or
in death :
I saw him not—and I saw him again, far down be-
neath
In the bravery of his gay wedding clothes—and my eyes
grew dim
With the strain and the dizzy height, as they looked
their last on him.

I knew he would hold to his promise—I never would fail
of mine :
That was our bridal eve when I trimmed my lamp to
shine
Till he came from the fields of ice, to our chalet safe and
warm
Closed in from the thickening night, and the smiting
blast of the storm,

That was our bridal eve—hist! the fiends of the mountain dance
To the shrieks of the lost, as they grope their way
 'neath the lightning's glance;
Till the dark and the dawn bring the day, and I wait at
 the chalet-door
For my bridegroom of yester eve, for my joy that returns
 no more.

But the sun shines on, and the path is clear from valley
 to peak :
Whence come ye to look in my face the tale that ye dare
 not speak ?
All the rest were safe—he had led them bravely through,
 they said :
But my own true-hearted husband was lost in the glacier-bed.

He will come again, I whispered, and, pitying, they
 turned away :
And that light still burns since we parted—it seems but
 yesterday.
So long ago ! What ? 'Tis fifty years to-morrow, you
 said :
That was the time, I heard, when the ice should give
 back the dead ;

When the glacier that froze his young blood, in the
 depth of the dark ravine,
Where he fell through the rift and perished, should work
 its way unseen
Toward the mouth of the icy gulf, through the years of
 creeping days ;

Now, now, 'tis the time—let me go, for I know that my
bridegroom stays.

My lamp is alight—I have toiled, I have starved to feed
its fire,

Through a long life slowly wasting in pangs of one de-
sire :

I thought it was never coming, and now the end is nigh :
I shall look on his face that I loved in my youth, before
I die.

I go to seek him now, where he lies in the glacier-bed—
Ah ! cold and flinty pillow for my darling's golden head !
In his beauty and strength of manhood, frozen to change-
less stone :

There, there ! I have found him at last ! oh, my love,
my love, my own !

Now, bear us forth together, the bridegroom and the
bride,

To the church of our mountain village, and lay us side
by side,

'Neath the stone where God joined us, and bound our
souls in eternal truth,

And the faithful widow shall rest with the husband of
her youth.

How long have I wearied for this since that day of bliss
and woe ?

Do the children laugh, as they say it was fifty years ago ?
What has time to do with our love ? for the spirit with-
in me saith :

I shall meet him for evermore, when I change this body
of death.

He is calling me now by my name in the voice of the
vanished years,
And my life in its tender music dissolves to a passion of
tears—

The shadows fall from the heights—the lamp in my
window burns dim—

The silence quenches my breath as I pass away to him.

EMILIA AYLME BLAKE.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Permission of The Century Company.

I FELL in love with Phyllis Brown :
She was the nicest girl in town.

Her father had a bank account
Of a superfluous amount ;
And so the more I thought of it
The clearer seemed the benefit
That such a union would confer
At least on me—perhaps on her.
For she was pretty. Such a nose !
Such grace of curves ! Such tint of rose !
Such sylph-like elegance of pose !
Such sunny eyes of heavenly blue,
With little cherubs peeping through !
Such golden bangs !—Oh, every such
Was the superlative of much !

And educated ? She could speak
Italian, Spanish, Volapük,
French, Russian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch,
And every language born of Babel—
To read and speak them she was able.

So learned, pretty—rich besides ;
Yes, she would be the gem of brides !
And I, though poor, had every taste,
The wealth of Kroisos would have graced ;
So I resolved to risk my fate
In winning such an equal mate.

At first my chances promised fair :
She met me half-way everywhere ;
Accepted my civilities ;
And sometimes made me ill at ease
When I, on parting, held her hand
And felt that mute “ You understand,”
Expressed by just the faintest squeeze.
(I cannot think she was a flirt,
And yet she did it to my hurt !)

One day I crossed the Rubicon :
I knew her father would be gone ;
I rang her door-bell, inly bent
On knowing if she would consent.
She sent me down a little note,
The coolest that she ever wrote :

“ Excuse me, please, from seeing you,
I’ve something else that I must do ;
I’ll see you later if we live.”

I asked the footman if he knew
Why such an answer she should give ;
The servant shrewdly shook his head ;
“ She’s busy, sir,” he gravely said,
“ Developing a negative !”

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

A SONG FROM THE SUDS.

From "Little Women." Permission of Roberts Brothers.

QUEEN of my tub, I merrily sing
While the white foam rises high,
And sturdily wash and rinse and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry;
And then out in the fresh air they swing
Under the sunny sky.

I wish we could wash from our hearts and our souls
The stains of the week away,
And let pure water and air by their magic make
Ourselves as pure as they;
Then on the earth there would be, indeed,
A glorious washing day!

Along the path of a useful life
Will heart's-ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom:
And anxious thoughts may be swept away
As we busily wield a broom.

I am glad a task to me is given
To labor at day by day;
For it brings me health and strength and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say:
"Head, you may think; heart, you may feel;
But, hand, you shall work away!"

LOUISA M. ALCOTT (AT FIFTEEN).

A DOCTOR'S DIPLOMA IN COURT.

A doctor named Royston had sued Peter Bennett for his bill, long overdue, for attending the wife of the latter. Alexander H. Stephens was on the Bennett side, and Robert Toombs, then in the United States Senate, was for the doctor. After the doctor had proved the number of his visits, their value according to local custom, and his authority to do medical practice, Mr. Stephens told Peter to make a speech if he wished to do so.

“**I** WILL,” said Peter, “if Bobby Toombs won’t be too hard on me.”

Senator Toombs promised he would not, and Peter began :

“Gentlemen of the jury, you and I is plain farmers, and if we don’t stick together these ’ere lawyers and doctors will get advantage of us. I aint no lawyer or doctor, and I aint no objections to them in their proper place, but they aint farmers, gentlemen of the jury. Now, this man Royston was no doctor, and I went for him to come and doctor my wife’s sore leg, and he came and put some salve on to it, and some rags, but never did it a bit of good. Gentlemen of the jury, I don’t believe he is a doctor at all. There are doctors as is doctors, sure enough, but this man don’t earn his money ; and if you send for him, as Mrs. Sarah Atkinson did for a negro boy, he just kills his patient, and wants you to pay for it.”

“I don’t,” thundered the doctor.

“Did you cure him?” asked Peter, with the slow accents of a judge with the black cap on.

The doctor was silent, and Peter proceeded :

“As I was saying, gentlemen of the jury, we farmers, when we sell our cotton, has got to give vally for the money we ask, and doctors aint none too good to be put.

to the same rule. And I don't believe this 'ere Sam Royston is a doctor nohow."

"Look at my diploma if you think I am no doctor."

"His diploma!" exclaimed the orator in great contempt. "His diploma! Gentlemen, that is a big word for a printed sheepskin, and it don't make no doctor of the first sheep as wore it; nor does it of the man as now carries it; a good newspaper has more in it, and I p'int out to ye that he aint no doctor at all."

The doctor was now in a fury, and screamed out, "Ask my patients if I am not a doctor?"

This seemed to be the last straw that broke the camel's back, for Peter replied, with a look and tone of unutterable sadness:

"That is a hard saying, gentlemen of the jury, and one that requires me to die and to have the powers as I hear tell ceased to be exercised since the Apostles. Am I to go to the lonely churchyard and rap on the silent tomb, and say to 'um as is at last at rest from physic and doctor's bills, 'Git up here you, and state if you died a natural death or was hurried up by Royston?' He says ask his patients, and, gentlemen of the jury, they are all dead! Where is Mrs. Beasley's man, Sam? Go ask the worms in the graveyard, where he lies. Mr. Peak's woman, Sarah, was attended by him, and her funeral was appointed. Where is Bill Mitchell? Now in glory, expressing his opinion of Royston's doctoring. Where is that baby gal of Harry Stephens? She is where doctors cease to trouble and infants are at rest. Gentlemen, he has eaten chicken enough at my house to pay for his salve. I found the rags, and I don't suppose he charges for making her worse."

The applause was great. The doctor lost and Peter won.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

Permission of The Century Company.

WE know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still ;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill ;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call ;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain ;
This dread to take our daily way and walk in it again.
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know. Our loved and lost, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is Life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be ;
Yet, oh ! how dear it is to us, this life we live and see !

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought,
"So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may tell you naught ;
We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of death ;"
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath.

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead ;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

THE PRINCESS' FINGER-NAIL.

ALL through the castle of High-Bred Ease
Where the chief employment is do as-you-please,
Was wild confusion and dire despair,
The Queen was wringing her hands and hair.
The maids of honor were sad and solemn,
The pages looked blank as they stood in a column.
The court jester blubbered, " Boo-hoo ! boo-hoo !"
The cook in the kitchen dropped tears in the stew.
And all through the castle went sob and wail,
For the princess had broken her finger-nail—
The beautiful Princess Red-as-a-Rose,
Bride-elect of the Lord High Nose—
Broken her finger-nail down to the quick,
No wonder the Queen and her court were sick.
Never sorrow so dread before
Had dared to enter that castle door.
Oh ! what would my Lord, his High Nose, say,
When she took off her glove on her wedding day ?
The fairest princess in Nonsense Land,

With a broken finger-nail on her hand !
'Twas a terrible, terrible accident,
And they called a meeting of parliament.
And never before that royal court
Had come such a question of grave import
As, "How could you hurry a nail to grow?"
And the skill of the kingdom was called to show.
They sent for Monsieur File-'em-off ;
He smoothed down the corners so ragged and rough.
They sent for Madame la Diamond Dust,
Who lived on the fingers of upper-crust.
They sent for Professor de Chamois Skin,
Who took her powder and rubbed it in.
They sent for the pudgy Nurse Fat-on-the-bone
To bathe the finger in Eau de Cologne.
And they called the court surgeon, Monsieur Red Tape,
To hear what he thought of the new nail's shape.
Over the kingdom the telegrams flew,
Which told how the finger-nail thrived and grew.
And all through the realm of Nonsense Land
They offered up prayers for the princess' hand.
At length the glad tidings were heard with a shout
That the princess' finger-nail had grown out
Pointed and polished and pink and clean,
Befitting the hand of a some-day queen.
Salutes were fired all over the land
By the home-guard battery pop-gun band,
And great was the joy of my Lord High Nose,
Who straightway ordered his wedding clothes,
And paid his tailor Don-wait-for-aye,
Who died of amazement that self-same day.
My lord by a jury was deemed insane,
For they said, and the truth of the saying was plain,

That a lord of such very high pedigree
Would never be paying his bills, you see,
Unless he was out of his head, and so
They locked him up without more ado,
And the beautiful Princess Red-as-a-Rose
Wept for her lover, my Lord High Nose,
Till she entered a convent and took the veil,
And this is the end of my nonsense tale.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE DUMB SAVIOR.

Permission of the Author.

Written for and recited by the author at the Convention of the Society
for Preventing Cruelty to Animals, in Atlanta, Ga.

HO! Moro, Moro, my dog, where are you?
Moro: He has gone—he has left me: he
The last, the only friend. Forsaken by him,
By the one living thing that clung to me
When the storm stripped my life; who followed me
Through cold and hunger and wild weary tramps
On the bleak highways! So, at last, he's gone!
Lured by the smell of Athol's savory meats,
The warmth of Athol's hearth.

An hour ago,
When I met Athol yonder in the street,
He said, with insolent pity in his look,
"Sell me that dog. He taxes you too sore
To feed him. Here's his price." "Sell you my dog!
Sell the one thing that keeps alive in me

A spark of trust in anything on earth ?
Never ! Your gold has bought all that was mine—
My lands, my home, my friends, my promised bride.
It cannot buy my dog : he would not go ;
Your chains could never hold him, he would leave
Your juicy meats to come and share my crust.
Put up your gold : it cannot buy my dog.”

“ We’ll see,” he said, and turned upon his heel,
The low-born insolent ! His gold had bought
My old, proud home, my flattering friends, the graves
Of my dead sires ; aye, even her—my love
With eyes as blue as heaven, as full of truth
(I would have sworn so once) as heaven of stars.
God ! how I loved her, how I trusted her !
How her voice thrilled me on that summer night
When, with her hands in mine, I said : “ My love,
A flickering star of fame has mocked my hopes
Since dreaming boyhood. Never did it beam
With steady glow, till now—now that it shines
In your sweet eyes. Now I will follow it,
For bays are worth the winning but to lay
At your dear feet.” But she : “ I love you not
For laurels or for gold, but for yourself,
Your own proud manhood and your faithful heart.”

These were her words. Just Heaven, that lips so fair
Could utter words so false. Not care for gold !
’Twas all she cared for. When ’twas swept away
Her love went with it. All my faith went, too—
All my proud dreams ; my star of fame went down,
And whelmed in black despair I fled the place
A beggared outcast : home, friends, love—all gone.

With curses on my lips and brain on fire,
I fled through the wet night that shut me round
While gleamed the city lights afar. I cried,
“I stand alone, with not one living thing
To care what doom despair may drive me to.”
But as I spoke a soft head touched my knee,
A warm tongue lapped my hand. Dumb sympathy
Of the poor brute! My faithful dog had broke
His chain to follow me.

My faithful dog!

Ha, ha. There is no faith in man or beast
Upon this hollow globe. My dog is gone
Yonder in Athol's home that once was mine.
He followed him—lured by his bait of food.
The craven-hearted wretch! True, he was starved;
But so am I. Yet I spurned Athol's gold,
Offered as price for him. Well, he is gone!

Why did I come back here? I know too well.
I came, poor fool, to look upon the ground
Her footsteps pressed. Perchance she loved me still:
Her father made her turn from me. Who knows?

Hark to the music! She is dancing now!
That waltz of Weber! Ah! how sweet it is!
How the tall windows blaze! Fair forms flash by
Whirling like brilliant blossoms in the mad
Maelstrom of melody. Yes, they dance,
They feast. My dog feasts yonder in the halls
My proud ancestors reared. And I—I stand
Beneath the mocking stars and freezing skies
Deserted, friendless, gnawed by hunger-pangs.

Why should I suffer? There's one refuge still.
When life grows torture we can shake it off.

Death beckons us with shadowy hand, and points
To the abyss of nothingness and rest.
Rest—is it rest? What if the fever-dream
Of life goes on beyond the grave? Outside
The shattered temple of the flesh, as birds
Still flutter blindly round a broken nest?
It is too mad a doubt. The dead are dead.
The hour is past for dotard's dreams.

And yet—

My mother's prayers, her cradle hymns. Away
These memories. They shall not hold me back
Like clinging arms from the abyss of death,
Let death be what it may!

Here I hold

In my right hand the key to its mysteries.
This vial of dark fluid—spell of sleep
The last, the dreamless—pressed from poppy bloom,
This solves the doubt; this breaks the fever-dream;
This lays a palsyng spell on blood and limb
And burning brain, and, lo! the wild dream is done,
Quenched in the Lethean flood of nothingness.
Scorn, poverty, cold, hunger are no more;
No more keen pangs when friends prove treacherous,
When even the last dumb friend forsakes.

Dance on,

Feast on. I shall not heed you now.
Stare at me, mystic heaven, in cold rebuke.
Far, silent stars, what care you or your God
For human woe? Safe sits your God on high,
Tracing the shining paths of whirling worlds
And mighty systems, lighting up new suns.
What cares He for one burning human heart?
Yet He gives death. It is the best He gives.

For this I thank Him, and I greet thee, Death,
Dark essence of the poppy, kiss my lips
And steal their breath forever. Earth, farewell !

Ha ! what is this ? Who dares to grasp my arm ?
Moro, my dog ! Have you come back, my dog ?
Come back from Athol's food and fire to me ?
Why do you pluck my sleeve ? What's this you've laid
Here at my feet ? Why, bread ! You've brought me
bread.

My poor dog ! 'Twas for this you left me, then ?
You sought to save me, and I thought, I thought—
Forgive me, Moro. I have wronged you, dog.
What if I've wronged my fellow-men as well ?
And my starved dog, seeing his master's strait,
Stole in and begged the bread I could not ask,
And brought it here, despite his own sore need,
And bids me eat with eager, wagging tail
And wistful eyes ! If there's such depth of love
And sacrificing pity in a brute,
Can man be wholly callous ? I will hope.

My dog, you've saved me. I will live. Nay, more :
I will shake off this lethargy of despair,
This spell of the demon Drink that bade me drown
My woe in its cursed nepenthe. From this hour
That chain is broken. Faith and hope come back
Like a bright flood of sunshine. No, my dog,
Who would have died with me, you shall not starve ;
Nor shall your trust be shamed. I'll win it back,
The crown I threw down in my fierce despair—
The crown of manhood—worth all crowns beside.

MARY E. BRYAN.

THE BEAUTIFUL MIND.

FITZ SOPHOCLES SIMMONS was down at the heel,

And was out at the elbows and knees,
Loss of linen he buttoned up high to conceal,
And his hat had encountered the breeze.
But far above glossy and well-fitting things,
Or pockets extensively lined,
He'd the blessing which lofty intelligence brings,
And, oh ! such a beautiful mind !

He lived in a little and ill-smelling street,
In a garret remarkably bare,
And here at his leisure, by way of a treat,
He would ponder, and gaze in the air.
If the landlady dunned him, or mentioned her rent,
Or a neighborly loan was declined,
He would pray that his foes might have time to repent,
For he had such a beautiful mind !

For him there was much to behold in the sky,
And the gutter that ran by the curb,
He would track on its passage the musical fly,
With a rapture no sound could disturb ;
He could gaze upon vacancy's self with delight,
While he harked to the song of the wind,
Oh ! time brought him nothing but bliss in her flight,
For he had such a beautiful mind !

There was something his delicate soul to entrance
In the depths of a pewter or pot,
He would gaze into one with a sorrowful glance
That proclaimed he was musing a lot.

He would rescue from ruin a stump of cigar,
Crust or peeling, bone, refuse or rind,
Then thank for such godsend with fervor his star,
For he had such a beautiful mind!

While brutal and dull-pated men were at work,
Demeaning themselves for a wage,
At a post or a corner he'd patiently lurk
And reflect on the vice of the age.
To have carried a burden his brow would have stained,
And to "sweat" was, he felt, unrefined,
So a penniless loafer he always remained
Because of his beautiful mind.

SWIPESY'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

THERE was not very much on the table—in fact, it wasn't very much of a table, being made of a dry-goods box stood on its side. The room belonged to the grocer, but he had told them they could have the use of it for Christmas night. In the corner there was a little cracked stove, which was so hot that it shone like a big lump of Christmas cheer in the semi-darkness.

Pretty soon "Swipesy" came in out of the roar of the city street. He had a few unsold papers under one arm and a small—very small—bundle under the other. With him was his Sister Suze. They were orphans, trying to make their own way. She had had good luck and had sold all her papers. She took what was left of Swipesy's stock and spread a nice clean paper over the dry-goods box. Then he unrolled his bundle.

"O Swipesy!" said the girl.

There was a can of cooked corned beef and a little box of figs.

Pretty soon the others began to come in. There was "Mickey" with a little packet of coffee, some sugar, and (what luck!) some cabbage that the apple-woman on the corner had cooked and given him, with big tears in her honest, Irish eyes when he told her about the dinner.

"It aint much, Mickey," she said, "but may the good saints make it taste as relishin' as if 'twas as big as a barn and cooked in a gowld skillet."

There were five charter members of the dinner party, so to speak. "Rocks" (so named from his manner of defending himself in his frequent "scraps"), came into the room next. He, too, had a little bundle which was undone with due ceremony. When "Piper" came in he stopped a minute just inside the threshold, and held the door open while he beckoned to some one on the outside.

"C'mon in," said he. "The fellers'll be glad ter see yer."

Then there entered a little fellow not more than six years old. He was very much embarrassed, and held his fingers to his lips. Piper, by way of introduction, said :

"Fellers—and Suze—this 'ere little cove" (Piper himself was a big cove, having seen thirteen years, and being the oldest member of the dinner party), "is comin' to our Crismuss. He's just gone into the paper sellin' biz, an' he aint got no boodle. I'm a-takin' care o' him till he gits started. See?"

For a minute an embarrassed silence hung over the little group. Then the little people opened their hearts to the newcomer (and they were big hearts for such very small bodies), and he was one of the dinner party.

Piper explained to him :

"You see," said Piper, "we fellers and Suze had heard a lot 'bout Crismuss. We don' know 'gzac'ly what it is, but we do know that everybody wot is anybody has a Crismuss dinner. So we jes' chipped in and—and" (waving his hand around the room) "here y'are."

"But I aint chipped in," said the newcomer.

"Well, wot if y' aint. Y' can nex' time." So that was settled.

Suze in the meantime had produced a pail from somewhere, and an old stew-pan from somewhere else, and some broken crockery from still another place.

"Youz'll make the coffee and warm the cabbage and meat, darlint," said Mickey. "Yez are the only woman here."

So Suze went at it.

It wasn't long before everything was ready, and they gathered around the box. The savory odor from the coffee-pot and stew-pan had tickled the twelve little nostrils, and the six mouths were as eager to taste the poor little dinner as ever yours was to pick your succulent Christmas turkey bones.

They fell to at once.

"I'm 'fraid the coffee aint very good," said Suze. But she smiled the satisfied smile that every housewife smiles while decrying her own dainties, and was as pleased as you ever were, my fine lady, in similar circumstances, when Rocks exclaimed in answer :

"Finer'n Delmonico's, I'll bet."

Before very long the dinner had been eaten. They sat around and talked for awhile, and the little six-year-old fell asleep with his head on Suze's knees. She passed

her fingers lovingly over the little fellow's forehead, and by and by leaned over and kissed him.

"Yez giv' us a bully Christmas, Suze," said Mickey, when at last the little party broke up, and from the throats of all guests rang out in chorus, "You bet!"

MOTHER'S MENDING BASKET.

OVER and under, and in and out,
The swift little needle flies;
For always between her and idleness
The mending basket lies;
And the patient hands, though weary,
Work lovingly on and on
At tasks that never are finished;
For mending is never done.

She takes up the father's stocking,
And skillfully knits in the heel,
And smooths the seam with a tender touch,
That he may no roughness feel;
And her thoughts to her merry girlhood
And her early wifehood go,
And she smiles at the first pair of stockings
She knit so long ago.

Then she speaks to the little maiden
Learning to knit at her side,
And tells her about those stockings
Uneven and shapeless and wide—
"I had to ravel them out, my dear;
Don't be discouraged, but try,
And after awhile you'll learn to knit
As swift and even as I."

She takes up a little white apron,
And thinks of the woful face
Of her darling when she came crying:
"O mamma! I've torn my lace."
So she mended the child's pet apron;
Then took up a tiny shoe,
And fastened a stitch that was broken,
And tied the ribbon of blue.

The maiden has wearied of working
And gone away to her play;
The sun in the west is sinking
At the close of the quiet day.
Now the mother's hands are resting
Still holding a stocking of red,
And her thoughts in the twilight shadow,
To the far-off future have fled.

"Oh! where will the little feet wander
Before they have time to rest?
Where will the bright heads be pillowed
When the mother's loving breast
Is under the spring's blue violets,
And under the summer grass,
When over her fall the autumn leaves,
And the storms of winter pass?"

And a prayer from her heart she utters:
"God bless them, my dear ones all!
Oh! may it be many, many years
Ere sorrow to them befall!"
To her work from the mending basket
She turns with a heart at rest;
For she knows that to husband and children
She is always the first and best.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

IS it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,
In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart: Words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at those roses saluting each other,
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only makes war on his brother;
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow mortal down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

MRS. ROGERS lay in her bed,
Bandaged and blistered from foot to head.
Bandaged and blistered from head to toe,
Mrs. Rogers was very low.
Bottle and saucer, spoon and cup
On the table stood bravely up ;
Physic of high and low degree ;
Calomel, catnip, boneset tea—
Everything a body could bear,
Excepting light and water and air.

I opened the blinds ; the day was bright,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.
I opened the window ; the day was fair,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.
Bottles and blisters, powders and pills,
Catnip, boneset, syrup, and squills.
Drugs and medicines, high and low,
I threw them as far as I could throw.
“What are you doing?” my patient cried ;
“Frightening Death,” I coolly replied.
“You are crazy !” a visitor said.
I flung a bottle at her head.

Deacon Rogers he came to me ;
“Wife is comin’ round,” said he,
“I re’lly think she’ll worry through ;
She scolds me just as she used to do.
All the people have poohed and slurred—
And the neighbors have had their word ;

'Twas better to perish, some of 'em say,
Then be cured in such an irregular way."
"Your wife," said I, "had God's good care
And His remedies—light and water and air.
All the doctors, beyond a doubt,
Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers without."

The deacon smiled and bowed his head;
"Then your bill is nothing," he said,
"God's be the glory, as you say;
God bless you, doctor, good day! good day!"

If ever I doctor that woman again,
I'll give her medicines made by men.

MEDICAL WORLD.

THE WEDDING OF THE MOON.

WHO'S heard of the wedding of the Moon?
The tale is worth a passing rhyme,
Old Vulcan played the loud bassoon,
And all the dancing stars kept time.

The bride, she wore a misty veil,
But beautifully shone her eyes.
The groom, they say, looked somewhat pale,
Yet filled the air with happy sighs.

They had a motley company—
The Water-Carrier, Scorpion, Bull;
The Archer, Lion, Gemini:—
In fact, of guests the sky was full.

Smiled Cassiopeia from her chair ;
Orion gave the bride his blessing ;
But Berenice of the shining hair—
I'm told her envy was distressing.

The Great and Little Bear danced well,
Like a merry mother and her cub ;
And just for once—'tis strange to tell—
Big Hercules gave up his club.

The groom ? Why, who else but the Sun ?
He, like a bridegroom, you have heard,
Comes forth, rejoiced his race to run ;
And the Moon took him at his word.

The wedding done, the bridegroom straight
Set out upon his bright career ;
And—oh ! dear me, how sad a fate !—
They have not met for many a year.

But still, wherever he may roam,
He hopes to see his dear wife soon.
Poor, splendid Sun ! he has no home
Until once more he joins the Moon.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

Permission of *Peterson's Magazine*.

HOW things has changed since I was a girl !—that is
to say, since my grandma was a girl !

Then, when a young lady went into any out-of-door
sports, she was called a tomboy, and she warn't never
never likely to have a beau.

And, of course, no girl dared to do it. But she stayed in the house, and sewed patchwork and knit stockings for her pa; and everybody admired her, and said how modest she was.

But now it's the fashion to exercise out-of-doors. It makes muscle and braces up the nervous cistern, and gives tone, they say.

I have never gone into new things, as some folks do. I should probably have been married, years ago, if it had not been that I wanted to study the men that came round a-courting. And while I was a-studying of 'em they went and married somebody else—which proves that men, make the best of 'em, is shiftless critters. Still, if it should be my lot to have to take one of 'em, for better or for worser, I should try and think the Lord so ordered it, and be resigned to my fate.

In Flintville, where I live now, everybody has got the twoboggin-craze. There has been a good many crazes here. The roller-skating took all classes, till most of the women broke their backs, and the ministers preached ag'inst it as immoral, and the church-members wouldn't let their girls go. Then the crazy-patchwork business struck the town, and everybody made silk bedquilts, and everybody begged "pieces" of everybody else, and all the storekeepers put in short ends of ribbon and sold ten cents' wuth for fifty cents.

After cold weather came, the twoboggin-craze struck us. Of course, you all know what a twoboggin is, and that Injuns up in Canady used to have 'em to take their women-folks out to ride.

At fust they looked rather ticklish to me. I concluded I'd rather be on dry land.

Tom Stiles got the fust one, and Sarah Ann Layton

got the next one. Sarah Ann leads the styles in Flintville, and after she'd slid down her father's sheep-pastur' hill and knocked out three of her front teeth and broke her right lower limb by jumping off from her course and bumping ag'inst an oak tree, all Flintville went for twoboggins

The Flintville "Telegraft" took to printing how sweet the girls looked in their twobogginning-suits, and we all wanted to look sweet, and see it printed—that we did.

So I got me a twoboggin.

Brother Enoch was awful disgusted. It don't take much to disgust him. He's lived with me ever since his wife died, two years ago, and so has his two children. Them children is dreadful! They've driv' me nigh about distracted, and if you should hear that I've had softening of the brains, you'll know that it's Sam and Miry Splicer that's done it. It's a pity they hadn't died when they had the measles, for then they'd escaped a great deal of suffering, and they'd never have lived to tie a tin pail to my dear darling Fido's tail and drive him almost into the hydrophoby, so that he bit Mike Flinnigin in the bootleg, and it cost me ten dollars to make Mike a well man.

"Pameely," says Enoch to me, when he seed my twoboggin, "I'm astonished—I'm ashamed of you. The idee of a woman of your age gitting one of them tethery things, and calculating to steer yourself down-hill onto it. You'll break your neck, the fust clip."

"You talk as if I was an old woman, Enoch," says I. "Do try and remember that you was young once yourself. I want a little something for exercise and recreation."

"Then you'd better split up some kindling-wood and mend me a couple of pairs of stockings," says he; "my toes is sticking out through so, now, that my toe-nails is driv clear back into their sockets. Oh! dear, I wish Marier was alive."

"So do I," says I; "or else, that she'd took you and Sam and Miry along with her. It's terrible inconvenient for a man's wife to die and leave him and his children for his relations to see after."

"Pameely," says he, "I wish you could git married. But, the Lord knows, I should pity the man."

"Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one familiee
Fall out, and chide, and fight."

So sung out Sam Splicer, the boy, who happened to come into the room jest then, a-eating an orange, and the juice of it a-running down onto his clothes and onto the carpet, like the Falls of Niagara.

"Pameely," says Enoch, after he had slapped the boy's ears and sot him to studying his Sunday-school lesson, "I've allus felt sorry for your being an old maid, but I aint to blame for it. And sometimes I almost wish I'd a-gone to be an angel, when Marier went."

"An angel?" says I. "A pretty-looking angel you'd make, with them blue overalls of your'n, and that quid of tobacker in your mouth! I guess the rest of 'em would be proud of you."

"Wal, anyhow," says he, "I wouldn't attempt to make a girl of myself, a-sliding onto that thing. With your figger, as lank as a beanpole in the fall of the year, if you should happen to git opsot, you'd be a spektacle."

I didn't deign to answer him. But the next night, there being a full moon, I invited Major Stebbins to go over to the shute with me.

The Major is a widder, like myself, and he's sad and lonely in this vale of tears, and I thought if I could make life any pleasanter to him—if I could soothe a sad and sorrerful moment for his lacerated heart, it was my duty to soothe.

The Major lost a lower limb in the late war, and has to go on an artificial, but you wouldn't notice it, unless you knowed about it.

He took the twoboggin, and I took his arm, and we sot forth. The shute, as they call the sliding-place, is over on t'other side of Bingle's Pond, and it's down quite a steep hill, and the pond at the end.

It was alive with folks, old and young, all talking together, and all puffing like steam-injins, with climbing up the hill.

I'd took along an old bolster, to set onto, for my machine warn't cushioned when I bought it, and the Major rigged it on, and he and I got onto the twoboggin. It was awful hard work to hold the critter still—she wanted to be off, and the Major dug his wooden foot into the snow on one side and held her in.

"Oh! dear," says I, "I'm a'most afeard. If she should kick up, or the hitching should break, or the track should be up, it would give us an awful tumble."

"I am with you!" says the Major, squeezing my waist with the arm he'd put round to hold me in place. "I've been in twenty battles, where the bullets fell like hail, and—"

He didn't go no further, for jest then the twoboggin broke loose, and the thing was too quick for the Major

to draw in his wooden limb, and it was twisted off in a twinkling, and left sticking in the snow behind, while the rest of him streaked it like lightning down that track of ice. There were lots of folks in front of us, but they couldn't stop to turn out, and my twoboggin undertook to go by, and it struck a sled in front, and bounced, and went clear over the sled, just as a trained Thomas cat jumps over your hands; and I hung to the Major, and the Major hung to the twoboggin, and somebody yelled:

"Come back and git yer leg!"

But we didn't pay any attention to 'em, we jest kept right on, and about twenty feet from the end of the shute the twoboggin hit a lump of ice that had fell off the side of the track; I lost my balance, and the Major, too, and the next thing I knowed, I was into Bingle's Pond clear up to my chin, and two men standing on the ice was trying to pull me out by the hair of my head, which, being bought at a store and not rooted into my skulp, come off at the fust grab and left my brains pretty nigh out in the cold and cruel world.

Major Stebbins haint spoke to mesince. He sed 'em load me onto a sled and kerry me home, and never said a soothing word. As if I was to blame for his breaking off his old leg. It's jest like a man. Allus laying the blame onto a woman. They say he's engaged to the Widder Lane. I wish her much joy with him, I'm sure. If I had got to have a man, I should want a whole one.

My twoboggin is for sale. Price, three dollars. It's splendid exercise, but one isn't sure of ice the year round, and I don't think it agrees with me altogether.

A JACQUEMINOT ROSE SUNDAY.

Permission of the Author.

ROSES fill the air with fragrance, in the month of
balmy June,
Bright-hued songsters flitting heavenward, waft the
breezes with a tune.
Snowy cloudlets in the azure, woo the sunlight's glitter-
ing ray ;
Ah ! 'tis fitting that the June month should contain our
" Children's Day."
Let me tell you how some children, who were " Daugh-
ters of the King,"
Formed themselves into four rose bands ; did a sweet
and noble thing.
Red rose, white rose, pink and yellow, each band had
its chosen Queen ;
Bonnier, sweeter, brighter lassies ne'er yet laughed or
sang, I ween.

ONE, " Rose Sunday," to that building where the sick
spend weary hours,
Through the boys' ward, and the girls' ward, marching
with sweet song and flowers,
Scattering roses on the pillows, clasping in the children's
hands
Buds of snow, pink, gold or crimson, moved the Queens
with their rose bands.
One sweet maid with nut-brown ringlets, clustering o'er
a brow of snow,
Lips and cheeks of vivid crimson, bore the name Queen
Jacqueminot.

'Twas the pastor's youngest daughter, pausing, with
sweet pitying glance,
Where a fair-haired lad was lying in a seeming death-
like trance.

First she filled his hands with flowers, then with
startled bird-like grace

Pressed her lips, so like twin-rose buds, lightly on the
pale, sick face,

"Take this kiss, poor boy," she murmured, "'tis the
most Queen Jack can give,

And with it I'll send a prayer to our God that you may
live."

Burst of song and bloom of flowers filled the wards that
"Children's Day,"

Suffering wee ones, faint and sickly, felt their pulses
stronger play,

Thinking with a dreamy pleasure of that hour of bliss-
ful joy

When the rose queens and their maidens visited each
girl and boy.

Years passed on. One bright Rose Sunday bells pealed
forth a merry chime,

"Here! come here! come here!" they rang out, "'tis a
happy wedding-time."

"What strange taste," one gossip muttered; "from a
Jacqueminot crown,

Floats the bride's veil trailing softly; crimson roses trim
her gown."

"Surely," quickly spoke another, "you have heard the
reason why!

No? I'll tell you. Once the bridegroom, lying ill
enough to die

In a hospital for children, thought an angel whispered,
 ‘ Live,
Maybe God will grant my prayer, ’tis the most Queen
 Jack can give.’

“ Waking from that dreamy death trance, roses lay upon
 his bed,
Filled the air with floating fragrance; then his kind
 nurse gently said
That the angel who had whispered at Death’s gate and
 called him back
Was the daughter of their Pastor, that day only named
 Queen Jack.
Boy in years but man in purpose, through the world he
 fought his way,
Saying, ‘ Some day I will win her, my sweet Queen of
 “ Children’s Day.” ’
Fame crowned him with her laurels when he offered her
 his name,
For the bride who wore red roses and Queen Jack were
 one and same.

“ At his wish the chosen roses were of royal Jacqueminot,
At his wish their crimson mingled with the bridal laces
 snow,
But when dating is the question, brides must ever have
 their way,
So Queen Jack chose that her wedding should take
 place on ‘ Children’s Day.’ ”

EMMA DUNNING BANKS.

JOE SIEG.

From Eclectic Magazine. Permission of E. R. Pelton, Publisher, N. Y.

WHO are the heroes we hail to-day
And circle their brows with wreaths of bay?

Is it the warrior back again,
To be girt by throngs of his fellow-men?

The statesman fighting in keen debate
For the laws that will make his country great?

Or the poet, whose spirit in his song
Withers like fire the front of wrong?

Yes, these are heroes on whom we may call,
But a greater still is behind them all.

Who? and we shout with ringing cheer :
“ Joe Sieg, the railway engineer.

“ Who did his duty and never thought
He did any more than a driver ought.”

Look at Sieg, I say, as he stands
With the levers clutch'd in his oily hands,

And hearing naught but the grind of the wheel
Or the clanking rail underneath his heel ;

Or, lighting his pipe for a whiff or two,
Yet looking ahead as drivers do.

Now, any one seeing him thus would have said
With a very doubtful shake of the head :

"Poor stuff after all out of which to plan
Your hero when action calls for the man."

So you would think, but listen and hear
The story of Sieg, the engineer.

Down the Pennsylvania line,
In the light of an afternoon's sunshine

Came Sieg with a train of cars behind,
And hundreds of lives that were his to mind.

Little thought he of danger near
As he watch'd for signals set at clear.

If he thought at all, and that thought could be said,
As he stood on the foot-plate looking ahead,

It was this, to do what a driver could do—
Run sharp to his time, nor be overdue.

So along the metals in smoke and glare,
With Sieg at his post by the levers there,

Engine and cars like a whirlwind tore,
Till, just as the stoker threw open the door

Of the furnace, at once through each black flue came
The quick back-draft, bringing with it the flame

That, scorching with lightning fingers of pain,
Drove Sieg and his stoker back in the train.

Back they went, bearing all the brunt
Of the fiery tongues that were hissing in front.

They caught at the cars in their wild desire,
That in less than a moment were muffled in fire.

The engine, like some wild steed that is free,
Shot ahead, with a shriek of defiant glee.

Behind were hundreds of lives in a tomb
That was hot with the breath of their awful doom.

To leap from the train would be certain death,
To stay would be food for the flames' wild breath.

Now was the time for your hero to plan ;
The hour had come, and Sieg was the man.

Not a moment he stood, for at once he saw
His duty before him, and that was law.

Not a single thought of himself came near
To shake his grand brave spirit with fear.

Only there rose, like a flash in his eye,
As in those when the last stern moment is nigh,

A look that would do all that duty could claim,
And with a wild rush Sieg was into the flame.

The red tongues quiver'd and clutch'd at him,
They tore the flesh from his arm and limb ;

They wove, like scarlet demons, between
The engine and him a fiery screen.

But he fought his way to his terrible fate
Till he felt his feet touch the tender plate.

Then blind with flame and its scorching breath,
And weak from his terrible struggle with death,

He groped for the levers, clutch'd them at length,
And, with one wild effort of failing strength,

'Mid the hissing of fire and the engine's roar,
Threw off the steam and could do no more.

When the engine at last was brought to a stand
Not a life was lost out of all that band.

No life, did I say? Alas! there was one,
But not till his duty was nobly done.

For, back in the tender, silent and grim,
Blacken'd and scalded in body and limb,

Lay Sieg, who had, without aid, and alone
Saved hundreds of lives and lost his own.

That is the story, plain and clear,
Of Sieg, the railway engineer.

Honor to him, and no stint of praise
From the best of hearts in these modern days.

Honor to Sieg! I say and hail
This last Jim Bludsoe of the rail,

Who did his duty and never thought
He did any more than a driver ought.

WHEN I AM WEAK THEN I AM STRONG.

DROPS of perspiration fell from Mammy Washington's black face into her tub; and some tears mixed with them, but she spoke no complaining word as she replied to a girl who lay on a bed in one corner of the cabin.

"Dis yere wash'll pay de sto' debt, but the Lord only knows whar de next sack of meal 'ill come from; dere's syme lef' yet, and we won't starve for awhile on ash-cake, and dere's salt enough for yer gruel, so we aint to de wust yet; an' I have de faith dat de Lord's chillen, white nor black, never git da."

"'Pears like I done got dere now, mammy, I'se burin' so, and de fiah dest melts me."

Mammy bent over the tub to hide the tears, saying:

"Youah fever is curious, not havin' no chill. Dis yere's de las' b'ilin'-honey. Den de gruel in de skillet'll be cooked. I'll get the big kettle off, and when ye drink all the gruel ye can swaller, I'll tote ye in my arms to de big spring; ye can get cool da while I 'rench de clo'es. Don't forget to t'ank de Lord, honey, dat you wus learnt to read de Bible-book, and dat yer mammy's arms is strong."

"Oh! mammy, I'se so powerful weak," moaned the sick girl.

Mammy stopped her washing.

"Don't ye remember, chile, what Sis' 'Manda Smith sung on her knees at de camp-meetin', 'When I am weak then I am strong.' Dis yere way it wus," and standing in her low, suffocating cabin as a queen might in a palace, mammy sang the last stanza of Wesley's hymn:

"What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak then I am strong,
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail."

The sick girl, catching the inspiration, joined her voice feebly yet sweetly.

She had unawares entertained another audience. A voice at the door called:

"Hello, concert, here's a young lady that wants you to sing for her," and there stood on the threshold of her cabin a tired-looking girl whom the groom had lifted from the saddle and half-supported as she peered into the dark room. She said, confidently:

"You will let me rest here."

Mammy seated her and she glanced toward the bed.

"Is your girl sick?"

"Yes'm, my onliest girl. 'Pears like she aint strong enough to get over her cough," said Mammy Washington, softly.

"That is just as I am; so papa sent me up from New Orleans to be among the pines. What is your girl's name?"

"Lucy, Miss—"

"My name is Angie; papa calls me angel. Will you not sing, again?"

Mammy knew the three parts of "Wrestling Jacob" by heart, "The Struggle," "The Name Revealed," "Victorious Rapture." With more than the usual liberty of the soloist she arranged her own repeats, unconsciously indicating in them her persistence and her hopeful faith.

When the hymn was ended the girl looked a moment silently at mammy, then at the cringing figure on the bed, walked to the low shelf over the fireplace, picked up the little Testament, saying, petulantly, "I don't like to read," and then said to the groom at the door, "Put me in the saddle, John."

"Let me lift you, honey," said mammy. "Have a cool drink first. O Sam! O Joe!" she called. Two boys who had been hiding in the near bushes came within sight of the door. "You Sam, take dis yere new gourd—nobody's ever dranked out'n, miss, and bring a cool drink for dis young lady; make haste now, or you'll get no dinner. You Joe, hold de bridle of Miss Angie's pony; none of yer pranks now!" for Joe's delight at being keeper of the pony he had been admiring through the bushes whirled him into a somerset at the first step toward his task. As the spring was within sight, the cool water was brought and drunk, and the young lady was placed in the saddle in a few minutes' time. The groom leading, she rode on down the path, saying first:

"I shall soon bring mamma to hear you sing."

Not till she was out of sight did mammy turn from the door. The suds was cold, the fire out, the gruel raw, the two boys clamored for hoe-cake, and Lucy lay crying under the sheet. Mammy walked to the shelf over the fireplace and leaned her forehead, as she often did, reverently on the Book of Promises she could not read. It slipped back and something dropped on the great hearthstone with a ring. She fell on her knees beside a silver dollar.

Twice within the last hour she had sung, "When I am weak then I am strong," but the angels on the highest

round of Jacob's ladder must have heard it this third time, as on her knees she sang it again.

The children knew when mammy was done, not by the close of the hymn—for she sang only her favorite stanza, improvising new music for the repeat—but by the triumphant “Halle—halle—loo-oo oo” of orchestral volume. Mammy lifted Lucy in her arms and walked to the door.

“Sam Washington,” she called in her highest tone of authority, “you dest race down to de cross-road sto’ an’ git one of de spring chickens I seed da dis mawnin’. Joe, you kindle up de fiah ’gainst we uns come back. Fust, bofe of ye stan’ in a row, put yer hands behin’ ye jess as ye did de las’ day of school. Yer mammy’s yer teacher now, I’s e got a lesson for ye, an’ ye’ll say it after me in concert till ye know it by heart. De Lord Jesus, He never lets His chillen git to de very wust; onct—twyct—three times! now if you forget it ’fore dat chicken’s cooked ye’ll get nuffin but cawn bread for yer dinner.”

MARY SHERMAN.

KING DOLLAR.

Abridged.

IN a land of the West that is far, far away,
Where the little ones toil and the older folk play,
Where professors are made from their ignorant fools,
And the chief of the pedagogues teaching in schools
Is the very worst scholar,
Where their columns with nonsense the journalists fill,
Where the rivers and rivulets hurry up hill,

Where reason is hot, and where passion is cold,
Where for cash, by the pennyweight, justice is sold,
There reigneth King Dollar.

There fondness for money is first of the lusts,
Competition is smothered by rascally trusts,
A day of fair toil foulest wages receives
And station and luxury no one achieves
Whose neck shirks a collar.

He is foremost who makes the most profit from sin,
Truth and falsehood in quarrel, then falsehood will win;
A long life of infamy garners no shame,
But an honored old age, without loathing or blame,
At the court of King Dollar.

There each in servility crooketh the knees,
And much the back bendeth the monarch to please;
There he who works hardest in poverty dwells,
And he who lolls laziest riches compels,
With laud to the loller;
There he who has millions, though holding them sure,
Having nothing but money forever is poor;
There the mass crawl and grovel, none dare go erect,
For woe to the wretch who preserves self-respect
In the land of King Dollar.

But ours is a land where such king could not reign,
Where avarice seeks for a victim in vain,
Where pity and truth to the people are dear,
And trusts, deals, and syndicates, should they appear,
Would stir up our choler
And rouse a fierce tempest to sweep in its wrath
Force, fraud and conspiracy far from our path.

So let us all thank the good fortune which brings
Our country exemption from thralldom of kings,
Most of all from King Dollar.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

TWILIGHT AT NAZARETH.

THOU, leaf-bound, hill-built Nazareth ;
So lorn, and yet so fair to see !
'Thy restful, foot-worn, hill-bent path,
Thy gray, time-torn pomegranate tree,
Thy fountain in thy heart, thy hallowed hill—
Thy heart, thy Virgin's Fountain, flowing still !

I see the trailing briony
Along thy level house-tops creep
And droop low down, droop solemnly,
As droop dark veils where women weep.
I can but think upon that dread third day
When women came to roll the stone away.

Thy lilies blossom still the same
In lowly places, and thy hills
Yet blaze with poppies and the flame
Of yellow flax. The cricket trills
His homely hearthstone symphony at eve,
Still clad in black, as if he still would grieve.

Thy crimson salvias like a sea
Still bathe thy levels and thy steeps;
Bright iris, bright anemone,
Bright purple mallows and bright deeps

Of dandelion still dash the marigold
And pile thy flowery glories fold on fold.

Thy valleys still are fruitful fair,
Forsaking not, forgetting naught
Of perfect raiment, nor the rare
High walk of holy beauty taught
By One most beautiful, by One who spake
In speech like flowers, for God-born beauty's sake.

These flowers are God's own syllables;
They plead so lovingly, they lead
So gently upward to His hills!
If we might only learn to read—
If we might only learn to read and know
Christ's book of eighteen hundred years ago!

I think we then should all rejoice,
Should know the beauteous mysteries,
Should joy with one wide common voice
As joy the great earth-circling seas!
Could we but read as Christ would have us read,
We then might know the living God, indeed!

And this the lesson, this the book
That lies wide open now as then.
Come, read one syllable, come look
How broader than the books of men!
Come, catch the pathos of this harmony
Of beauteous toil—then all the world is free!

And dost thou, stricken soul, complain?
Behold the crushed blooms at thy feet;

Their glory is to rise again

And yield their sweetness still more sweet,
And wouldst thou then be less, O man ! than they ?
The Lord, He gave—the Lord shall take away.

And dost thou, toiling man, complain,

Where God toils on eternally ?
Behold the patient, still, small rain ;
Behold the labors of the sea—
The toiling, huge and heavy-laden waves
That heave the shores in shape like bended slaves.

Sit down in this white, quiet town

And hear the Virgin's Fountain flow.
Two maidens with their eyes held down,
And noiseless-footed, come and go—
Two large-eyed maidens, stately-tall and fair,
With jar on palm poised in the stilly air.

An ox creeps by ; his creaking yoke,

His large calm eyes, his faithfulness
Smite on us like a sudden stroke
Of keen reproach at idleness.

Two doves fly down ; they are so still, you think
You hear them reach their changeful throats to drink.

A far-off flail, a muffled loom,

A leaf that hesitates to fall,
A stillness lying like a gloom,
A gloom that mantles like a pall,
A pall that has possessed the ample air
And wrapped its robe of stillness everywhere !

For He is gone. Birds of the air

Still have their nests ; the foxes still

Have holes wherein to hide, and fair
His lilies blossom by the hill,
But He is gone. Yet Sabbath seems to stay,
As if to wait His coming back alway !

JOAQUIN MILLER.

A TRUE BOSTONIAN AT HEAVEN'S GATE

A SOUL from earth to heaven went
To whom the saint, as he drew near,
Said, "Sir, what claim do you present
To us to be admitted here?"

"In Boston I was born and bred,
And in her schools was educated;
I afterward at Harvard read,
And was with honors graduated.

"In Trinity a pew I own,
Where Brooks is held in such respect,
And the society is known
To be the cream of the select.

"In fair Nahant—a charming spot—
I own a villa, lawns, arcades,
And, last, a handsome burial lot
In dead Mount Auburn's hallowed shades."

St. Peter mused and shook his head;
Then, as a gentle sigh he drew,
"Go back to Boston, friend," he said—
"Heaven isn't good enough for you."

SOMERVILLE JOURNAL.

DADDY BENSON AND THE FAIRIES.

THERE is no other place under the heavens where the early mornings of summer and fall have the charm of those down in the Ozarks of Southern Missouri.

It was on one of these fine mornings that Benson set out across the hills to catch a few fish and do a little shooting.

"Good-bye, Ben," he shouted back to the youngster in the door of the little log-house. "Good-bye, and be er good boy."

"Good-bye, dad," squeaked a youthful voice; "good-bye, an' don't forgit the fairies."

The little fellow waved his hand energetically until the mountaineer father was lost to view in the brush beyond the cleared patch. Benson knew more folk lore and fairy tales than any of the other natives. He had read of the brownies and their moonlight antics, and when Bennie became able to talk he was told of the little elfins, and the big goblins, and the shiny, golden water sprites. Benson was in all other respects a rough, homespun mountaineer.

"Jes' wait," were his last words before breaking through the undergrowth, on that golden Ozark morning, "jes' wait, an' I'll bring yer a fairy, sure pop."

All day long the little native sat in the cabin door and peered off into the woods.

"It's no use fer yer ter be settin' there," said Benson's wife, "fer yer par'll not be back afore night."

"But ef he gets er fairy he'll come," said Benny, "'cause the'r fairy'd die ef hit wa'n't brought home right erway."

Benny watched until the sun went down, and then

when it grew so dark that he could no longer see into the woods he went inside of the house and laid down on the dirt floor. Pretty soon he forgot about the fairies and was fast asleep. When the sun of another beautiful morning broke over the Ozarks, the little fellow's eyes were opened and his first thoughts were of the fairies.

"Aint dad come yet?" he cried.

Benson's wife shook her head.

"Not yet, Ben," said she, "an' mayby—mayby—"

"Mayby he's got more fairies than he kin bring er home," suggested Bennie, and mother smiled, feebly, and patted the boy's head with her rough hand.

Then the brush out across the cleared patch parted and four roughly-clad natives pushed through. Between them they bore the limp body of Benson, the mountaineer.

"He hu't hisse'f ez he war shootin' at er flyin' squir'l," explained one of the natives.

"One—one er ther fairies," gasped the wounded man, "but—but I didn't get him fer yer, Ben."

The little native put his hand in Benson's rough one.

"An' yer didn't get no fairies, daddy?" he asked, eagerly.

The mother drew him gently away, but Benson immediately pulled the boy back.

"No, I didn't git none, Ben, but I'm goin' back to fairyland—I'll be there ter day, Ben—fer—fer good."

"Kip I go, too, dad?" cried the boy, leaning over the mountaineer's breast.

But there was no answer—Benson had gone.

Then Bennie sat down on the dirt floor and cried as if his little heart would break, because he was left behind.

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom, mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude plowshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God.

This is the place where human harvests grow.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



PART SECOND.



BEST SELECTIONS

FOR READINGS AND RECITATIONS

NUMBER 20.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

Abridged and Adapted.

Permission of Youth's Companion.

THE tide of war first penetrated Kentucky, in the summer of 1862. Every inch of ground was fought over. The silence of the forest was broken by the tramp, tramp, tramp of thousands of feet. Giant trees, the growth of centuries, were felled to make room for batteries and rifle pits. The scanty crops of corn were soon exhausted, and forage for man and beast became every day more scarce.

The early twilight was settling down, a light fall of snow had sprinkled the hills with white, the winds whistled drearily through the pine trees. Shivering, the men drew closer to the roaring camp-fire.

Suddenly one of the group, who had been reading a letter, sprang up and exclaimed,—“Boys, I'm bound ter git a leave, an' go home fer a week!”

“Git a leave in the face uv the blue-jackets! Why John Rowsey, air ye crazy?”

“I tell you, fellers, I'm bound ter go; my wife and the children they's starvin'!”

With orderlies and adjutants on guard, it is by no means easy for a private to approach his chief, but a

motive such as impelled John Rowsey, would have overcome even greater obstacles, and in a short time he was standing before General Breckenridge.

"Well, what can I do for you, my man?"

"I would like a week's leave, General, if you please."

"Why, my good fellow, don't you know that in the face of the enemy no one can have leave?"

"Read that, General, if you please."

It was a torn, soiled piece of paper, and these were the penciled words:

"DEAR JOHN.—Can't you come home and help us? We ain't had nothin' ter eat sence day before yesterday, 'cep' some dry crusts uv corn-bread. The soldiers hev took everything. They've kilt the cow, an' the meal's all gone; if you can't come soon we'll all be starved. Good-bye, an' God bless you if I don't see you no more.

MARY."

"My poor fellow, I will indorse your petition and send it up to headquarters. You know that when we are so near a battle as now, no one but the commanding general can grant a leave, but you shall have it if I can get it for you."

"God bless you, General, and thank you!"

John Rowsey slept with troubled dreams that night, and awoke, in the morning, stretching out his arms and calling, "I'm a-comin', Mary, I'm a-comin'!"

"Pore feller!" said his comrades, "he's all dazed with his trouble."

"A message for private John Rowsey, Company E," called out a gay-looking officer, galloping down the line.

Flushed with hope, Rowsey came forward, received the packet, and tore it open eagerly; but across the page was written, "Request disallowed."

"I tell yer, boys, I must go!"

"But yer'll be caught!"

"Ef I am they can't do nothin' but shoot me, an' I'd ruther be dead than stay here. Good Lord, you don' no what 'tis ter feel as them as yer love better'n yerself's starvin' an' yer can't do nothin' ter help 'em! Give my respects to General Breckenridge, Jim, an' thank him fer what he tried ter do fur me, an' tell him I had ter go."

He turned, and walked quietly down the line, into the thick woods patrolled by the boys in gray. Past the first and second sentry he went unchallenged, no one taking notice of the man who walked along so coolly, and seemed to be minding his own business. Only one more picket, and then—freedom and Mary, when—

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance and give the countersign."

A dash through the woods was the only answer. What odds, however, had one against half a dozen? The sentry's gun gave the alarm, and John Rowsey was surrounded and lodged in the guard-house.

In spite of petitions for pardon, "Deserter John Rowsey to be shot at high noon," was the sentence issued.

The prisoner sat in the guard-house as General Breckenridge came in.

"My poor fellow, I am sorry for this!"

"I knowed yer'd be, General, I knowed yer'd be. I love my country, but when them that's bone o' yer

bone's a-starvin' an' a-callin' fer yer, I reckon ye wouldn't be thinkin' about the country. I knows it's a mighty bad case, but jest think what was pullin' me 'tother way."

"My God, I wish I had given you leave and taken the risk myself! Is there anything I can do for you?"

"If you'd find my Mary, General, and tell her that I tried ter come, and if you could help her a bit."

"I will, I will find her myself."

"An', General, you don't think I run away cos I was a coward?"

"A coward? No!"

"I couldn't help doin' it; I was bound ter go, you see. I ain't afeared ter fight, an' I ain't afeared ter die, but there's some things as takes the heart outen a feller."

"I'll tell Mary that you died like a brave man."

"God bless you, General, and keep you from trouble like mine!" And there they stood hand in hand, the General and the uncouth mountaineer. Of one blood hath He made all the inhabitants of the earth.

* * * * *

Around a large partly cleared space, the battalions were drawn up to see—what?

One solitary man standing in the centre of the circle, with eyes blinded, a target for the bullets of half a dozen bright, glittering rifles fifty yards away.

A signal given, a flash, a discharge, a muffled scream, and all was over. What mattered it to the thousands in that camp, who might themselves meet death in the next twenty four hours, that one soul had gone on before? But happily there is One who says that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge.

LEIGH YOUNGE.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

A Medley.

A member of an English literature class had been engaged in dissecting the "Ancient Mariner." While studying at home one afternoon, her little brother entreated her to amuse him by reading from his story book. The result was that the ideas of Coleridge and Mother Goose became considerably mingled in her brain, and the following was her recitation in class next day:

I T is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three;
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now, wherefore stopp'st thou me?"
He holds him with his skinny hand.
"There was a ship," quoth he—
"Hold off—unhand me, gray beard loon!"
Eft soon his hand dropt he.
He holds him with his glittering eye,
The wedding guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child—
I had a little hobby horse
With whom I used to play,
I lent him to a lady to ride a mile away;
She whipped him, she lashed him, she drove him
through the mire,
I'll never lend my horse again for all the lady's hire.
The wedding guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear:
And thus spoke on that bright-eyed man,
The Ancient Mariner.
"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill—"

There was an old woman lived under the hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there still.
She sold apples, and she sold pies,
And she's the old woman who never told lies.
And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong ;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings
And chased us south along.

At length did cross an albatross,
Through the fog it came ;
It ate the food it ne'er had ate—
Four and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie :
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing,
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the king ?
" God save thee, Ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus ;
Why look'st thou so ? " " With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross—"
" Who killed Cock Robin ? " " I," said the sparrow,
" With my bow and arrow, I killed Cock Robin."
And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe ;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
Twas sad as sad could be.
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

Day after day, day after day
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.
Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink.
Simple Simon went a fishing
For to catch a whale,
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.
Ah, well-a-day, what evil looks
Had I from old and young ;
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.
One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.
" Who saw 'em die ? " " I, " said the fly,
" With my little eye, I saw 'em die."
Alone, alone, all, all alone.
Alone on a wide, wide sea,
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.
The many men so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie ;
And a thousand, thousand slimy things
Lived on, and so did I.
One misty, misty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,

There I met an old man, all dressed in leather,
He began to courtesy, and I began to grin,
“How do ye do, and how do ye do, and how do ye d
again?”

The self-same moment I could pray
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

Oh, sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole,
The gentle sleep came down from Heaven
And slid into my soul.
Sleep, baby, sleep. The big stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The white moon is the shepherdess;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

The silly buckets on the deck
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
And when I woke it rained.

So,
Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.
And soon I heard a roaring wind,
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.
The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon

The dead men gave a groan.
They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spoke, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise —
Up in a balloon, boys, up in a balloon,
Up among the big stars, sailing round the moon.
Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly, too ;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze,
On me alone it blew.
O, dream of joy ! Is this, indeed,
The lighthouse top I see ?
Is this the hill ? Is this the kirk ?
Is this my own countree ?
And soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer,
And saw, within the Pilot's boat,
The Hermit good appear—
And this is the Priest, all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the
 rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that
 Jack built.
“Strange, by my faith !” the Hermit said,
“And they answered not our cheer :
The planks look warped ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere !”
“Ah, me ! it hath a fiendish look !”
The Pilot made reply,

“I am afeard.” “Push on, push on,”
Said the Hermit merrily.
The boat came closer to the ship, and
Little Jack Horner sat in the corner
Eating his Christmas pie ;
He put in his thumb and drew out a plum,
And said, “What a great boy am I !”
Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.
Since then at an uncertain hour
That agony returns ;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.
The Mariner whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone
To see an old lady get on a white horse ;
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
And she can make music wherever she goes.
He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn ;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

ARRANGED BY DAISY NOBLE IVES.

THEIR FIRST SPAT.

THEY had been married three weeks, and had just gone to housekeeping. He was starting for the city one morning, and she followed him to the door.

"O Clarence! do you think it possible that the day will ever come when we shall part in anger?"

"Why, no, little puss, of course not. What put that foolish idea into my little birdie's head, eh?"

"Oh! nothing, dearest, I was only thinking how dreadful it would be if one of us should speak harshly to the other."

"Well, don't think of such wicked, utterly impossible things any more. We can never, never quarrel."

"I know it, darling. Good-bye, you dear old precious, good-bye. Oh! wait a second, Clarence, I've written a note to mamma. Can't you run down to the house and leave it for her some time to-day?"

"Why, yes, dearie, if I have time."

"If you have time! O Clarence!"

"What is it, little girlie?"

"Oh! to say if you 'have time' to do almost the first errand your little wife asks you to do."

"Well, well, sissy, I'm awfully busy just now."

"Too busy to please me? O Clarence! you hurt my feelings so."

"Why, child, I—"

"I'm not a child—I'm a married woman, and I—"

"There, there, my pet. I—"

"No, no, Clarence, if I was your p-p-pet you'd t-t-try to-to—"

"But, Mabel, do be reasonable."

"O Clarence! don't speak to me so."

"Mabel, be sensible, and—"

"Go on, Clarence, go on; break my heart."

"Stuff and nonsense."

"Oh! o-o-oh!"

"What have I said or done?"

"As if you need to ask! But go—hate me if you will, Clarence, I—"

"This is rank nonsense!"

"I'll go back to mamma if you want me to. She loves me, if you don't."

"You must be crazy!"

"Oh! yes, sneer at me, ridicule me, break my poor heart. Perhaps you had better strike me!"

He bangs the door, goes down the steps on the jump, and races off, muttering something about women being the "queerest creatures."

Of course they'll make it up when he comes home, and they'll have many a little tiff in the years to come, and when they grow old they'll say: "We've lived together forty-five years, and never, no never, spoken a cross word to each other in all that time."

LONDON TID-BITS.

INHOSPITALITY.

DOWN on the north wind sweeping
Comes the storm with roaring din;
Sadly with dreary tumult,
The twilight gathers in.

The snow-covered little island
Is white as a frosted cake;
And round and round it the billows
Bellow and thunder and break.

Within doors the blazing drift-wood
Is glowing, ruddy and warm,
And happiness sits at the fireside,
Watching the raging storm.

What fluttered past the window,
All weary and wet and weak,
With the heavily drooping pinions,
And the wicked, crooked beak?

Where the boats before the house-door
Are drawn up from the tide,
On the tallest prow he settles,
And furls his wings so wide.

Uprises the elder brother,
Uprises the sister, too ;
“ Nay, brother, he comes for shelter !
Spare him ! What would you do ? ”

He laughs, and is gone for his rifle,
And steadily takes his aim ;
But the wild wind seizes his yellow beard,
And blows it about like flame.

Into his eyes the snow sifts,
Till he cannot see aright :
Ah ! the cruel gun is baffled,
And the weary hawk takes flight.

And slowly up he circles,
Higher and higher still ;
The fierce wind catches and bears him away
O'er the bleak crest of the hill.

Cries the little sister, watching,
“ Whither now can he flee ?
Black through the hurling snowflakes
Glooms the awful face of the sea,

“ And tossed and torn by the tempest,
He must sink in the bitter brine !
Why couldn't we pity and save him
Till the sun again should shine ?”

They drew her back to the fireside
And laughed at her cloudy eyes—
“ What, mourn for that robber-fellow,
The cruellest bird that flies !

“ Your song sparrow hardly would thank you,
And which is the dearest, pray ?”
But she heard at the doors and windows
The lashing of the spray ;

And as ever the shock of the breakers
The heart of their quiet stirred,
She thought, “ O would we had sheltered him,
The poor unhappy bird !”

THE CONDENSED TELEGRAM.

A MAN reached a long arm over the little crowd clustered at the operator's window and asked for a “ blank telegraphic form,” explaining that he wished to send a telegraphic dispatch to his family.

Now, when a man speaks of a "telegraphic dispatch" I always wake up and look at him, because the cumbersome title is always at utter variance with the spirit of the telegraph. It's too long. The use of it betrays the man who has little use for the telegraph. The more he uses the wire the shorter his terms. The more nearly he can come to saying "m's'g" the more content he is. Well the man with the long arm handed the operator the following explicit message: "Mrs. Sarah K. Follinsbee, Dallas Centre, Iowa. My dear wife—I left the city early this morning after eating breakfast with Professor Morton, a live man in the temperance cause. I expected to eat dinner with you at home, but we were delayed by a terrible railroad accident, and I narrowly escaped being killed; one of the passengers was terribly mangled, and has since died; but I am alive. The conductor says I cannot make connections so as to come to Dallas Centre this morning, but I can get there by eight o'clock this evening. I hate to disappoint you, but cannot help it. With love to mother and the children, I am your loving husband Roger K. Follinsbee."

The operator read it, smiled and said: "You can save considerable expense and tell all that is really necessary, I presume, by shortening this message down to ten words. Shall I shorten it for you? No?"

"No, oh! no; I'll fix it myself. Ten words you say?"

"Yes, sir."

The man heaved a despairing sigh as he prepared to boil his "letter" down to ten words. He sighed again after reading it through, and then scratched out "Dallas Centre, Iowa," as though everybody knew where he lived, then erased "early," and drew his pencil through "break-

fast with " and "in the temperance;" then scratched over "dinner with" and went on to erase "narrowly escaped;" and so he went on through the dispatch. Occasionally he would hold it out at arm's length, after making an erasure, to get at the general effect. And at last, after much scratching and erasing, and with many sighs, he came to the window and said: "Here is this telegraphic dispatch to my wife; I have not been able to condense it into ten words, and do not see how it can be done without garbling the sense of the dispatch, but if you can do it you will oblige me greatly, as I do not wish to incur any really unnecessary expense." The operator then read the expunged edition of his original message. "Mrs. Sarah K. Follinsbee: My dear wife—I left the city—this morning after eating—Professor Morton alive—cause I expected to eat—you at home. But we were delayed by a terrible railroad accident. I—being killed—terribly mangled and since died; but I am—the conductor—I cannot—come to Dallas Centre—but I can—I have—mother and the children. Your loving husband, Roger K. Follinsbee." The operator hadn't time to laugh, and in his quick, nervous way, that grows out of his familiar association with lightning, made a few quick dashes with his pencil, and without adding or changing a word in the original message, shriveled it down to its very sinews, like this: "Sarah K. Follinsbee, Dallas Centre, Iowa. Left city 'smorning; delayed by accident; all right; home 'sevening. Roger K. Follinsbee."

The man took the message, sat down in a corner, and stared at the operator as if he were a worker of miracles. The rescuing train roused him; he grasped his grip and

entered the car. His dazed expression gradually returned, accompanied by incoherent mumblings. When he left the train at the junction for Dallas, I knew that he was practicing his lesson, for I heard him saying to himself: "S'r F'l'sbee—clishn—'smorning—nothing 'smatter; home 'safternoon."

BURLINGTON HAWKEYE.

ONE WORD.

"WRITE me an epic," the warrior said,
"Victory, valor, and glory wed!"

"Prithee, a ballad!" exclaimed the knight,
"Prowess, adventure, and faith unite."

"An ode to freedom!" the patriot cried,
"Liberty won and wrong defied."

"Give me a drama," the scholar asked,
"The inner world in the outer masked."

"Frame me a sonnet," the artist said,
"Power and passion in harmony played."

"Sing me a lyric," the maiden sighed,
"A lark's note making the morning wide."

"Nay, all too long," said the busy age,
"Write me a line instead of a page."

The swift years spoke, the poet heard,
"Your poem write in a single word."

He looked in the maiden's glowing eyes ;
A moment glanced at the starlit skies.

From the lights below, to the lights above,
And wrote the one-word poem,—Love.

WALLACE BRUCE.

A TALE OF SWEETHEARTS.

SO you've gotten an offer of marriage ?
There's a braw and comely lad
With a home o' his own a'ready,
An' sighing away like mad.
An' he canna tell if you love him,
For your cheeks give ne'er a sign ;
And he's frettin' his honest heart out
Just for a word o' thine.

He told me the tale hissen, lass,
He left me awhile ago ;
You're makin' his heart a plaything,
And winna say yes or no.
Look in your mother's eyes, lass,
Nay, dinna droop your head ;
There's naught as you need to blush for,
For a woman was born to wed.

He's rough in his ways and a miner,
He's grimed wi' the grime o' coal ;
Better ha' grime on his hands, lass,
Than grime on his heart and soul.

Maybe your heart's another's—

That finnikin Lunnon chap,
As came to the town last winter,
As'll leave again this, mayhap.

Have I guessed your secret, Jenny ?

Is that why you won't have Joe,
You've gotten a finer sweetheart,
An' the collier chap must go ?
Shall I help you to make your mind up,
And to choose between two men ?
I'll tell you a tale of sweethearts,
An' the lass of the tale's mysen.

I was sunmat about your age, lass,
An' good-lookin', too, folks said,
When a chap as came to our village
One summer, turned my head.
He came with the player people,
He came and he stayed awhile ;
An' somehow he won my heart, lass,
Wi' his fine play actin' style.

But I was a promised wife then,
My sweetheart was like thy Joe ;
A Lancaster lad, a miner,
Who worked in the mines below.
He saw what was up, did Dan'l ;
An' he came to my father's place
Wi' a look o' shame and o' sorrow
Deep-lined in his honest face.

An' he took my hand and pressed it,
An' he said in a chokey voice :

“ My lass, they say in the village
That you’ve gotten doubts o’ your choice ;
That another has come betwixt us—
That your love for mysen be dead ;
So it’s reet I stan’ aside, lass—
Ye can marry this man instead.”

An’ he said to me softly : “ Jenny,
We canna be man and wife ;
But if ever you need a friend, lass,
Why, I’m your friend for life.”
I went wi’ my player lover—
We were married in Lunnon town ;
For a month I was up i’ the heavens,
An’ then I came crashing down.

In a year he had gone and left me,
Wi’ never a friend anigh ;
Wi’ a fever wearin’ my brain out,
An’ a bairn as I prayed might die.
“ Kill it !” the devil whispered,
As I heard its feeble cry ;
God forgive ! the devil conquered,
An’ I left the bairn to die.

I fled wi’ the feet o’ terror ;
An’ ever behind me came
A phantom that tracked my footsteps
And shouted and called my name,
So loud that the heavens heard it,
And I thought in my mad despair
That a hundred eyes were watching—
I could see them everywhere.

Eight years from that day of horror—

Eight years to the very night,

I came to my native village ;

Came in the waning light.

There was never a soul that knew me

As I passed through the quiet street ;

An' I saw through an open doorway

One, whom I dared not meet.

A child looked out of the window,

And seeing my wan white face

She uttered a cry, and her father

In a moment was out of the place.

“Ma lass! ma lass! tha art coom,

Coom whoun to us here at last.

I ha' waited for thee, ma Jenny,

This mony a long year past

I knew as tha mon had left thee,

I knew as tha mon were dead ;

An' I thought you'd ha' coom before, lass,”

I shivered an' hung my head.

“Will you be ma wife?” he whispered,

“I ha' waited, ma lass, for thee ;

I've a bairn as wants a mither,

The lassie as you can see.

Will yo' make me happy, Jenny?”

Then I tore mysen away ;

“It canna be, Dan'l!” I answered,

“For I go to my doom to day.

I've come to my native village,

Here, where the deed was done,

To cry out a dark night's secret
I' the light of noonday sun.

“ A murderer has come to justice,
To forfeit her wretched life!”
He heard me without a shudder,
An' he answered. “ Be ma wife!
Be ma wife, an' forget the past, love,
An' howld up thy bonny head,
For the bairn as yo' see in the cottage
Is the one as yo' thought war dead.”

The bairn that he saved was yo', dear,
The man I had cast away
Had been to yo' as a feyther;
Yo' call him your dad to-day.
And now you're a woman grown, dear,
Mine's a story you ought to know;
It may help you to make your mind up,
'Twixt the Lunnon chap an' Joe.

What's that? A knock at the door, lass!
Why your cheeks are like the rose;
You know the knock for a penny;
You've heard afore—it's Joe's?
What do yo' whisper, Jenny?
You've always loved him! Then—
I'll bide i' the ither room, lass,
You can tell him his fate yo'sen.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

THE OBSTRUCTIVE HAT IN THE PIT.

SCENE.—The Pit of the Theatre during Pantomime Time.

AN overheated matron (*to her husband*).—Well, they don't give you much room in 'ere, I must say. Still, we done better than I expected, after all that crushing. I thought my ribs was gone once—but it was on'y the umbrella's. You pretty comfortable where you are, eh, father?

Father.—Oh! I'm right enough, I am.

Jimmy (their small boy with a piping voice).—If father is, it's more nor what I am. I can't see, mother, I can't!

His Mother.—Lor' bless the boy! there ain't nothen to see yet; you'll see well enough when the curting goes up. (*Curtain rises on opening scene*.) Look, Jimmy, ain't that nice, now? All them himps, darcin' round, and real fire comin' out of the pot—which I 'ope it's quite safe—and there's a beautiful fairy just come on, dressed so grand, too!

Jimmy (whimpering).—I can't see no fairy—nor yet no himps—no nothen!

His Mother (annoyed).—Was there ever such a aggravating boy. Set quiet, do, and don't fidget, and look at the hactin'!

Jimmy.—I tell yer I can't see no hactin', mother. It ain't my fault—it's this lady in front o' me, with the 'at.

Mother.—Father, the pore boy says he can't see where he is, 'cause of a lady's 'at in front.

Father.—Well, I can't 'elp the 'at, can I? He must put up with it, that's all!

Mother.—No—but I thought, if you wouldn't mind changing places with him—you're taller than him.

Father.—It's always the way with you—never satisfied, you ain't! Well, pass the boy across—I'm for a quiet life, I am. (*Changing seats.*) Will this do for you? (*He settles down immediately behind a very large furry hat, which he dodges for some time.*)

Father (suddenly).—Blow the 'at!

Mother.—You can't wonder at the boy not seeing! P'raps the lady wouldn't mind taking it off, if you asked her?

Father.—Ah! (*He touches the Owner of the Hat on the shoulder.*) Excuse me, mum, but might I take the liberty of asking you to kindly remove your 'at?

(*The Owner of the Hat deigns no reply.*)

Father (more insistent).—Would you 'ave any objection to oblige me by taking off your 'at, mum? (*Same result.*) I don't know if you 'eard me, mum, but I've asked you twice, civil enough, to take that 'at of yours off. I'm playin' 'ide and seek be'ind it 'ere! (*No answer.*)

The Mother.—People didn't ought to be allowed in the pit with sech 'ats! Callin' 'erself a lady—and settin' there in a great 'at and feathers like a 'Ighlander's, and never answering no more nor a stuffed himage

Father (to the husband of the Owner of the Hat).—Will you tell your good lady to take her 'at off, sir, please?

The Owner of the Hat (to her husband).—Don't you do nothing of the sort, Sam, or you'll 'ear of it!

The Mother.—Some people are perlite, I must say. Parties might behave as ladies when they come in the pit! It's a pity her 'usband can't teach her better manners!

The Father.—'Im teach her! 'E knows better. 'E's got a Tartar there, 'e 'as!

The Owner of the Hat.—Sam, are you going to set by and hear me insulted like this?

Her Husband (turning around tremulously).—I—I'll trouble you to drop making these personal allusions to my wife's 'at, sir. It's puffickly impossible to listen to what's going on on the stage, with all them remarks be-'ind!

The Father—Not more nor it is to see what's going on on the stage with that 'at in front! I paid 'arf-a-crown to see the pantermime, I did; not to 'ave a view of your wife's 'at!—'Ere, Maria, blowed if I can stand this 'ere game any longer. Jimmy must change places again, and if he can't see, he must stand up on the seat, that's all. (*Jimmy goes back and mounts upon the seat*)

A Pitite behind Jimmy (touching up Jimmy's father with an umbrella)—Will you tell your little boy to sit down, please, and not block the view like this?

Jimmy's Father.—If you can indooce that lady to take off her 'at, I will—but not befor'e. Stay where you are, Jimmy.

The Pitite behind.—Well, I must stand myself then, that's all. I mean to see, somehow! (*He rises.*)

People behind him (sternly).—Set down there, will yer?
(*He resumes his seat expostulating.*)

Jimmy.—Father, the man behind is a-pinching of my legs!

Jimmy's Father.—Will you stop pinching my little boy's legs. He ain't doing you no 'arm—is he?

The Pinching Pitile.—Let him sit down, then!

Jimmy's Father.—Let the lady take her 'at off!

Murmurs behind.—Order there! Set down! Put that boy down! Take off that 'at! Silence in front, there! Turn 'em out! Shame!—

The Husband of the O of the H. (in a whisper to his wife).—Take off that blessed 'at, and have done with it, do!

The O. of the H.—What—now? I'd sooner die in the 'at!

(An attendant is called.)

The Attendant.—Order there, gentlemen, please—unless you want to get turned out! No standing allowed on the seats—you're disturbing the performance 'ere, you know!

(Jimmy is made to sit down and weeps silently; the hub-bub subsides—and the Owner of the Hat triumphs.)

Jimmy's Mother.—Never mind, my boy, you shall have mother's seat in a minute. I dessay, if all was known, the lady 'as reasons for keeping her 'at on, pore thing!

The Father.—Ah! I never thought o' that. So she may. Very likely her 'at won't come off—not without her 'air!

The Mother.—Ah! well, then we mustn't be 'ard on her.

The O. of the H. (removing the obstruction).—I 'ope your satisfied now, I'm sure!

The Father (handsomely).—Better late nor never, mum, and we take it kind of you. Though, why you

shouldn't ha' done it at fust, I dunno; for you look a deal 'ansomer without the 'at than you did in it—don't she, Maria?

The O. of the H. (mollified).—Sam, ask the gentleman behind if his boy would like a ginger-nut.

This olive branch is accepted; compliments pass; cordiality is restored, and the pantomime then proceeds without any further disturbance in the audience.

F. ANSTEY.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

I SAW them standing in a wood,
 Just where the light fell strong and clear;
 I peeped—I don't suppose I should!
 They did not know that I was near.

It was a morning in the spring;
 The world was gay, the sun was bright,
 And all the little birds that sing,
 Were telling of their hearts' delight.

And just where larchen branches hide
 The path from view of this their nook,
 Those two were standing side by side,
 And near them ran a tinkling brook.

I knew 'twas Love's spring holiday,
 For they most certainly were dressed
 In garments fresh and bright and gay—
 I noticed his canary vest.

I could not hear the words they said,
But they were talking, it was plain;
For now and then he bobbed his head,
And then she nodded back again.

And once or twice I saw them kiss!
They did—this tale is strictly true;
But then, you know, that's not amiss—
'Tis just what other lovers do.

The brooklet laughed as it ran by,
The sunlight touched them here and there;
It made his vest like summer-shine,
And lighted up her golden hair.

They were so sweet, unconscious, fair—
The memory still my bosom fills—
And long I stood and watched them there,
That pretty pair of daffodils.

HELEN MAUD WAITHMAN.

DIMPLE AND DUMPLING.

THERE was only one vacant chair in a down-town barber-shop the other day when a tall young man, accompanied by a lady and a little girl of five, entered, and, calling the head barber to one side, gave him a few explicit directions. Then the little girl's hat was removed and the barber enveloped her in one of the big white aprons.

The young man lifted her up into the barber's chair

with a whispered word of reassurance, and the lady, after kissing her, passed her hands caressingly over all the beautiful golden-brown curls. Then she sat down in a corner where the child could not see her face and pulled out her pocket handkerchief.

By this time the occupants of the five other chairs had become greatly interested. All eyes were fixed on the sweet, baby face with its curly halo. It was a pale little face, and there were no rosebuds on its cheeks, but above them were two glorious gray eyes that shone like a pair of stars. On each side of the little face rested a particularly fat curl. The child placed her hand upon each as the barber advanced with the big shears, and gazed beseechingly up into his face.

"Now, Mr. Barber, I want you to leave Dimple and Dumpling until the very last—cut all of the rest of them off first, please. I shall miss them dreadfully, you know; me and Dimple and Dumpling has always been such friends. Dimple is going out to my papa in a letter. My papa is way out in Ceylon, you know. You haven't got a papa way out in Ceylon, Mr. Barber?"

"No, miss, I ain't got none at all." "And haven't you got a mamma, Mr. Barber?" "No, miss" "My mamma is going to put Dumpling into her 'Don't-You-Remember' box. Did you ever see a 'Don't-You-Remember box,' Mr. Barber?" "No, miss, I never did"

"Mamma's has got such a funny lot of things in it. There's a little bit of orange blossom and a little pinafore that Alec used to wear. That's Alec over there by the window. And there's a little red shoe that was our little bruffer's. His name was Robin, and he died before any of us was borned, you know."

The mother stepped forward and whispered to the little girl, for the whole barber shop was all agog.

"Mamma says I'm talking too much, Mr. Barber; but if I don't talk I shall begin to cry. I cried awfully yesterday, you know; so did mamma and nurse. That was when the doctor came and said they'd have to be cutted off. But at last I stopped crying, for Alec said he'd take me to lunch with him when we came in to have it done; nurse said she'd let me sit up till half-past seven for a whole week; mamma's going to get me a silver thimble, and cook is going to have waffles for tea when we get back. Have you got a sweetheart, Mr. Barber?" "No, miss." "Alec's got one. He goes to tea with her on Sunday. Cecil says he's awfully sweet on her. Cecil knows, too. He was under the sofa when—"

But Alec waited to hear no more. He bolted bodily and waited on the corner until the ordeal was at an end.

"Well, Mr. Barber, if you haven't got any sweetheart, or papa, or mamma, you must be a norphan. Are you a norphan, Mr. Barber?"

The man nodded his head, and then asked his questioner to keep her head still, like a good girl.

"Mr. Barber?" "Yes, miss." "If you is a norphan what does you say when you go to bed? You can't say God bless papa and mamma any more. I'm very glad I'm not a norphan. What's the matter, mamma? You're cryin'." "Why no, I'm not, Lena. What makes—" "Oh! but yes you are, mamma. I can hear you sniffing, and besides, I can see your face in the looking-glass. There's two big tears running down your nose."

"Now, miss, just please sit steady a minute."

The scissors gave a snip, and poor Dumpling fell down into her lap. Dimple followed an instant later, and the child gazed ruefully at the two beautiful severed curls. "Good-bye, Dumpling and Dimple," she said, and the tears began to gather. They almost overflowed a moment later as the barber lifted her from the chair, and she walked to the long mirror to survey herself. But her mother was equal to the emergency. Before Lena had time to realize her changed appearance she called to her to come and help her put Dimple into the letter for Ceylon. The mother wound the two curls about her finger, and then tied a little bit of blue ribbon round each of them. She put Dumpling away in her reticule, and Dimple was placed among the closely-written sheets of foreign paper which she took out of an envelope. The letter was sealed then, and after that they arose to go. As Lena put on her hat, she said: "No more snarls in the morning now; but, O mamma, my hat wobbles drefffully." Then turning to the barber, "Do you play base ball, Mr. Barber? 'Cause if you do, I'm going to give you a present. Would you like a ticket for our base-ball match, Mr. Barber?" She pulled out a little bit of pasteboard from her pocket and handed it to him:

GRAND BASE-BALL MATCH.

DICK TURPINS

vs.

TUSCARORAHS.

Admishun, - - - 3 Pins.

"Cecil is captain of the Dick Turpin, and he said now that I was going to have my hair cut off I'd be just as good as a boy. So he's going to lend me a pair of his trousers, and I'm to be second base. Good-bye, Mr. Barber, thank you very much. When me and Cecil get whiskers we'll come to you to cut them off."

ACTON DAVIES.

FRANCES EDWENA.

Dedicated to the little girl who went into the wood and was eaten by the bears, and was afterward known as "Frances Edwena."

OH! sir, have you seen her,
 My Frances Edwena?
 I've been a wild rover
 The weary world over;
 Paused in the highways,
 Asked in the byways,
 And nobody's seen her,
 My Frances Edwena.

Her hair it is silk-like,
 Her teeth, sir, are milk-white;
 Her eyes like the azure—
 The blue, mystic azure
 Of witching new-moon time,
 In fairest of June-time.
 Her voice it is flute-like,
 Soft, cooing, and lute-like:
 A dove in a belfry—
 A far-away belfry,

And following after
 The merriest laughter—
My Frances Edwena
 You'd know if you'd seen her.

She romps through my fancies,
 She skips and she dances
As lithe as a fairy,
 As dainty and airy,
She's pensive and mild-like,
 She's God-like and child-like—
My darling Edwena—
 My Frances Edwena.

She came to me lonely,
 And seen by me only,
One night in a query—
 One night dark and dreary,
The hearth was in gloom, sir ;
 She stepped in the room, sir ;
My fancied Edwena—
 My Frances Edwena.

She climbed to my knee, sir,
 In sweet, childish glee, sir ;
Her arms clasped me, dearly ;
 Her lips met mine nearly ;
And, bowing to kiss her,
 I caught her faint whisper—
“ I'm Frances Edwena.
 Your darling Edwena.”

I kissed, I caressed her,
I fondled and blessed her ;
“ All mine ! ” I cried gladly,
“ All thine, ” she sighed sadly ;
“ But, dearest, believe me,
I’ve come but to grieve thee,
I’ve come but to leave thee—
I’m fancied Edwena,
Not Frances Edwena.”

“ Waif of my dreaming,
Of my brain, over-teeming—
Whether by angels sent,
Dream or fond sentiment ;
Forever, sweet, rest here,
Thy head on my breast here.
Say Nature can blunder,
Say reason can wander,
But never us sunder ;
Oh ! say it Edwena—
My Frances Edwena ! ”

Grew her lips pallid—
Icy and pallid.
Soft on my breast here
Her head sank to rest here ;
Wings rustled past me,
Through the room ghastly,
Bearing Edwena,
My Frances Edwena.

Noselessly sped they,
On and on fled they—

Into the vague afar ;
 On, till a waning star
Sank where the tinted sea
 Meets with eternity.
There shall I meet with thee,
 Darling Edwena—
My Frances Edwena.

FRANK EDWIN DUMM.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

Permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

NOW, I want it distinctly understood before I begin my story that I am not to be interrupted by any ridiculous questions.

At the first one I shall stop, at the second I shall feel it my duty to administer a dose of very bitter medicine all around.

The boy that moves his legs or arms will be understood to invite amputation. I have my instruments with me, and never allow pleasure to interfere with my business. Do you promise?

"Yes, sir," said six small voices simultaneously.

Now, turn down the gas a little; there, that will do; just enough to make the fire look brighter. Now I'll begin.

Some years ago I attended a course of lectures in a certain city; one of the professors invited me to his house on Christmas night. I was very glad to go, as I was anxious to see one of his sons, who, though only twelve years old, was said to be very clever.

I dare not tell you how many Latin verses this little fellow could recite, or how many English ones he had composed.

Everybody predicted a splendid future for him.

There was a party at the Professor's that night, all the children of the neighborhood were there, and among them the Professor's clever son, Rupert, as they called him.

He was very thin and fair. His health was feeble, his father said.

They had a Christmas tree, and everybody had presents and was happy. When one of the children uttered a cry of "Here's something for Rupert!" and what do you think it was?

A drum with Rupert's name on it; we all laughed and thought it a good joke. "You see you are to make a noise in the world," said one.

"Here's parchment for the poet," said another—"Rupert's last work in sheep-skin covers," said a third. "Give us a classical tune, Rupert," said a fourth; but Rupert burst into a passionate fit of crying and left the room.

I had almost forgotten these things, for the war of the rebellion broke out the next spring.

On my way to the seat of war I had to pass through the city where the Professor lived.

I met him, and my first question was about Rupert. "He is not so well, he has been declining since last Christmas when you saw him. But go and see him yourself, it may distract his mind and do him good."

I went, accordingly, to the Professor's house, and found Rupert lying on a sofa propped up with pillows; around

him were scattered his books, and in singular contrast, that drum I told you about was hanging on a nail, just above his head. He was glad to see me, and asked me a thousand questions about the war.

I was just going when he grasped my hand and drew me toward him.

"You won't laugh at me if I tell you something, will you, Doctor?"

"No, certainly not."

"You remember that drum? You know, too, how it came to me? A few weeks after Christmas I was lying half asleep here, and the drum was hanging on the wall, when suddenly I heard it beating; at first low and slowly, then faster and louder, until its rolling filled the house. In the middle of the night I heard it again. I did not dare tell anybody about it, but I have heard it every night since, and I think—I think, Doctor, nobody hears it but myself."

I tried to explain it all to him, and to account for it by the throbbing of a big artery, when he was tired.

He thanked me with a smile of unbelief, and in a little while I went away.

One day I met an old classmate in the army, who had known the Professor, and he told me that Rupert had become quite insane, and had escaped from the house and had never been found. It was feared that he was drowned. It was not long after this intelligence that we had a terrible battle. I was detached from my brigade to ride over the battle-field and assist the surgeons of the beaten division.

"For God's sake, Doctor," said a wounded man I was trying to help, "leave me here; there is a drummer-boy of our regiment—a mere child—dying, if he is not

dead now. Go and see him first. He lies over there. He saved more than one life. He was at his post in the panic this morning, and saved the honor of the regiment."

I passed over to where the drummer lay, I gave one glance at his face, and—yes—it—was Rupert.

Well! well! it needed not the chalked cross which my brother surgeons had left upon the rough board whereon he lay to show how urgent was the relief he sought, nor the damp that mingled with the curls that clung to his pale forehead, to show how hopeless it was now. I called him by name. He opened his eyes, large I thought in the new vision that was beginning to dawn upon him, and recognized me.

"I am glad you are come, but I don't think you can do me any good—but you will see father and ask him to forgive me; nobody is to blame but myself. It was a long time before I understood why the drum came to me that Christmas night and why it kept calling to me every night and what it said. I know it now. The work is done and I am content. Hark! the drum; don't you hear it calling me? Listen, it's the reveille. There are the ranks drawn up in review. Don't you see the sunlight flash down the long line of bayonets? Their faces are shining, they present arms; there comes the General, but his face I cannot look at for the glory round His head. It is Jesus," and with a name upon his lips that he had learned long ago, he stretched himself wearily upon the planks and lay quite still. That's all. Ahem, ahem! No questions now; never mind what became of the drum. Who's that snivelling? Bless my soul, where's my pill-box?

BRET HARTE.

FOR A' THAT; OR, SELLING A FELLER.

Permission of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

JOSIAH had to go to Jonesville to mill yesterday and I sot down to mend a vest for him. If that vest had belonged to anybody else it would have looked like a stent to me; but I didn't mind it, for it was my Josiah's; and love makes labor light, light as day. I had just told Josiah that he had broke that pocket down by luggin' round so much stuff in it, and there was no sense in carrying round a hull car-load of things in his vest pocket. I spoke to him thus from a sense of duty tryin' to keep him straight and upright in his demeanor. Josiah snapp'd me up considerable snappish and said—he should carry round in his vest pocket as much as he was a minter, and if I didn't want to mend it I could let it alone—and then threw it down in the corner and slammed the door considerable hard when he went out, still I knew that his love for me—his love—well—no matter. I was a settin' there thinkin' about it and thinkin' how true love—such love as mine and hisen glorified a earthly existence—when a rap came onto the kitchen door, and I says “come in,” and a tall, slim feller entered with light hair, sort o' thin, with a patient, determined countenance onto him. I spoke to him as pleasant as I knew, and says he: “I called this mornin', mom, to see if I couldn't sell you a feller.”

“Sell me a feller! Sell me a feller!”

“Yes—I have some of the best kinds they make, and I didn't know but I could sell you one.”

“I'll let you know, young man, I'll let you know that I have got a feller of my own, as good a one as was ever made, one I have had for twenty years and over.”

"Well, mom, a feller that you have had for twenty years must be out of gear by this time. Can't I sell you some other attachment, mom? I have 'em of all kinds."

"No, sir—you can't sell me another attachment. My attachment is as firm and endurin' as the hills, and has always been, and it is not to be bought or sold. Young man, when you talk about buying and selling a feller, you are talkin' on a solemn subject. I've hearn tell of such things, but little did I suppose it was a subject I should ever be tackled onto. But I have hearn of it, I have hearn of wimmen sellin' themselves to the highest bidder with a minister for auctioneer and salesman. I have hearn of fathers and mothers sellin' beauty and innocence and youth to wicked old age for money—sellin' 'em right in the meetin' house under the very shadow of the steeple. Jerusalem hain't the only village where God's holy temple has been polluted by money-changers and them that sell doves. Sell a feller to me? Why, even in my young days, do you suppose I would ever try to buy a feller? No, sir; fellers must come free and spontaneous, or not at all. Never was I the woman to advance one step toward any feller in the way of courtship, havin' no occasion for it, bein' one that had more offers than I knew what to do with, as I often tell my husband, Josiah Allen, now in our little differences of opinion. Time and again, as I tell him, I might have married and held back, and never would I have married—never. had not love gripped hold of my very soul and drawed me along up to the marriage altar! I loved the feller I married, and he was the only feller in the hull world for me! The idea of sellin' me

a feller!" Here my breath gave out, for I had used my very deepest, principle tone.

'I didn't mean no offense, mom. Selling attachments is what I get my livin' by.'

"Wall—I should rather not live!"

"One of your neighbors told me that your feller was an old one and sort of givin' out—"

"Do you stop your impudent talk, young man! Do you s'pose I'd swap Josiah Allen for all the fellers that ever swarmed on the globe? What do you s'pose I care for the latest improvements? If a feller was made of pure gold from head to feet, with diamond eyes and a garnet nose, do you s'pose he would look to me as Josiah Allen does? But I'll let you and I'll let the neighbors know that I didn't marry that man for hair—I didn't marry that man for teeth; and a few locks more or less, or a handful of teeth has no power over that love—that love—well—no matter."

"I hain't disputed you, mom. I dare presume to say that your feller was a good one in the day of such fellers, but everything has its day. We make fellers far different now; yours is old-fashioned."

"Yes—I know it is—I know that love, such love as hisen and mine—and I know that truth, and fidelity, and constancy are old fashioned. But I thank God that our souls are clothed with that beautiful old fashion, that seamless, flawless robe that was cut out in Eden, and a few true souls have worn ever since. As the poet, Mr. Burns says—I may not get the words exactly right, but the meaning is: 'Rank is but the E-pluribus-Unum stamp on the trade dollar'—a feller is a feller for all that."

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

TWO.

Abridged and Arranged.

ON either side a window
That opened to the west,
They guarded each her treasure—
A cradle and a nest.

And always when at evening
Sank down the summer sun,
Four little heads were in the nest,
And in the cradle one.

Without, the feathered mother
Kept faithful watch and ward ;
Within, the human mother watched ;
Above them watched the Lord.

And sitting there in silence
Unbroken by a word,
There grew to be a bond between
The woman and the bird.

So that when each had cradled
Her offspring for the night,
She looked to see that all within
The other home was right.

There came a time of storm without,
A time of grief within ;
The cradle vacant, bare the twig
Where once a bird had been.

And when once more the window
 Stood open to the west,
A saddened human face looked out
 Upon a shattered nest.

Yet still the Lord kept watch above,
 He knoweth what is best ;
His love was o'er the empty crib
 And o'er the empty nest.

CAROLINE LESLIE FIELD.

AN EARLY START.

THE Rev. Abijah Blackmore had received a letter, asking him to officiate at the wedding of a former parishioner who lived thirty-five miles distant. To reach his destination he would be obliged to start long before daylight.

“Amanda,” said he, addressing his wife the evening before, “I shall be obliged to start at so early an hour to-morrow that I think it not at all necessary to disturb your slumbers until time to say good-bye. I can pack my grip to-night, and if you will leave the coffee-can, a loaf of bread, and some sugar, milk, and butter where I can find them, I will prepare my own breakfast. Here is a list that I have made out of all the necessary preparations for my journey. It is as follows :

1. Arise at four o'clock.
2. Dress. (Sunday suit, black cravat and collar.)
3. Black boots.
4. Place brush and comb inside grip after using.
5. Lock grip and strap umbrella to it.

6. Put key in pocket, also door-key.
7. Put money for fare and two dollars extra. in case of accident, in pocket-book.
8. Prepare a cup of coffee.
9. Drink coffee, with a slice of bread and butter.
10. Take grip and umbrella.
11. Kiss the family.
12. Depart.

"There! I shall need only to refer to this to be sure of forgetting nothing."

The following morning at half-past four o'clock.

"Abijah, my dear, isn't it time you were rising? It is half-past four, and I have the water on boiling for your coffee. I will cook you some eggs, and have your breakfast ready by the time you are dressed."

"I did not realize, Amanda, that the hour was so late. I will be ready shortly to partake of the repast."

Fifteen minutes later.

"'Bijah, are you coming down? Your coffee is getting cold!"

Five minutes later Mr. Blackmore appears at the kitchen door, bootless, collarless, and necktieless, with hair in disorder.

"My dear, if you will find my necktie, comb, and collar, I will eat as rapidly as possible, as my train leaves in less than half an hour. I have been unable to find those articles."

Ten minutes later, wife returning.

"Your collar and tie are in plain sight on the dresser. You can't help finding them, and you'd best go right and put them on, for you'll have to hurry."

I've dressed the children. They wanted to see you off, and here are your keys, and purse with the exact amount of your fare in one side, and two dollars in the other, and I've blacked your boots."

Mr. Blackmore finished his breakfast in a hurry and ran up-stairs, where, with the help of his wife, he completed his toilet. He was just on the point of leaving, when he turned suddenly and said:

"O my dear! if you've a mind to go to my writing-desk and exhume that paper. I have a presentiment that I have forgotten something."

Four minutes later wife returns, paper in hand.

"I should have found it sooner, but you'd put your Sunday's sermon on top of it."

"Will you read each article, Amanda?"

1. "Arise at four o'clock. (Well, you didn't quite.)
2. Dress, Sunday suit, black cravat and collar. (You have them all on.)
3. Black boots. (I did that.)
4. Place brush and comb inside grip after using. (I'm sure they're in.)
5. Lock grip and strap umbrella to it. (Yes.)
6. Put key in pocket, also door-key. (They're in your vest pocket.)
7. Put money for fare, etc. (You have that in your inside pocket.)
8. Prepare a cup of coffee. (Yes.)
9. Drink. (Yes.)
10. Take grip and umbrella. (You have them in your hand.)
11. Kiss the family."

"Ah, I was sure I had omitted something! Now,

my dear, if you will bring the children down to kiss their father as quickly as possible, I will yet have time to say my adieus and reach the train. Ah, good-bye, dears. Good-bye, wife; I shall be back in the 7.40 train this evening. Good-bye."

HELEN CHAFFEE.

NOLL'S JOURNEY.

Abridged and Arranged.

'TWAS a strange picture upon which the sun looked in Rag Alley! It had been many months since he had looked often upon it, and so its hunger and wretchedness had crept away into the shadow and hidden within doors paneled with fragments of old garments.

To-day its squalor and wretchedness had all swarmed into the Alley, and seemed trying to warm itself to new life in the sun's shining.

Among the scores of unchildlike children, two seemed apart from and unlike the rest. A boy of some six or seven years, with shrunk, useless limbs, and crouched, misshapen form; and beside him knelt a girl, a year or two his senior, holding, so that the boy might see, a small blue pitcher, in which was growing a tiny bit of greenness with a scarlet flower.

Noll had kept the little plant safe all through the cold winter, had robbed their sleeping corner in the cold cellar of one of its largest rags to wrap it in. They'd both gone hungry and took their sixpence to buy the blue pitcher for it. It seemed so strangely beautiful in that desolate place that one could hardly wonder at

hearing a shrill scream from the girl as she strove to recover the pitcher which a deft hand had snatched from her.

"You won't see it again, Noll Frenchy! Hands off, er I'll make you and Humpy see stars! I'll sell it fer a hunk o' meat and let yer smell o' the gravy. There now, none o' yer sniffin'!"

"I told ye, Klaus, Station Dick would git it away, and you said he wouldn't, you'd yell fer the p'lice, and they'd nab him—and now it's gone, and Station Dick said he would sell it! There, don't cry, Klaus, maybe 'tain't clear gone. I'll go to Meg's stand and see if she's bought it."

The way was long, and it had been many hours since Noll had tasted food. Small marvel was it then that when Meg Maret's stall was reached, she leaned dizzily against it.

"What to-day, gal?"

"He grabbed it; 'twas mine, and I've come fur it. Lemme hev it, won't ye? I'll give yer ev'ry cent o' to-day's pickin'."

"Take it and be off. It's the last I'll see o' my shillin', an' shillin's ain't keepin' me sewin' nights wearin' out pockets."

Noll snatched the pitcher from Meg's hand, and, holding it close to her bosom, ran again over those same long dirty streets. She placed the plant in the darkest corner of the cellar, and turned once more to her day's picking. With a brave heart she, all day, held out her dirty little hand with. "Please, just a penny." But at night she had only a dozen. Only enough for Meg.

The next morning's sun looked down upon a sadder sight than that of the child's grief for her stolen flower.

Noll crouched close beside the few rags where lay the boy who looked at her with smiling eyes while his lips prattled of such bright flowers and of the pretty children calling him to play with them.

"They said I could walk and run if I'd come there. Hadn't we better go, Noll? I know they want you, too."

"O Klaus! somebody's makin' you go away. You won't go if you don't hev to, and leave me all alone!"

"Noll, I know we'd better go. They said you might come too; it's a light place, and they won't drive us away. You needn't drag me, I can walk now. Come on, Noll."

And, with one feeble beckoning of the tiny hand, the boy went before, and left poor Noll to follow wearily and alone.

Soon came rough, hardened hands to bear away the crippled form. Just before the pine lid was fastened Noll placed in the still hands a single blo-som, saying: "I think he'll know it when he wakes, and I sha'n't want it now, fur I'm goin' after 'im right soon; mebbe to-morrer." She wouldn't go to-day, for "Meg gin her a whole loaf, and she'd feel better if she'd paid 'er before she went."

When night came she went to Meg's stall and offered her one of the two hard-earned sixpences.

"Keep yer sixpence, gal. 'Tain't old Meg that's givin' away sixpences and spendin' a shillin's worth o' breath to whistle 'em back. Is the boy better?"

"He's gone, and said I might come, and I thought I'd like to pay ye fur the loaf 'fore I started."

"The gal's lost her wits wi' starvin' and takin' on.

I've got room fur ye to-night, and ye'd better come, for ye'll have better luck than the rest o' us if ye get leave to start on that tramp in many a day."

"What did Meg mean? Couldn't she go to-morrer? Had they sent word that they didn't want her? Oh! she must go—" and though Meg tried hard to keep her she would not be detained.

She paid a long visit to the cellar, and saw upon her plant a tiny bud just opening, and picking it eagerly, said, "I'll take it along. The other one'll be all dried up by this time, and I know Klaus 'll like it." And then she started out. Fearful that she might go wrong, she caught the skirt of a lady that passed.

"Is this the way to a better country? I want to go there. I asked Meg, and she said that was the name o' it. You know Meg, she that keeps the stall with candy and cakes and lots o' posies."

"No, I don't know her, and I think you might better go there, and they will take care of you." And the daintily-gloved hand pointed to a large building, not many blocks distant.

"Is this the way to a better country?"

The matron of the home stopped in her hurrying through the long hall as a strange voice and a stranger question reached her.

"The woman said you knew the way here; and it's most night, and he'll be looking for me, and I'm afeard I'll go the longest way, and can't git there afore dark."

"Come in, it's almost time for supper, and then I will see where you want to go."

When supper was over the matron took Noll to her own room and questioned her.

"What is your name?"

"Noll."

"Noll what?"

"I dunno; all of them in the Alley call me Noll."

"Where is your mother?"

"Oh! I guess she's nigh where Klaus is; she said she was going to a better country, and Meg said that was where Klaus's gone."

"It is wonderful how ignorant she is. It does seem rather hard to tell her what she must know, but it is the only way to get the queer notion out of her head; and then she can go back to Meg, as she calls her, till we are not so crowded here."

And so she told her in set phrases of the long, long journey upon which no mortal feet going forth have ever returned; and when the truth—the dreadful truth came to her; Klaus gone away, and she unable to go after, or find him—never even to see him again, she sank helplessly upon the floor.

"He said I could come; I thought he knew; I'm sure I kin go where Klaus went, if I only knew the way."

She slept just before the dawn, and when she woke she clasped her tiny hands and cried joyfully, "He's told me how to come. It's just as easy to find. I want my posy—I'm goin'."

She had found the way to the house of many mansions. They are not crowded there.

DREXA HENRY.

THE RIVALS.

O, WHAT shall I do with them both?
What a puzzle it is to decide,
Since I know that I really am loath
To send either away from my side!
If one were but ugly or small,
That one I would gladly resign;
But they both are so handsome and tall,
And the buttons of both—how they shine!

I met Tom at West Point in June,
The night of the graduates' ball.
Then there was Crow's Nest and the moon—
How well I remember it all!
We walked through those shadowy lands
As if in a dream or a spell;
And here he is home from the plains,
Where they say, he has done very well.

He has fought in an Indian fight,
And received a slight scratch on his hand;
He has been "on a trail" day and night;
He has grown very earnest—and tanned.
He doesn't like men of the sea,
Though the squadron is frequently here;
And he's asking such questions of me!
And he lives in a casemate—how queer!

But at Newport that very same year
I met Jack on the "Richmond," and then

I forgot Tom a little, I fear.

Brass buttons were gleaming again,
And the music was simply divine,

The broad deck was polished and white,
And the great cannon stood there in line,
And we danced and we danced—what a night !

And suddenly now Jack appears ;

His ship's here at Fortress Monroe.

But he's ordered abroad for three years ;

And the things that that man wants to know !
But I question my heart all in vain ;

Two voices are calling to me,
And one is like wind from the plain,
And one has the breath of the sea.

Shall Neptune reign over my life,

Or shall Mars, fiery Mars, be my guide ?

When the gods war there really is strife,

And I cannot, I cannot decide.

Each man has asked almost with tears—

More eloquent far than his speech—

If I'd wait for the space of three years,

So—I'm wearing a button of each !

BESSIE CHANDLER.

WAIT ON.

“Oh, tarry thou the Lord's leisure. Be strong, and He shall comfort thy heart.”—PRAYER-BOOK VERSION.

“TO wait !” Epitome of life
Is bound up in that word. No one
Not e'en the youth, with sturdy step

And proud design, fair fame to win,
But's learned already what it is
To do, to hope, and then to wait.
And thou too, weary heart, must wait.

The busy man of trade, who sends
His ships o'er oceans wide, to lands
In other climes, knows well the word
To wait and hope, to wait and fear.
And thou too, weary heart, must wait.

The statesman, scholar, poet, priest,
Sends out his ventures on the sea
Of life, and then must wait, and wait
Long days, long months, it may be years
Before the hoped-for sails return.
For tho' he work, he still must wait,
And thou too, weary heart, must wait.

The man who lives beneath a cloud,
On whom the world in scorn looks down,
Tho' sinning worse than he; the man
Who sinned, but penitent, confessed;
The man who doubts, and in the dark
Is groping for a stronger faith;
The man in pain, in heart-pain sore,
Who mourns the loss of friends, or hopes,
Whose weary days are spent in prayer
At morn for night, at night for morn
Again; all these have learned "to wait,"
To wear brave smile, and wait, and wait;
The innocent until the cloud

Is lifted from his weary life ;
The penitent, forgiveness, peace,
The doubting one, a purer faith,
The man in pain, a healing balm.
And thou too, weary heart, must wait.

Must wait! For what?

From out the clouds

A heavenly voice makes answer thus :
It is the leisure of the Lord.
O fainting heart! look up, rejoice!
Ye are not left alone to grieve ;
It is His leisure that ye wait ;
When He is ready He will come
And dash aside the grief and pain ;
He wishes you to wait. O heart !
Tried long and sore distressed—look up,
It is His leisure. So be strong,
And He shall cheer thy heart ;
But thou too, weary heart, must wait.

It will not last forever. God
Is looking on in tender love ;
He knows the time when you can bear
The sunlight shining thro' the clouds,
And clouds will break when His time comes ;
All things are governed by His hand,
And waiting will not last for aye,
And at the end the sunshine clear
Will drive away the doubt and pain,
Will shine upon thy dreary life,
And God Himself shall cheer thy heart,
But thou too, weary heart, must wait.

CHARLES C. HAHN.

HE WORRIED ABOUT IT.

Permission of the Yankee Blade.

“THE sun’s heat will give out in ten million years
more,

It will sure give out then, if it doesn’t before,”

And he worried about it;

It would surely give out, so the scientists said,

In all scientific books that he read,

And the whole mighty universe then would be dead.

And he worried about it.

“And some day the earth will fall into the sun,

Just as sure and as straight as if shot from a gun,”

And he worried about it;

“When strong gravitation unbuckles her straps,

Just picture,” he said, “what a fearful collapse!

It will come in a few million ages, perhaps.”

And he worried about it.

“The earth will become much too small for the race,

When we’ll pay thirty dollars an inch for pure space.”

And he worried about it;

“The earth will be crowded so much, without doubt,

That there’ll be no room for one’s tongue to stick out,

And no room for one’s thoughts to wander about.”

And he worried about it.

“The Gulf Stream will curve and New England grow
torrid

Than was ever the climate of southernmost Florida,”

And he worried about it;

“The ice crop will be knocked into small smithereens,
And crocodiles block up our mowing-machines,
And we'll lose our fine crops of potatoes and beans.”

And he worried about it.

“And in less than ten thousand years, there's no doubt,
Our supply of lumber and coal will give out.”

And he worried about it;

“Just then the Ice Age will return cold and raw,
Frozen men will stand stiff with arms outstretched in
awe,

As if vainly beseeching a general thaw.”

And he worried about it.

His wife took in washing (a dollar a day),
His daughter sewed shirts, the rude grocer to pay.

He didn't worry about it;

While his wife beat her tireless rub a-dub-dub
On the washboard drum in her old wooden tub,
He sat by the stove and he just let her rub,

He didn't worry about it.

S. V. Foss.

RIDING ON A RAIL.

Permission of Robert Bonner's Sons.

HERE we sit side by side, one behind another, all in rows. Our umbrellas and traveling bags and shawl-straps overhead, our dusters about us, each armed with a ticket which the conductor occasionally punches, with what motive, he alone knows.

The majority wearing his or her most discontented ex-

pression of countenance, and in every mind an occasional thought of collision or overset, as the whistle gives an exceptionally shrill shriek.

Brothers and sisters in our objects, our discomforts, and our danger, as we are whirled to the next station behind the great iron horse, but by no means so because of any brotherly love that the situation awakens in us; for each seems to blame his unknown neighbor for all the untoward circumstances of travel which are assuredly under no one's control. At all events, the gentleman yonder evidently thinks that the lady behind him was instrumental in getting that cinder into his eye, for, having coaxed it out, he turns and glares at her, and says: "Have you any objection to having this window shut, ma'am?" in tones which prove how his wife catches it when his dinner doesn't suit him.

Poor little spinster! Some such thought crosses her mind, I think. She has been tugging at that window for an hour, and has looked very much as if some one, strong enough to shut it, at her side, would be a comfort, but now an expression of pure content settles down upon her features. Yes, my dear, he might have been like that, and it is much better as it is, very much better. You had best not look behind you, though; there is a picture calculated to make every woman say, "Yes," to the question, "Will you have me?"

A tableau of two, both young, both handsome; their eyes so full of tenderness; their clothes so new; their hearts so light—sitting so very straight in their seats when we have just passed through a tunnel! Honeymoon written all over them—the only people on the car who are not hot and tired and drowsy. Heaven pity

folks who have not had a honey-moon.' No, don't look around, my dear.

A family party yonder : pa, ma, nurse in a cap, baby with a bottle, poisoning itself ; little boy of three, bellowing ; twins of five eating cake ; seven-year-old boy pinching his nine-year-old sister ; a young lady of fourteen and a young gentleman of sixteen trying to look as if they did not belong to the family. Will they all get there safe, under the wing of parental solicitude ? And will the establishment where they are to be boarded for the summer keep them in their present state of plumpness ? — Each one fatter than the other, until the baby is simply a pink and white ball.

What a contrast to the old bachelor in the next seat, who looks as though some one had made jelly of him and thrown the bones away. Yet he seems harmless and lonely, as does the excellent spinster yonder. If one could only make a match between them now ! They seem to be so perfectly suited to each other. Probably, however, if one inquired, he would not consider her young enough, and she would not think him as handsome as he should be. People's taste for youth and personal beauty in the other sex does not seem to expire with their own, by any means.

Am I sorry for that young exquisite or not ? He had managed to get himself so nicely fixed—a seat next the window on the shady side, the rest of it for his portman-teau, his umbrella, and his hat-box, and he was so trim and dapper and cool and happy. He was not going to move his belongings, not he, until some elegantly dressed damsel entered without escort. Vainly old ladies gazed at the seat, and old gentlemen stood hesi-

tating. Away they went to roast on the sunny side of the car, for aught he cared. But Sally Maria Slocum, who got on at Punkin Bridge—we know her name because it is marked in white on her traveling-bag—did not wait for things to be moved.

She sat down ; and now our exquisite holds his umbrella in one hand, and its handle in the other, and at his feet lies a flattened hat-box, into which he dares not look ; while Sally Maria, in her rose bestrewn hat and blanket shawl, eats peaches with soft spots in them, and besprinkles him with the juice. No need of pitying him ; he pities himself enough.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

ELOPEMENT IN SEVENTY-FIVE.

MORE than a century gone to-day
Great-grandmamma Baldwin ran away.
Great-great grandfather rose with a frown :—
Something unpleasant he'd heard in town
That day angered his powdered head.
He was a Tory, the neighbors said ;
Believed in the right divine of kings,
The Stamp Act and other ridiculous things.
The old man, scowling, in accents far
From mild, said suddenly : " Margery, hark !
I hear Jack Baldwin, the wild young spark
Who has dangled of late at your apron-string
Will join these rebels against the king,
Who are plotting now, and will soon unfurl
Their traitors' banner. Hark ye, girl !

Sooner than see my daughter wed
With a rebel, I'd see her lying dead!"
Margery's cheek turned white and red
As she courtesied low with a drooping head;
And her heart was thumping in rapid beats
That rustled the closely-written sheets
Of a letter that nestled within
Her snowy kerchief of cambric thin.
Then sad and silent and sick at heart
To her own little chamber she stole apart.
Forth from its hiding-place she drew
The letter, and read it through and through:
"Sweetheart Margery!

Eleven o'clock at the garden gate
With Firefly saddled, sweet, I'll wait.
Sixteen miles into Middlebrook town
At Sister Charity's lighting down,
We'll find the parson, to join our fate
In the bond no father on earth can sever.
Love, if you love me, come! Forever
Your own—Jack Baldwin."
Oh! how could she fling
Her love aside? Yet an awful thing
Is a father's curse. All this and more
The damsel pondered o'er and o'er;
One minute faint with a wild despair;
And ready the next to do and dare
All for her love. And so—and so—
The end of the struggle of course you know.

At last she stood by the mirror, dressed
From head to foot in her Sunday best:

Stiff white damask with flowers of gold,
Falling in many a stately fold,
With rich old laces at arm and throat,
Wide open in front, o'er a petticoat
Of pale-blue satin.

Quaint little slippers with tall, red heels
And burnished buckle that half conceals
The open-worked stockings with scarlet clocks.
Perched on the top of her powdered locks
Sat the most coquettish, dangerous cap
That e'er caused a lover's heart to rap
Against an embroidered waistcoat.
Solemn and slow the moments pass
As Margery stares at herself in the glass,
Looks and listens. The great hall clock
Is striking eleven! A sudden shock
Of terror runs through her quaking heart.
Another, too, waiting there apart
Harkens to the old clock's steady stroke;
A stalwart form in a horseman's cloak.
Handsome Jack, with his winsome face
White almost as his ruffles of lace,
Hist! a step on the garden walk!

A figure dim,
Cloaked and hooded, steals out to him
Trembling. "God be praised!
Margery darling, at last! at last!"
One forward stride and he holds her fast.
Quick to the saddle the gallant springs,
Light to the pillion behind she swings;
Hark to the hoofs! they are off and away!
Well, of course, on the following day

When the old man awoke at dawn
To find his daughter Margery gone
There was a scene. For a day and a year
They say the old man never would hear
The runaway's name. But at last he too
Behaved as a sensible parent should do,
Forgot and forgave.
Meantime there came
The news of Lexington's massacre—~~shame~~
Of the British; the baptism in blood
Of our young Republic.
And Jack marched away to the thick of the fight
With Margery's kiss on his lips. And she
Through the long, dark days sat patiently
Like many another matron and maid
Waiting at home, and worked and prayed
Till Jack came back.
When the struggle was over and the war was done
And the freedom we hold to-day was won
Then Jack and Margery settled down
The happiest couple in all the town.
One lesson learned from them—good to day,
They are not all cowards who run away;
And the one elopement that no one harms
Is that of true love to faithful arms.

MRS. MARIGOLD.

MRS. MARIGOLD is a dear old lady, whose heart is just as good as gold, but whose early education has been somewhat neglected.

Suddenly raised to affluence, and required to fill a

position in society for which she is wholly unprepared, it is not strange that she occasionally makes a slight error in the use of words. She has, however, a cheerful disposition, most praiseworthy feelings, and a warm heart. Her family consists of her superfine daughter, Euphrosyne, whom Mrs. Marigold calls "Ninny," for short, and her son "Pete," who is a captain in the army, and is now home on a furlough, for this is war time, and everybody is interested in military affairs.

A great Fancy Fair is being arranged, in order to raise money for the support of our troops in the field, and Mrs. Marigold exclaims to a friend: "Dear me! Du let's have a little conversion before we go out, fer I'm tired to death. What with their balls, an' parties, an' exepitions, an' galaxies o' picters, they jest run me right off my feet. An' here's another! A great Fancy Fair fer the indignant widders an' orfants o' diseased soldiers! It opens next week, an' one of the ladies thet's took a table hez got to go away, an' she come with a committal of half a dozen more this mornin' to dissuade Ninny into bein' a destitute in her place. So she's took a table, an' she's goin' to hev ten young lady persistents, an' I'm goin' along to patronize 'em. Dear me! We've got to get ready right off to go out an' buy things to make up, an' my clothes is so tight thet as fer gittin' one good, long perspiration, I couldn't do it, no more'n I could fly from here to Cantharides!

"Now, I wonder which dress I'd better put on—my green silk or my imperious purple. I b'lieve the purple's a wee mite the tightest. I guess 'twould be safer to wear the other one.

"Here's my cloak—real Tiger velvet! What did you

say? Lyons? Wall, it don't make no difference, I know'd 'twas some kind of a roarin' critter. Le'ss see! which furs'll look the best—my Rushing sables or my Siberia vermin? Though why they should make 'em out of vermin's a history to me, onless it's white mice, an' I never see none o' them with black an' yellor dabs on 'em. Did you?"

(They visit a store where fancy goods are sold, and Ninny approaches the counter to give the order.)

Ninny.—We contemplate scrutinizing paraphernalia suitable for the fabrication of commodities vendible at an emporium for benevolent purposes.

Saleswoman.—Will you please look 'round, ma'am, and see if you see any of it here?

Ninny.—It? Why, plurality of purchase is our contemplation.

Mrs. Marigold.—Dear me, Ninny, what's the use o' confiscatin' folks's factories like that! My dear, we want stuff to make up for a fancy fair.

Saleswoman.—Oh! well, ma'am, look about, then, please, and make your own selections, ma'am.

Ninny.—Among other articles, we have contemplated the fabrication of promenading investments for the cranium.

Saleswoman.—Oh! nubias? You'll need zephyrs, of coarse, for those. What colors, please?

Ninny.—Roseate hue, cerulean tint, pearly mistiness, snowy translucency, ebon tinge—in short, polychromatic.

(Heavily laden with their morning purchases, they return to meet the "committal" often in Mrs. Marigold's parlor. Persons present, Mrs. Marigold, Ninny, Pete, and a bevy of young ladies.)

Mrs. Marigold.—Dear me, dear me, what a conflagration o' colors! Oh! my, my! Don't it look shoppy? Pote, see here, I tell you what it is, I wouldn't be the only young feller in this crowd o' gals for half my fortin'. Jest hear how they chatter! Why, what's that? Listen? What is it that Ninny's a-tryin' to say?

Ninny.—Silence, beloved maidens, silence! We are congregated in this pavilion during this post-meridian to exert our endowments in a most laudable enterprise, by which we hope to realize a not inconsiderable sum of the circulating medium in order to alleviate the sufferings of relict and infantile tenderness, and mitigate the deprivations of humanity laboring under the loss of its pre-ordained protectors. Let each of us, therefore, be unremitting in her toil, that we fail not to acquire an aggregate adequate to so magnanimous an undertaking.

Mrs. Marigold.—Law me, Ninny, you're enough to bejuggle the wits of a philosopede! Gals, there's the stuff; go to work.

Captain Marigold.—Yes, that's the talk, mother; set them to work, and see to them yourself.

Chorus of young ladies.—O Captain! which silk will be the prettiest for this cozy, pink or blue? O Captain! will you please hold this zephyr for me? Come here a moment, Captain, please? Would you have lilies or roses on this pin-cushion, Captain? Which do you think will look the best? Say, Captain, you'll be sure to buy my pulse-warmers, won't you, Captain? These little wristlets, you know. Keep your wrists just as nice and warm! I'm making a pair on purpose for you.

Mrs. Marigold.—Oh! my! oh! my! How them gals is

all a-gogglin' Pete. Wall, 'tain't to be wondered at they like him. I du. He was an awful good soldier. What with marchin' an' haltin' an' sleepin' on his arms and drillin' an' suspectin' an' gittin' killed an' batterin' rams, it's jest a miracle that he survived alive. When these gals comes to call on "dear Mrs. Marigold" and "sweet Miss Ninny," an' don't care no ways whether the captain's to home or not, it's too tearin' funny! Some on 'em sings—an' the way they roll's their eyes at Pete when they gits to the touchy parts—"I love but thee-ee-ee-ee-ee!" or "My hea art is a all thine o-own!" of course 'tain't the money. Oh! land, no! Thet ain't got nothin' to du with it. But the way some o' them gals loves me like a mother is a caution! An' the young fellers that's jest a dyin' for me is past coantin'. There's some o' the beautifullest mou-tachers an' side-whiskers jest crazy to spend my money for me. One on 'em—the squidges he gives my hand is orful! And the explorable way in which he sithes, ain't to be likened to nothin' but a blacksmith's bellus. Why, he says (you'd orter heer him), he says that "Yeahs ain't of no account, Mrs. Marigold, so long ez souls is congealed." Here he comes.

Mr. Montressor (advancing).—Aw, good evening, Mrs. Marigold. Delighted to meet you again, I'm shuah. Do you know, whenever I gaze upon your lovely form, I think of those words of the poet in which he exclaims (*Hesitates, loses the lines entirely, then recovers*) ah! "The evening bweezes, which so gently blowes Among the t'tweeses and the w'woses." But I feah that I interrupt you. What are you going to have for curiosities at your fancy fair?

Mrs. Marigold.—Why, du you know? They say that the tables is all a-goin' to be in uniform. Though how they're goin' to git a table into pantaloons an' a blue coat with brass buttons, beats me. And there's goin' to be a hull lot o' relics an' curis' things. Why, do you know, they say that there's goin' to be a lock o' hair there cut from the head of a Chiny baby in Africa, whose mother threw it into the Grandees where 'twas devoured by the Alleghenies. Ain't that awful? Ain't that perfectly awful? And there's a headdress of Annie Bulletine j-est ez she wore it when she went to expedition to hev her head struck off 'cause she was better lookin' than Elizabeth England. I like such things as that. They're so constructive, an' they give you history fer nothin'.

Ninny.—Our most superlatively superfin' curiosity, Mr. Montessor, is to be a tress of capillary attachment severed from the censorium of Jane Eyre.

Mr. Montessor.—Jane Eyre? Jane Eyre? Why, Miss Ninny, I always have supposed that Jane Eyre was a fictitious character.

Mrs. Marigold.—Oh! law, Mr. Montessor, that don't make no difference now-a-days! There's all kinds o' characters—great literal characters, an' millinery heroes, an' knavery officers. An' some on 'em might as well hev none at all, fer all the good 't 'll ever do their ancestors. What's the use o' spreadin' yerself fer prosperity? The more rumpus a man makes, the more his enemies 'll sandalize him. Big tarcats is allus the most shot at. Do your duty because it is your duty, an' let glorious alone—that's my theurgy, fer there ain't nothin' only Pandemonium left fer us to look forard tu, arter all.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

Permission of the Century Company.

I GOT acquainted very quick
 With Teddy Brown, when he
 Moved in the house across the street—
 The nearest one, you see.

I climbed and sat upon a post
 To look, and so did he;
 I stared and stared across at him,
 And he stared back at me.

I s'posed he wanted me to speak;
 I thought I'd try and see.
 I said "Hello!" to Teddy Brown;
 He said "Hello!" to me.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

MILLAIS'S "HUGUENOTS."

[To H—— (*playing one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne
 Worte."*)]

[It is the eve of St. Bartholomew's massacre (August 15th, 1572). On the morrow, by order of the Duc de Guise, every Catholic must bind a strip of white linen round his arm, when the bell of the Palais de Justice should give the signal for the massacre, that the destroyers might know them from the Protestants, who are to be slain. The Huguenot of the picture refuses to permit his Roman Catholic sweetheart to bind the badge around his arm, though she pleads with all the strength of her love. The pathetic story is told in the following poem:]

A FAVORITE picture rises up before me,
 Whene'er you play that tune;
 I see two figures standing in a garden,
 In the still August noon.

One is a girl's, with pleading face turned upward,
Wild with a great alarm;
Trembling with haste, she binds her 'broidered kerchief,
About the other's arm,

Whose face is bent on her with tender pity,
Whose eyes look into hers
With a deep meaning, though she cannot read it,
Hers are so dim with tears.

What are they saying in the sunny garden,
With summer flowers ablow?
What gives the woman's voice its passionate pleading?
What makes the man's so low?

She murmurs, "See, love, you shall wear my 'kerchief,
It is the badge of life;
And it shall bear you safely through the morrow,
Ay, through the deadly strife.

"You will not wear it? Will not wear my 'kerchief?
Nay! Do not tell me why!
I will not listen! If you go without it,
You will go hence to die.

"Hush! Do not answer; it is death, I tell you!
Indeed I speak the truth;
You, standing there so warm with life and vigor,
So bright with health and youth,

"You would go hence, out of the glowing sunshine,
Out of the garden's bloom,
Out of the thinking, feeling, living present,
Into the unknown gloom!

“I cannot bear it!” “Hush, oh! hush, my darling!
Life is so sweet to me,
So full of hope, you need not bid me guard it,
If such a thing might be!”

“If such a thing might be! But not through falsehood,
I could not come to you;
I would not stand here in your pure, sweet presence,
Knowing myself untrue.”

“It is no sin! It is no sin, I tell you!
This is no open strife;
Have you not often dreamt a nobler warfare,
In which to spend your life?”

“Oh! for my sake—though but for my sake wear it!
Think what my life would be
If you, who gave it first true worth and meaning,
Were taken now from me!”

“Think of the long, long days so slowly passing!
Think of the endless years!
I am so young! Must I live out my lifetime
With neither hopes nor fears?”

“Should our love make us only true and tender,
Unmeet for needful strife?
Should it not make us braver—aye, and stronger,
Either for death or life?”

“And life is harder. O my love! my treasure!
If I could bear your part
Of this great sorrow, I would go to meet it
With an unshrinking heart.”

“ Child! Child! I little dreamt, in that bright summer,
When first your love I sought,
Of all the future store of woe and anguish
Which I, unknowing, wrought.

“ But you'll forgive me? Yes, you will forgive me,
I know, when I am dead.
I would have loved you with a life's devotion—
God love you now, instead !”

“ Forgive me, dear one; life will lose its beauty
When human love is gone.
I bid thee go! When duty's voice is heeded
God leaves us not alone.”

THE BOBOLINKS.

WHEN Nature made all her birds,
With no more cares to think on,
She gave a rippling laugh, and out
There flew a Bobolinkon.

She laughed again; out flew a mate;
A breeze of Eden bore them
Across the fields of Paradise,
The sunrise reddening o'er them.

Incarnate sport and holiday,
They flew and sang forever;
Their souls through June were all in tune,
Their wings were weary never.

Their tribe, still drunk with air and light,
And perfume of the meadow,
Go reeling up and down the sky,
In sunshine and in shadow.

One springs from out the dew-wet grass ;
Another follows after ;
The morn is trilling with their songs
And peals of merry laughter.

From out the marshes and the brook
They set the tall reeds swinging,
And meet and frolic in the air,
Half prattling and half singing.

When morning winds sweep meadow-lands
In green and russet billows,
And toss the lonely elm-tree's boughs,
And silver all the willows,

I see you buffeting the breeze,
Or with its motion swaying,
Your notes half drowned against the wind,
Or down the current playing.

When far away o'er grassy flats,
Where the thick wood commences,
The white-sleeved mowers look like specks
Beyond the zigzag fences,

And noon is hot, and barn-roofs gleam
White in the pale-blue distance,
I hear the saucy minstrels still
In chattering persistence.

When Eve her domes of opal fire
Piles round the blue horizon,
Or thunder rolls from hill to hill
A Kyrie Eleison,

Still merriest of the merry birds,
Your sparkle is unfading ;
Pied harlequins of June, no end
Of song and masquerading.

What cadences of hubbly mirth,
Too quick for bar and rhythm !
What ecstasies, too full to keep
Coherent measure with them.

Oh ! could I share, without champagne
Or muscadet, your frolic,
The glad delirium of your joy,
Your fun unapostolic.

Your drunken jargon through the fields,
Your bobolinkish gabble,
Your fine Anacreontic glee,
Your tipsy reveler's babble !

Nay, let me not profane such joy
With similes of folly ;
No wine on earth could waken songs
So delicately jolly.

Oh ! boundless self-contentment, voiced
In flying air-born bubbles !
Oh ! joy that mocks our sad unrest,
And drowns our earth-born troubles !

Only when our souls are fed
 By the Fount which gave them birth,
 And by inspiration led,
 Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain
 Swelling til they meet and run,
 Shall be all absorbed again,
 Melting, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

JUDY O'SHEA SEES HAMLET.

THE top o' the mornin' to ye, Mrs. McAllister. Faith, an' it's glad I am to see ye, for I know it's 'dyin' ye air to hear about me visit to the theayter lasht avenin'.

I'm goin' to astonish ye. Upon me word sich goin's on wuz niver sane before by Judy O'Shea since the day she wuz born.

There wuz a big crowd o' payple at the dure, an' we wuz nairly cru-shed before we got in. We walked up six pairs iv shtairs, fur Pat said it wuz more irishtocratic up there thin in the lower sates. The whole theayter wuz very beautiful indade. I wuz stharin' aroun' the place wid all me moight, whin a big curtin began to rowl up, an' I cud see right out iv dures.

Party soon, as I'm a good Christian woman, Mrs. McAllister, what do ye suppose walked along? A big gosht! Niver a thing liss. I stharterd to lave the place, but Pathrick grabbed howlt iv me airm, an' hild me on

til the sate. While I wuz a shakin' an' a thrimblin' an' wuz gittin' the pluorisey an' shpiral maginnis in me lift side, wid the palpitashun, the gosht varnished; an' some fellahs wid a soger were talkin' about it, whin all at wanct back it come again. Niver a word did it shpake at all, at all! but jist sthalked along like goshts do wid a kind iv mushkaty nettin' all over 'im, an' a sthick in his hand. "Now will ye tell me," says I to Pat, whin the curtin wuz pulled down ag'in, "what that business wuz about?"

"If ye listens, as the play goes on, ye will see it's about a woman that killed off her first husband, an' married another, an' the gosht iv the first comes prowlin' around to see how things is gittin' on."

So whin the curtin histed ag'in, I turned me attintion to the play. There wuz twinty or thirty payple shtandin' around, all dhrissed very illigantly indade, an' says Pat: "It's the king and quane and the coort." I cudn't understhand a worrud the king shpoke, an' I think he shpoke in Frinch. Wan young fellah seemed very sad loike, an' had on a full mournin' shuit.

"Who's that fellah in mournin' for?" I says to Pat.

"His father."

"Who's his father?" says I.

"The gosht: kape quiet!" says Pat. Whin I looked back ag'in they wuz all gone but the young fellah in black, but purty sune the min that saw the gosht kem in an' towled him about it, an' nuthin' wud do but he must go out the nixt noight. an' see if it would come ag'in.

The first I knew, the room where these things were done, seemed to go away, an' there wuz the same place

ag'in where the soger used to walk. The young-fellah in mournin' and the other min were waitin' fur the gosht. I made up my mind not to shream, but whin the ould shpook kem walkin' along, I had to put both hands over me mouth. But I wasn't sheared nothin' at all compared to the gosht's son.

Ye cud hardly hear his v'ice whin he shpake to the ould gintleman in the mushkaty nettin'.

"Arrah, an' why air ye walkin' round instid o' lyin' quiet and peaceable in the cimetary where we put ye? Aren't ye continted wid wan iv the most expinsive grave shtones in the whole place widout bushtin' out an chasin' up an' down the alley scharin' the loife out iv us? "

Thin the gosht moshuned wid his sthick for his son to folly him off to some other place where he keoud shpake till him in proivate. The min grabbed a howlt iv the b'y, sayin' the gosht wud make it uncomfortable for him if he got off wid him all alone. But the young fellah wudn't hear a wurrud.

"I'll folly ye!" he says till the gosht, an' he did folly him; an' whin they got alone the gosht said in a v'ice that sounded loike the rumblin' av a horse cair: "Kape yer ear open to what I'm tellin' ye, fur in a jiffy I must git back to the place all fire an' brimstone where I'm at present shpendin' me toime to make up fur what I did before I was a gosht.

"If I wuz to tell ye what sort iv goin's on we have down there it wud send plows an' harrahs over yer sowl, turn yer blud into lumps of ice, make yer eyes bulge out an' yer hair shtick up loike skquills on a parky-pine."

"What's ailin' av ye?" says the fellah in mournin'.

"I'll tell ye. I was murdered by that baste iv a brither o mine, who is now the king an' yer mudther's husband.

"They tuk me while I was shlapin in me back yard an' poured pizen in me ear, an' off I went widout aven seein' a phraste or havin' a chance to urther a mass for me sowl. If yer the half iv a dacent man ye'll make it uncomfortable for yer uncle, for it's the truth I'm tellin' ye an' I can't rist quoiety in the warm cloimate where I'm residin' onliss ye do."

The shpook walked off an' the curtin run down ag'in.

Whin it next wint up a young purty gurril, named Miss O'Phalen, was tellin' her faither, Mr. Pollynus—I don't understand how their names wuz different—she wuz tellin' how the young fellah in mournin' wuz actin' like a crazy man.

Purty soon he kem in himself, an' he must raily have been crazy, fur he thought Mr. Pollynus kept a fish market. Thin some min an' wimmen kem in that belonged in another theayter, an' the mournin' fellah got thim to fix up a play about a murder to see if he could shcare his ould uncle wid it.

Shure, Mrs. McAllister, it's not the half iv it I kin remember, but anyhow they fixed up this play, an' got the king an' quane in to see it.

Whin the king saw they had a man ashleep in his garden, an' another fellah puttin' pizen in his ear, he gave an awful schreech an' wint out iv the room.

You may belave the quane wuz moighty narvous whin she saw her son knew how his faither wuz kilt, an' she sint for him to come an' see her. Whin the b'y

kem in she began to tell him as to how he'd been a bad b'y to his shtep pa. An' he just give her to understhand that he knew all about their doin's.

Thin the gosht kem in ag'in, an' tould the b'y not to hurt his widdy, but to fix her second husband as soon as convanient.

There wuz a good dale happened thin, an' I disremember the half iv it, but the kingsint his nevyah off in a ship, an' the O Phalen gurril wint crazy, an' wint cloimbin' trees till she fell intil the river an' wuz dhrowned. Whin they wint to bury this poor Miss O Phalen, the gosht's b'y havin' got off in the ship in some way, kem to the funeral an' acted awful around the cimetry—jumpin' in the grave, an' offerin' to foight anny man there, but they got him to poshtpone the foight till avenin', whin he an' Miss O'Phalen's brother had it out wid swords. The gosht's b'y cud a got away wid the other fellah, but that ould king had gone into the pizen bizness ag'in.

He put some on the inds iv the swords, an' some more in a glass iv wine; the fellahs shtruck each other wid the swords, an' the quane drank the wine an' the gosht's b'y seein through the hull game, shtabbed his ould uncle, an' in two minutes, Mrs. McAllister, they wuz all did; the curtin fell down ag'in, and iv coorse that wuz the lasht iv it.

LYNN BOYD PORTER,

LITTLE MARGERY.

KNEELING, white-robed, sleepy eyes
Peeping through the tangled hair,
Now I lay me—I'm so tired,
Auntie, God knows all my prayer,
He'll keep little Margery."

White lids over eyes shut fast,
Lashes brown on snowy cheek :
Rosebud mouth half hid in smiles,
Dimples playing hide and seek
Sleeps sweet little Margery.

Watching by the little bed,
Dreaming of the coming years
Much I wonder what they'll bring,
Most of smiles or most of tears,
To my little Margery.

Will the simple, trusting faith,
Shining in the childish breast,
Always be so clear and bright ?
Will God always "know the rest,"
Loving little Margery ?

As the weary years go on,
And you are a child no more,
But a woman, trouble-worn,
Will it come, this faith of yore,
Blessing you, my Margery ?

When your sweetest love shall fail,
And your idol turn to dust,
Will you calmly meet the blow
Owning all God's ways are just,
Can you, sorrowing Margery?

Should your life-path grow so dark
You can see no step ahead,
Will you lay your hand in His,
Trusting by Him to be led
To the light, my Margery?

Will the woman folding down
Peaceful hands across her breast,
Whisper, with the old belief,
"God, my Father, knows the rest,
He'll take tired Margery."

True, my darling, life is long,
And its ways are hard and dim,
But God knows the path you tread,
I can leave you safe with Him
Always, little Margery.

SARAH JOY.

THE ELECTION OF THE FUTURE.

'WELL, Bessie, the right of suffrage is finally given to women, and they both vote and hold office. Who are you going to vote for?"

"Oh! I really don't know. But don't you think it is just perfectly lovely for us to have the right to vote at all?"

"Oh! it is too awfully jolly for anything."

"But do you know, I was just worried to death for fear Madam Fittem wouldn't have my dress done in time for election day."

"But she did, I see; and it's just lovely. I was worried awfully over my election bonnet, but it came at the last moment, or I wouldn't have come near the polls."

"Are you going to vote for Mamie Berkley for City Treasurer?"

"No, I'm not; we've been out for a long time, and I think she's just horrid."

"I think so too; she dresses away beyond her means, and there'd be no living in the same town with her if she was City Treasurer. What do you think of Mrs. St. John for Mayor?"

"Oh! I think she'd be lovely. She has such a queenly manner and dresses in such perfect taste; but most of the girls are voting for Howard Percy for Mayor; he's so handsome you know."

"Oh! yes; but then he's so conceited and such a dreadful flirt. He's engaged to half the girls in town just to secure their votes."

"The mean, horrid thing!"

"What do you think of Mrs. Rauler for Congress?"

"I think she'd better stay at home and look after her children. There are six or seven of them running around here now, peddling out her tickets. Do tell me, Bessie, are my frizzes all coming out?"

"No they look nicely. How are mine?"

"Lovely! lovely! Your hair does frizz so beautifully. Look at Mr. Meek electioneering for his wife for

Representative. They say if she's elected she's going to leave her six-weeks'-old baby at home with him while she goes to the Capitol for the legislative session."

"Think of it! and won't she dress, though! I'd vote for Hugh Mandeville, but they say he's engaged to Helen Smythe, and I can't endure her. She's around here some place trying to get the other girls to vote for Hugh!"

"I call that cheeky. But I sha'n't vote for him, Margie Montague is my candidate, she's going to invite me to Washington if she's elected."

"How lovely that will be! I've half a mind to vote for Margie myself. Do you know, Belle Fielding and Libbie Larelle have had an awful quarrel over the office of City Councilman?"

"No; how perfectly dreadful!"

"Isn't it? Libbie accused Belle of buying up votes with French bon-bons and boxes of kid gloves; and Belle told right out before everybody that eight of Libbie's upper teeth were false and that her lovely waves are not her own hair."

"How mean of Belle! If I was Libbie I'd never forgive her. I intended voting for Belle; but I sha'n't now. I cannot conscientiously vote for a girl who could deliberately give another girl away in that shameful manner. It's a mercy she didn't know all I know about Libbie or the poor girl might have been mortified clear out of the campaign. I shall scratch Belle."

"I've scratched about everybody on my ticket."

"So have I, but there comes Belle now with Libbie Larelle, and I don't care to meet them, so let's be off. Most of the girls running for office are so horrid."

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

ME AND JIM.

WE were both brought up in a country town,
Was me an' Jim ;
An' the hull world somehow seemed ter frown
On me an' him.

At school we never was given a chance
To larn that Africa wasn't in France,
An' we both wore patches on our pants,
Did me an' Jim.

But we grew up hearty, an' hale, an' strong,
Did me an' Jim ;
We knowed ev'ry note in a thrush's song,
Did me an' him ;
An' we knowed whar the blue-birds built their nests
When the spring tripped over the mountains' crests,
Why the robins all wore scarlet vests,
Did me an' Jim.

Then we fell in love, jest as most folks do,
Did me an' Jim.
We was arter the same gal, though, we two,
That's me an' him ;
An' she treated us jest alike, did she,
When at quiltin' party or huskin'-bee ;
We was even up in the race, you see,
Was me an' Jim.

I popped at last, and she answered me "No ;"
Jim follered suit ;
But she wouldn't hev him, an' told him so.
Forbidden fruit

We called her then, an' I'm afraid
That we fumed a little. An' then we prayed
That she'd live an' she'd die a plain old maid,
Did me an' Jim.

Then the war broke out, an' Company B
Caught me an' Jim.

We both on us fit fer the Union—see?
Did me an' him.

An' we heerd the screechin' o' shot an' shell,
The snarlin' o' guns, an' the rebel yell,
An' follered the flag through the battle's hell,
Did me an' Jim.

'Twas the day that we fit at Seven Oaks
Death came to Jim,

An' excuse me, please, but I sorter chokes
Talkin' o' him.

Fer his rugged brown hand I held in mine
Till his soul passed out through the picket-line,
Whar an angel waited, the countersign
To git from Jim.

Then I fit along till the war was done
Without poor Jim ;

Was given a sword instead of a gun,
An' thought o' him.

An' I wore an eagle when mustered out
On my shoulder-straps, an' I faced about
Fer the startin' p'int o' my hull life's route,
But not wi' Jim.

I was quite a man in that country place
I'd left wi' Jim ;

She gave me a smile wi' a blushin' face,
 An' asked 'bout him.
 So I told her how, as she sat 'longside,
 Like a soldier brave he had fought an' died,
 An' then—well, I kissed her because she cried—
 Kissed her fer Jim.

Then I married her one bright day in June,
 Fer me and Jim.
 Oft under the light o' the stars an' moon
 We talked o' him;
 An' when our boy was wantin' a name,
 An' we thought our relatives through fer th' same,
 Then fresh again his memory came,
 'N we called him Jim.

CHICAGO TIMES.

NAUGHTY KITTY CLOVER.

MIDGET, gypsy, big-eyed elf, little Kitty Clover,
 What have you been playing for this hour and over?
 Where have you been wandering, in the name of wonder?
 Weren't you frightened at the wind? Are you fond of
 thunder?

Were you in a fairies' cave while the rain was falling,
 With your ears sewn tightly up, not to hear me calling?
 Who has taught your hair to curl?
 Where's your apron, dirty girl?

Now my brains is all mussed up—got too big a head-full!
 Fifteen questions at a time mixes me up dreadful!
 Course I been a-visiting—me and Rainy Weather
 Sure to find the birds at home when we go together.

Guess my ears was full of songs, so I didn't hear you ;
Else, because you stayed at home,
I got too far from near you ;
Once some little thing said, low,
" Mamma wants you, Lu, I know."

'Spect it was that funny bird, that kept and kept a-
singing,
While the rain was coming down, and thunder-bells was
ringing ;
" O you goosie bird !" I said—" rains like sixty-seven,
And your song'll get so wet it can't fly up to heaven.
Did you swallow it one day, when you was a-drinking ?
Is it all the talk you got, or only just your thinking ?
Or do songs come up and sprout,
And rain makes 'em blossom out ?"

Then the bird came close to me. Mamma, he did, truly ;
Said, " I never told before, but I'll tell you, Luly.
One day God got tired in heaven of the angels singing,
Thought their harps were out of tune, made such dread-
ful dinging ;
So He sang a piece of song, put some feathers round it ;
Then He threw it in a tree, where some bird's name
found it,
And He mixed the song and name
Till they grew the very same."

Mamma, what you smiling at ? Hadn't you better
hold me ?
I'll be tired saying through what the birdie told me ;
God sends word down by the rain when He wants to
hear him,

That is why the whisper-drops tinkle by so near him ;
Should you think the song would lose, I can tell you
better ;

It don't have so far to go as my grandma's letter ;
Earth and heaven's so close apart,
God can catch it in His heart.

'Twas the wind that curled my hair—didn't he fix it
funny ?

Combed and twisted it like this, 'thout a spec of money—
Where's my apron ? Let me see, I must think about it,
Oh ! it was so warm, I thought I could do without it,
So I gave it to the brook with the big stones in it,
Where it has to run across every little minute—
Covered 'em all dry and neat,
So my brook won't wet its feet.

Won't it be exprised to see the stones all covered over ?
'Fraid you've got a naughty girl for your Kitty Clover.

CARRIE W. THOMPSON.

BOYS WANTED.

“ **W**ANTED—a boy.” How often we
These very common words may see !
Wanted—a boy to errands run,
Wanted for everything under the sun ;
All that the men to day can do
To-morrow the boys will be doing, too ;
For the time is coming when
The boys must stand in place of men.

Wanted —the world wants boys to-day,
And she offers them all she has for pay—

Honor, wealth, position, fame,
A useful life and a deathless name.
Boys to shape the paths for men,
Boys to guide the plow and pen,
Boys to forward the tasks begun ;
For the world's great task is never done.

The world is anxious to employ
Not just one, but every boy
Whose heart and brains will e'er be true
To work his hands shall find to do ;
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind ;
To good awake, to evil blind ;
Heart of gold, without alloy,
Wanted—the world wants such a boy.
CHICAGO POST.

BRIDGET'S SOLILOQUY.

Permission of Robert Bonner's Sons.

WELL it's queer, it is and I've been thinking about it that hard that I've a headache ! This morning at five I was up, for I'd been told by missus it was cleaning day, and I got my breakfast ready and my house-cloths all washed out and plinty of hot wather in the boiler, and put on my old linsey petticoat that my grandmother gave me, and my big shoes, and a handkerchief over my head, and was at the upper windows when the master ran up the road to catch the train, as he does every blessed morning at six. And I'd been working three hours when the missus got up and came down to the table in her blue cashmere morning gown,

with the silk flowers on it, and bid me make breakfast tay for her, for she couldn't take coffee on account of a headache. And it was ten by the clock when she rose from the table and came into the parlors where I was cleaning the inside shutters, and sat down in the big arm-chair with the velvet on it, and said to me: "Have you got all the spots off of the upper edge, Bridget? And are you sure you're cleaning it thorough?"

Said I, "Yes, ma'am." Och! but it was a hard day, and me moiling and toiling, rubbing here and scrubbing there, and scraping this and scouring that, and running to answer the bell, and getting the lunch and clearing it away, and at it again in the afternoon, and so on until dinner time. I was that tired I thought my feet would drop off me, what with carrying the big step-ladder about, and the buckets of water up and down-stairs, and sitting out of the window, and shaking rugs and batin' stair carpets with a club; and, before the angels, nothing did my mistress do but sit about on sofas advisin' me ginerally all wrong, and fanning herself or reading in a book. Sure, she'd the roight! She pays the wages and I get them. No need for her to touch a hand to anything, and far be it from me to criticise my employers; but I'm comin' to something else. When I'd the dinner ready and the master was come, I was out in the garden under the dining-room window scouring the new brass fire-grate they've got of late, and I heard them talking.

"And how do you feel the day, my dear?" said the master.

"Och!" said she, "I'm that weary and fatigued I can't hold my head up. I've been house-cleaning all day."

"My dear," said he, "you shouldn't do so much. You shouldn't, raly," said he.

"I want things to be nate, my dear," she said.

"There's Biddy," said he.

"You can't trust anything to servants, they're that idle."

"Thru enough, my dear. Now lie down on the sofa and rest you."

And sure, when I went in to clare away there she was, with an african over her feet and a pillow under her head, and him a fanning her and holding cologne to her nose.

"And Biddy," said he, "go down to the cellar and bring up a bottle of that wine in the basket, for your mistress is over fatigued, I fear, with house-cleaning."

And I was that dumb with surprise I couldn't answer. And I've been thinking ever since how queer it is, and how aisy some people are fatigued.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

THE LAST REDOUBT.

KACELYVO'S slope still felt
The cannons' bolts and the rifles' pelt;
For the last redoubt up the hill remained,
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.
Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;
His lips were clinched and his look was weird;
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

“Clear me the Muscovite out!” he cried,
Then the name of “Allah!” echoed wide,
And the fezzes were waved and the bayonets lowered,
And on to the last redoubt they poured.
One fell, and a second quickly stopped
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;
The second—a third straight filled his place;
The third—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
Many a heart that sought the crest
Found Allah’s arms and an houri’s breast.
Over their corpses the living sprang,
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward;
Brandishing blade with a gallant air,
His head erect and his bosom bare.
“Fly! they are on us!” his men implored,
But he waved them on with his waving sword.
“It cannot be held; ’tis no shame to go!”
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

“Yield!” but aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed,
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honor full, but his life blood spilt.
They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;

His limbs were shapely and soft and round.
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade—
“Bismillah!” they cried; “’tis an infidel maid!”

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.
“Make her a bier of your arms,” he said,
“And daintily bury this dainty dead!
Make her a grave where she stood and fell,
’Gainst the jackal’s scratch and the vulture’s smell.
Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night.”

So a deeper trench ’mong the trenches there
Was dug for the form as brave as fair;
And none, till the judgment trump and shout,
Shall drive her out of the Last Redoubt.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

FOLLOWING THE ADVICE OF A PHYSICIAN.

NO, I am not working on a farm for my health now. I have come away, and the farm which knew me would, perhaps, know me yet, if it could get a sight of me, but it can’t.

I went out, you know, by the advice of a physician. Said he, “you need out-door exercise, and, above all, sleep—such long, quiet night’s sleep as you can only find in the country, away from the noise and heat of the city, with the great, open windows, and the cool and velvety breeze floating through your room all night

long, and, perhaps, an occasional night, with the pattering rain upon the roof to lull you to sleep." That's what the doctor said.

So I hired out to a farmer to work all summer. He said I was so white and pale that he couldn't give me anything but my board for my services, but if I wanted to work for that I might climb in behind the seat and ride out.

So I did. He had one mule and one horse, and the mule balked every time he went up hill, and the horse every time we went down hill, and they both tried to run away on the level. He drove them with a trace-chain tied on a white ash axe-helve.

But we got out there at last. I don't want to tell you anything about the work to day—I haven't time—but I feel as if I must say something about those long nights' sleep.

The first night we got home late, but still the sun was only nicely down. The sun sets about two hours later out there than anywhere else in the known world.

After supper the farmer spent one hour and a half telling me about the flax crop on the back forty, and then he reckoned we'd better milk. There were twelve cows, and he said each would take six. He gave me kickers, and it took me two hours, and it had been dark a long time when I finished. Then he had me pump up water for the next day, and it took forty minutes. Then I filled the wood-box, and split the kindling-wood; and as it was a big box, it took thirty minutes. Then he told me about the oat crop, which took an hour, and when I went to bed it was growing light in the east.

The window in the room was a pane of glass, nailed

over an irregular hole in the boards, and could not be opened. I felt around in the dim light, and finally got into bed. I had just fallen asleep, and had begun to dream I was lying along the ridge-pole of a double-humped camel when the farmer pounded on the stairs with an old broom stick, and said breakfast was ready. I couldn't see as it was any lighter than when I went to bed, though the sky in the east was a little redder.

I will pass over the day, as it is painful to recall; or rather, the day and the last end of one night and first end of another, for we were in the hay-field sixteen hours.

And that evening, after supper, he said I might throw the dirt out of a new cellar while I rested.

Then we milked, and he gave me eight cows, instead of six—all kickers. And one of them was a hooker, too, and slammed me through the corn crib.

I got to bed an hour sooner than the night before, because he said he was thinking some of getting up early the next morning.

And that night it rained, and I heard the pleasant patter of the rain on the roof that that old fraud of a doctor spoke about. But it didn't lull me to sleep, because it leaked down on me, and got the bed-clothes all wet, and I caught cold.

And when the farmer pounded on the stairs I got up and looked at my watch, and I had been abed an hour and forty minutes. And my clothes were wet, and there was water in my shoes.

But it was a good day, and we worked at the hay again. We mowed down what the farmer called a "slather" of it. And that night, after I had rested

awhile on the cellar, and milked the twelve cows—twelve kickers—one of them thought I was trying to kidnap her calf, and chased me out of the yard—the farmer said it looked like rain again, and he reckoned we'd better go out and cock up that hay before bed-time.

And before we got to the field I saw the morning star, and when I had got up twelve bunches of hay, and the old hypocrite of a farmer four, I heard a lark. Then when I had up twenty-four bunches, and the farmer six, it began to grow quite light.

When the farmer saw it, he laid down on the hay and laughed for ten minutes. He said we had worked right through the night without knowing it.

But I had known more about it than he thought I had.

We worked an hour longer, and then we went to the house, and I milked. Breakfast wasn't quite ready, and I threw a couple of cubic yards of sand out of the bottom of the cellar.

And while we were eating the farmer told me to hurry, because he would like to get in one full day's work during haying. I said I would, too, and that I would stop, and go out and harness the horses. And he said that was business, and I went out and ran down the road, and walked into town.

And now I am looking for that old physician and surgeon who told me about the long nights' sleep I would get on a farm.

DAKOTA BELL.

THE "BIRKENHEAD."

IT was forty years ago,
In the merry month of May,
That the good ship " Birkenhead "
Off the coast of Afric lay.

Filled with soldiers just embarked
For a distant port, they say,
And with all her canvas spread,
Swept she from the sheltering bay

Close to shore she safely sailed
In the soft and spicy breeze,
And a thousand soldiers paced
Her broad decks in idle ease.

Idle men, and not too good ;
Common soldiers, rough and rude ;
Their religion, to obey ;
Their one virtue, fortitude.

Lounging, aimless, stood they there
On the day of which we tell,
When the ship by hidden rock
Was pierced through, and woe befell.

Ran the sailors here and there,
Struggling with the deadly leak ;
Swift the captain's orders came,
But the strength of man was weak.

And the ocean with a flood
Hurried in from every side,

And the weight of mighty waves,
Pressing down, all skill defied.

When they saw that hope was gone,
And the ship was but a wreck,
Then the colonel formed his men
In a line upon the deck.

And he spoke as soldier should
In a crisis sharp as death;
With deep silence in the ranks,
For each soldier held his breath;

“Men, the ship is breaking up!
Boats can reach the nearest banks.
Sailors, put the women in,
Let no soldier leave the ranks!”

And the soldiers with one voice
Sent a shout into the sky,
Never yet commander heard
Such a cheerful, proud reply.

And through all the heavy strain
Of the hour, so fierce, so fine,
When they waited there for death,
Not a soldier left the line.

Calmly in the ranks they stood,
With the colonel at their head;
And, when all the ship was cleared,
This is what the colonel said:

“In a minute we go down,
Do not break the ranks,” he said.

They went down a thousand strong,
With the colonel at their head.

Not with panic and with rout
Went they to their bitter doom,
But they gave one mighty cheer
As they sank into their tomb.

And the story still is told,
And it will be told for aye,
How a man can rule and die,
How a soldier can obey.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

JOSIAR.

I NEVER kin forgit the day
That we went out a-walkin';
And sot down on the river bank,
And kept on hours a-talkin';
He twisted up my apron-string,
An' folded it together,
An' said he thought for harvest-time
'Twas cur'us kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sot there—
Josiar seemed uneasy,
An' mother, she began to call :
"Loweezy! Come, Loweezy!"
An' then Josiar spoke right up,
As I was just a-startin',
An' said, "Loweezy, what's the use
Of us two ever partin'?"

It kind o' took me by surprise,
An' yet I knew 'twas comin'—
I'd heard it all the summer long
In every wild bee's hummin';
I meant to hide my love from him,
But seems as if he knew it;
I'd studied out the way I'd act,
But la! I couldn't do it.

It darker grew as we sot there,
But Josiar seemed quite easy,
And mother had to call again,
“Loweezy! Come, Loweezy!”

A CASUALTY.

THE morning papers contained among their casualties the following paragraph: “Run over. Yesterday afternoon an unknown bootblack, aged about eight, was run over at the corner of Blank Street. City Hospital.”

Only one short, sharp cry, followed by the hoarse shouts of several men—that was all. They carried him to the sidewalk, and as the crowd gathered round him, some one coming by stopped and asked, “What was it?” “Only another bootblack hurt,” was the careless response, and the questioner passed on. The ambulance came. The crowd made way, then separated, and the incident was forgotten. Nobody knew him, nobody cared.

The hospital slept, all but one silent watcher, who kept her vigil beside one little cot, rising at intervals to

scan the little pale face that lay on the pillow. No sound but the breathing of the patients, and the monotonous "tick-tick" of the great clock broke the stillness. Sleep had granted a respite from suffering and care.

Presently there was a movement, and the little white face turned its eyes toward the watcher, and a feeble voice asked :

"Say, where be I?"

"You are in a good place, child."

"Say, missus, where's my box?"

"I don't know. I expect it was lost."

"Lost? Oh! yes, now I know. I was runned over, wasn't I?"

"Yes. What is your name?"

"Tommy."

"Tommy what?"

"Jest Tommy."

"But you must have another name?"

"No'm, I ain't."

"Well, what is your mother's name?"

"I ain't got no mother. I had oncet, but she's dead."

The kind face bent down to kiss him, and he murmured—

"She used to do that. Say, I'd like to see her ag'in."

"Well, perhaps you will. But there, don't talk any more."

"Kin she come back?"

"No, she can't do that, but maybe you will be able to go to her."

"When?"

"Pretty soon."

He dozed again, and the hands of the great clock dragged themselves wearily on. In his sleep he was again with his mates. Now he was calling "Shine!" now he was counting his money, laughing with his comrades, and eagerly plying his trade, happy in his humble box as lordly princes on their jeweled thrones. O sleep! truly it is you who lifts from us our cares and sorrows. The hands of the clock had barely passed the hour of two when he again awoke.

"Missus."

"Yes, dear."

"Won't yer kiss me agin? It seems as though my mother was close to me when you do that."

She kissed him, and he dropped off to sleep, but not for long. The minute-hand had not reached the half-hour when he awoke with a cry and start.

"Say, what makes me feel so queer? I feel as—though—somethin'—heavy was restin'—on—me."

The lights were turned up, and noiseless feet hurried to and fro, while willing hands raised the little form from the pillow. Brighter grew the eyes, as they seemed to gaze at something toward which the little yearning arms were outstretched. Fainter and fainter came the breath—feebler and feebler grew the voice.

"You—was—right—missus. You—was—right. I kin—I kin—go. You—said—I could—and—I—kin—go—to—"

The little outstretched arms fell, and that last loving word was spoken on the other side of the great river.

THEOPHILUS THISTLE'S THRUSTED THUMB.

THEOPHILUS THISTLE, that sifter of thistles—
While prickles on thistles grew thicker than bristles—

Was writing a thesis on thistles and thieves
And wishing that thistles had nothing but leaves.

On thirty-two acres too tangled for tilling,
Where millions of thistles were thrifty and thrilling,
Were thousands of thorn-trees too thorny for thieves,
All tickled by thistles that prickled their leaves.

His thistles are blooming with fragrance and beauty,
This fragrance he seeks from a keen sense of duty,
But smilingly smells through a tube or a hose,
Lest prickles on thistles might tickle his nose.

He thinks of his thesis with thrilling emotion,
He thinks of his thistles with pride and devotion,
But thinks of his thistles and thinks of his themes
Till thinkers and thistles are tangled in dreams.

The time has been settled for sifting his thistles,
When prickles on thistles get thicker than bristles.
Theophilus thankfully thinks of that day,
For thieves of his thistles will wander away.

He struggles and tussles with thoughts that are gushing,
And bustles and hustles for thistles are rushing,
But fashions his thesis for thrilling a throng,
While thoroughbred thistles grew thrifty and strong.

The threads of his thesis are nicely combining,
The thorns on his thistles defiantly shining,
His thesis grows lengthily in wisdom serene,
His reapers have sickles and scythes that are keen.

His thoroughbred thistles are ready for sifting,
His thoughts on his thesis are very uplifting,
The wires in his sieves are all tested and tight,
The fires in his brains are now burning and bright.

Theophilus seizes a sieve full of thistles,
For prickles on thistles are thicker than bristles,
But lost in his theming on thistles and thieves,
He's thoughtless of thistles or prickles or leaves.

While unsifted thistles were ceaselessly sifting,
And uplifted thinkers were ceaselessly drifting,
Theophilus Thistles—less thoughtless than some—
“Thrust three thousand thistles through thick of his
thumb”

But still he's not vanquished by thorns or by thistles,
He pricks out his thistles, he prims up and whistles.
That thesis was finished—those thistles were done—
And thesis o'er thistles the victory won.

CHESTER E. POND.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

IT is a glad picnic party. The Sabbath-school has gone out into the leafy forest. The dark object in the heavens, eight hundred miles wide and two thousand miles long is a cloud. It got to the woods about as soon

as the picnic, and it is there yet. Under the oak you can see the dinner. The large waterproof mound in the middle of the table, sullenly laughing at the storm is a fruit-cake. The teacher of the infant class made it herself for the little ones. But the storm saved them. See, the lightning has struck the cake. It will never strike anything else. There stands the cake without a dent, and under the table, shattered and blighted, lies the thunderbolt. Under the cedar tree is a dying dog. He got in the way and the Superintendent felled him to the earth with one fell blow of a biscuit. The tall figure wrapped in the ghostly drapery of a water-soaked linen duster, leading the way to the cars, is the teacher of the young ladies' Bible class. His influence with that class is gone forever. The young ladies will never be able to look at him again without thinking how he looked on this occasion. Up in the hickory tree you see a grief-stricken face peering down. It is the Superintendent. He climbed up there to fix the swing, and before they could throw him the rope the storm came up, and the picnic adjourned sine die and sine mora. And he is waiting for the last straggler to disappear before he comes down. He has officiated at Sunday-school picnics often enough to know better than slide down a shellbark hickory before an audience. The man with the umbrella under his arm is the Treasurer. He is getting drenched, but he does not raise his umbrella. He knows there is a name painted on the inside of it, but for the life of him he cannot remember whose name it is. He is watching his chance to give the umbrella to a stranger.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

GREAT-GRANDMAMMA AND I.

GRANDMA remembers Washington,
Great-grandma Russell,
I mean, you know ;
She stood in the doorway to see him pass,
As he rode through the town so long ago ;
Grandma has often described him to me—
Velvet breeches that came to his knee,
His pointed hat, his powdered hair,
His ruffles, his puffs, and his stately air ;
Grandma, prim little Puritan lass,
Waited in awe to see him pass,
In her homespun frock, her close cut curls,
And her pinafore blue, like a country girl's :
And she dared to think, little straight-laced nun,
What a dandy of dandies was Washington.

Grandma cannot remember now
Little trifles nor great events ;
She thinks that Christmas was yesterday ;
She says we have had six presidents ;
She cannot always remember our names,
But calls me, " Lizzie," and Harry, " James ;"
She asks at dusk, " Is it morning yet ?
Have we had our breakfast ? I forget."
For grandma has very little sight
And cannot distinguish day from night.
Too feeble for work, and too old for play,
She dozes and nods the whole long day.
Born, seventeen hundred ninety-one ;

But she does remember Washington.
But I think after all, if I live to see
Grandchildren's children around my knee
I shall tell them more fondly than grandma can,
Of one, not a stately, but kindly man ;
They shall read to me of the chestnut chair,
The village blacksmith, the clock on the stair.
And, oh ! how glad I shall be to say,
" I have stood in that smithy, many a day.
I remember the house by the riverside,
The dear old home, where he lived and died ;
I saw and heard the old clock on the stair,
And I owned a part of the chestnut chair."
Then the children will say, very soft and low,
" Grandma remembers Longfellow."

KATE L. WATSON.

A RAJPUT NURSE.

" **W**HOSE tomb have they builded, Vittoo, under the
tamarind tree,
With its door of the rose-veined marble, and white
dome stately to see ?
Was he holy Brahman, or Gogi, or a king of the Raj-
put line,
Whose urn rests here by the river, in the shade of this
beautiful shrine ?"
" May it please you," quoth Vittoo, salaaming, " Protec-
tor of all the poor !
It was not for holy Brahman they carved that delicate
door,

Nor for Gogi, nor Rajput Rana, did they build this
gem of our land,
But to tell of a Rajput woman, as long as the stones
should stand !

“ Her name was Moti : the pearl name ! ’Twas far in the
ancient times,
But her moon-like face, and her teeth of pearl, are sung
of still in our rhymes,
And because she was young and comely, and of good
repute, and had laid
A babe in the arms of her husband—the palace nurse
she was made.

“ For the sweet chief Queen of our Rana in Jeypore city
had died,
Leaving a motherless infant, the heir of that house of
pride,
The heir of the Peacock Banner, of the Shield of Gold,
of the Throne
Which traces its record of glory to the years when it
stood alone ;

“ To ages when from the sunlight the first of our kings
came down,
And had the earth for his footstool, and wore the stars
for his crown,
As all good Rajputs have told us, this Moti was proud
and true
With the prince of the land on her bosom, and her own
brown baby, too.
So leal was the blood of her body, so fast the faith of
her heart,
It passed to her new-born infant, who took of her trust
its part.

“ It would not drink at the breast-milk till the prince had
drunken his fill,
It would not sleep to the cradle-song, till the prince was
lulled and still :
And it lay at night with its small arms clasped 'round
the Rana's child,
As if those hands of the rose-leaf could guard from
treason wild.

“ For treason was wild in the country, and villainous men
had sought
The life of the heir of the Gadi: to the palace in secret
brought,
With bribes to the base, and with knife-thrusts to the
faithful, they found their way
Through the fence of the guards, and the gate-ways, to
the hall where the women lay.

“ There Moti, the foster mother, sat singing the children
to rest,
Her baby at play on her knees, and the king's son held
to her breast ;
And the dark slave-maidens round her beat low on the
cymbal-skin,
Keeping the time of her soft song—when Saheb ! there
hurried in
A breathless watcher who whispered, with horror in
eyes and face,
‘ O Moti ! men come to murder my lord, the prince, in
this place !
They have bought the help of the gate-guards, or
slaughtered them unawares,
Hark ! that is the sound of their tulwarst, that clatter
upon the stairs !’

“ For one breath, she caught up her baby from her knee
to her heart, and let
The king's child sink from her bosom, with lips still
clinging and wet ;
Then tore from the prince his head cloth, and the putta
of pearls from his waist,
And bound the belt on her infant, and the cap on his
brows in haste.

“ And laid her own dear offspring, her flesh and blood on
the floor,
With the girdle of pearls around him, and the cap that
the king's son wore ;
While close to her heart—which was breaking—she
folded the Raja's joy :
And—even as the murderers lifted the purdah—she fled
with his boy !

“ But there—(as they deemed) in his jewels, lay the
Chota-Rana, the heir ;
‘ The cow with two calves has escaped us !’ one cried—
‘ it is right and fair
She shall save her own baby ! no matter ! the edge of
a Katar ends
This spark of Lord Raghoba's sunlight!—stab thrice
and four times, O friends !’

“ And the Rajput women will have it—I know not if this
can be so—
That Moti's son in the putta and golden cap crooned
low

When the sharp blades pierced to his small heart, with
never a moan or wince,
But died with a babe's light laughter, because he died
for his prince!

"Thereby did that Rajput mother preserve the line of
our kings!"

"O Vittoo!" I said, "but they gave her much gold
and beautiful things

And garments and land for her people, and a home in
the palace? Maybe

She had grown to love that princeling even more than
the child on her knee."

"May it please the presence!" quoth Vittoo, "it seemeth
not so: they gave

The gold, and the garments and jewels, as much as the
proudest should have;

But the same night, deep in her bosom, she buried a
knife and smiled,

Saying this 'I have saved my Rana! I must go to
suckle my child.' "

EDWIN ARNOLD.

SONG WITHOUT MUSIC.

HECCA'S done guv me de shake,
She's a gwine wid nigga Jake.
Nottin' but trouble in dis worl',
Wat's de matta wid dat gurl!
She done sent my lettahs back,
An' she wrote, "You'se off de track,
Abram, you's too ole a kid."
Yas, she did, an' so she did.

Skrumshus times am now all spile.
 Abram, you'se onlucky chile;
 Dis heart busted fru an' fru;
 What dis darkey gwine ter do?
 Smoove-like coon, dat mista man,
 He's a neffer o' ole unk Dan.
 Fool-like woman take dat kid!
 Yas she did, an' so she did.

Put de banjo 'hine de do',
 Abram tuuk on him no mo'.
 Got no heart no mo' to sing
 Plunkety-plunk on banjo string.
 Yams an' 'lasses, los' yo' tase,
 Darkey's 'fections gwine to wase,
 Bam o' Gillius! whar's yo' bam!
 I is sick, an' so I am.

Cotch dat nigga, sho's yo' bo'n
 Some day, weedin' in de co'n;
 Tink he hear ole Gabrium's blas',
 Resurrexium cum at las',
 Poun' his head till he don't know
 Big yaller punk from co'n fiel' row,
 Pull he wool an' make him yill—
 Yes, I will, an' so I will.

A. W. BELLAW.

SACRILEGE.

BESIDE the wall, and near the massive gate
 Of the great temple in Jerusalem,
 The legionary, Probus, stood elate,
 His eager clasp circling a royal gem.

It was an offering made by some dead king
Unto the great Jehovah, when the sword
Amid his foes had mown a ghastly ring,
Helped by the dreaded angel of the Lord.

There, on his rival's crest, among the slain,
Through the red harvest it had clearly shone,
Lighting the grimness of the sanguine plain
With splendors that had glorified a throne.

Above the altar of God's sacred place,
A watchful star, it lit the passing years,
With radiance falling on each suppliant's face,
Gleaming alike in love's and sorrow's tears,
Till swept the war-tide through the sun-lit vales
Leading from Jordan and the western sea.
And the fierce host of Titus filled the gales
With jubilant shouts, and songs of victory.

Then came the day when over all the walls
The Romans surged, and Death laughed loud and high,
And there was wailing in the palace halls,
And sounds of lamentations in the sky.

Torn from its place, it lay within the hand
Of Probus, whose keen sword had rent a way,
With rapid blows, amid the priestly band
Whose piteous prayers moaned through that dreadful
day.

And there, beside the wall, he stopped to gaze
Upon the fortune that would give his life
The home and rest that come with bounteous days,
And bring reward for toil and war-like strife.

There was no cloud in all heaven's lustrous blue,
Yet suddenly a red flash cleft the air,
And the dark shadow held a deeper hue—
A dead man, with an empty hand, lay there.

THOMAS STEPHENS COLLIER.

PARENTAL DISCIPLINE.

“BENNIE, shut the gate! Shut it, I tell you! If you don't shut it I'll whip you! You ought to be ashamed of yourself not to shut the gate when I tell you to!

“Never mind; I'll tell your father when he comes home!

“Don't pull up that plant! Don't, I tell you! Oh! you bad boy, what made you do it? I ought to whip you for that!

“Put that plant down! Put it down, I tell you! Oh! you do make me so nervous! Now, don't wipe your dirty hands on your trousers! Don't, I tell you. Never mind; I'll tell your father when he comes! Bad boy! don't mind his mamma!”

“I ain't a bad boy!”

“Yes; you are a bad boy!”

“No; I ain't, neither!”

“Don't contradict me! I tell you, if you contradict me, I'll whip you!”

“I ain't a bad boy!”

“Bennie, come here! Didn't I tell you I'd whip you if you disputed my word? You ought to be ashamed of yourself! There, there now; don't take off that shoe!

Don't, I tell you—if you take off your shoe I'll have to whip you! There, you bad boy! Now I will tell your father! Put on that stocking, and stop scowling? Put it on this minute—if you don't put it on I'll see—Bad boy, not to put on his stocking when his mamma tells him to! Never mind; you sha'n't go out in the country with me! Don't want to go in the country? Never mind; when you see the horse hitched up to the buggy, you'll want to go!”

“I'll be good!”

“Well, that's right, be good, and you may go. But don't tear your sleeve! Don't, I tell you! Didn't I tell you not to tear your sleeve? Bennie, let that cat alone! Put down the cat—didn't you hear me? Put down that cat! Come, now, that's a good boy. Put the pussy down; mind mamma, and then she'll love you, and won't have to cry because she has a naughty little boy. Mind me, this instant! There, I'm glad she's scratched you! One time there was a little boy who wouldn't mind his mamma; he was a bad little boy, and when he wasn't looking, an old cow came up and hooked him, and the little boy cried—yes, he cried.”

“I don't care; it wasn't me!”

“But it will be you, unless you behave yourself.”

“Was it a great, big, old cow?”

“Yes; and she had long horns. The old cow said, ‘Moo, moo, here is the boy that won't mind his mamma, and—’”

“Did she hook him?”

“Yes, she did; she threw him up into the tree, and the boy cried, and cried, and cried, and said, ‘O Mrs. Cow! if you'll let me down I'll be good.’”

"Why didn't the boy hit the cow with a stone?"

"He couldn't, when the cow had him up on her horns."

"Why didn't he hit her 'fore she got him up on her horns?"

"He couldn't, for the old cow just grabbed him up, and threw him into a big, tall tree. The old cow says she's going all round, and hook all the little boys that—"

"She can't hook me. I'd throw dirt in her face."

"That's what the other little boy thought; he said she couldn't hook him, and he laughed at his mamma; but she did hook him."

"I'd make the dog bite her."

"That's what the other little boy thought, but the dog wouldn't bite her. Now, dearie, are you doin' to be dood?"

"Yessum."

"Then the cow won't hook you. Don't throw your hat over there! Don't put it over there, I tell you! If you put your hat over there I'll whip you! I'll whip you, just as certain as you do. Dear me! Why can't you mind, you good-for-nothing! I'm going to tell your father of your conduct. You're a bad boy, and I don't love you a bit! No; I won't kiss you; no, sir; and you sha'n't go with me; not one step. I'm going down to order the horse, and people will say, 'There goes the lady without the little boy; wonder where is the little boy?' Then some one will say: 'He was a bad boy, and his mamma made him stay at home;' and the squirrels will frisk, and the frogs will sing; never mind, sir; you'll be sorry."

"I'll be good! I won't do it any more! Then will you take me?"

"Yes; come along, then. Oh! you darling boy! You're your papa's onliest only, and own little son!"

THE SONG OF THE MARKET-PLACE.

GAY was the throng that poured through the streets
of the old French town ;
The walls with bunting streamed, and the flags tossed
up and down.

“Vive l’roi ! Vive l’roi !” the shout of the people rent
the air,
And the cannon shook and roared, and the bells were
all ablare.

But, crouched by St. Peter’s fount, a beggar with her
child,
Weary and faint and starved, with eyes that were sad
and wild,
Gazed on the passing crowd, and cried, as it went and
came,

“Alms, for the love of God ! Pity in Jesu’s name !”

Few were the coins that fell in the little cup she bore ;
But she looked at her starving babe, and cried from her
heart the more :

“Alms, for the love of God ! Mother of Jesu, hear !”
The steeples shook with bells, and the prayer was
drowned in a cheer.

But see ! Through the thoughtless crowd comes one
with a regal face ;
He catches the beggar’s prayer, and turns with a gentle
grace :

“Alms thou shalt have, poor soul ! Alas ! not a soul to
share !

But stay !”—and he doffs his hat, and stands in the
crowded square.

Then from his heart he sang a little song of the South,
A far off cradle song that fell from his mother's mouth,
And the din was hushed in the square, and the people
stood as mute

As the beasts in the Thracian wood, when Orpheus
touched his lute.

The melting tenor ceased, and a sob from the list'ners
came ;

" Mario !" cried a voice, and the throng caught up the
name ;

" Mario !" and the coins rained like a shower of gold
Till the singer's hat o'erflowed, like Midas' chests of old.

" Sister," he said, and turned to the beggar crouching
there,

" Take it ; the gold is thine ; Je-u hath heard thy
prayer ;"

Then kissed the white faced child, and smiling went
his way,

Gladdened with kindly thoughts, and the joy of holiday.

That night, when the footlights shone on the famous
tenor's face,

And he bowed to the splendid throng with his wonted
princely grace,

Cheer after cheer went up, and, stormed at with flowers,
he stood

Like a dark and noble pine, when the blossoms blow
through the wood.

Wilder the tumult grew, till out of his fine despair
The thought of the beggar rose, and the song he had
sung in the square.

Raising his hand, he smiled, and a silence filled the
place,
While he sang that simple air, with the love-light on
his face.

Wet were the singer's cheeks when the last note died
away ;
Brightest of all his bays, the wreath that he won that
day !
Sung for the love of God, sung for sweet pity's sake,
Song of the market-place, tribute of laurel take.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

THE WEDDING.

Traveler.—Pray you, wherefore are the village bells
Ringing so merrily ?

Woman.—A wedding, sir—

Two of the village folk. And they are right
To make a merry time on't while they may.

Come twelve months hence, I warrant them, they'd
go

To church again more willingly than now ;
If all might be undone.

Traveler.—An ill-matched pair,

So I conceive you. Youth, perhaps, and age ?

Woman.—No, both are young enough.

Traveler.—Perhaps the man then, a lazy idler—one who
better likes

The ale-house than his work ?

Woman.—Why, sir, for that,

He was always a well-conditioned lad,

One who'd work hard and well ; and as for drink,
Save now and then, mayhap at Christmas-time,
Sober as wife could wish.

Traveler.—Then is the girl

A shrew, or else untidy—one to welcome
Her husband with a rude, unwelcome tongue,
Or drive him from a foul and wretched home
To look elsewhere for comfort ? Is it so ?

Woman.—She's notable enough, and as for temper
The best, good-humored girl ! You see yon house,
There by the aspen tree, whose gray leaves shine
In the wind ? She lived a servant at the farm,
And often as I come weeding here,
I've heard her singing as she milked her cows,
So cheerfully, I did not like to hear her
Because it made me think upon the day
When I had got as little on my mind,
And was as cheerful, too. But she would marry,
And folks must reap as they have sown, God help her.

Traveler.—Why, mistress, if they both are well inclined
Why should not both be happy ?

Woman.—They've no money.

Traveler.—But both can work ; and sure as cheerfully
She'd labor for herself as at the farm,
And he won't work the worse, because he knows
That she will make his fireside ready for him,
And watch for his return.

Woman.—All very well a little while.

Traveler.—And what if they are poor ?

Riches can't always purchase happiness,
And much we know will be expected there
Where much was given.

Woman—All, all this have I heard at church,
And when I walk in the churchyard, or have been
By a death bed, 'tis mighty comforting,
But when I hear my children cry for hunger
And see them shiver in their rags—God help me—
I pity those for whom those bells ring up
So merrily upon their wedding day,
Because I think of mine.

Traveler.—You have known trouble ;
These haply, may be happier.

Woman.—Why, for that,
I've had my share—some sickness and some sorrow ;
Well will it be for them, to know no worse,
Yet, had I rather hear a daughter's knell
Than her wedding peal, sir, if I thought her fate
Promised no better things.

Traveler.—Sure, sure good woman,
You look upon the world with jaundiced eye.
All have their cares ; those who are poor want wealth
They who have wealth want more, so are we all
Dissatisfied, yet all live on, and each
Has his own comforts.

Woman.—Sir, d'ye see that horse
Turned out to common here by the wayside ?
He's high in bone—you may tell every rib
Even at this distance. Mind him ! how he turns
His head to drive away the flies that feed
On his galled shoulder ; there's just grass enough
To disappoint his whetted appetite,
You see his comforts, sir.

Traveler.—A wretched beast !
Hard labor and worse usage he endures

From some bad master. But the lot of the poor
Is not like his.

Woman.—In truth it is not, sir,

For when the horse lies down at night, no cares
About to-morrow vex him in his dreams!
He knows no quarter day; and when he gets
Some musty hay or patch of hedgerow grass
He has no hungry children to claim part
Of his half meal!

Traveler.—'Tis idleness makes want,

And idle habits. If the man will go
And spend his evenings at the ale-house fire,
Whom can he blame if there be want at home?

Woman.—Aye, idleness! the rich folks never fail

To find some reason why the poor deserve
Their miseries! Is it idleness, I pray you,
That brings the fever or the ague fit?
That makes the sick one's sickly appetite
Turn at the dry bread and potato meal?
Is it idleness that makes small wages fail
For growing wants? Six years ago those bells
Rung on my wedding day, and I was told
What I might look for, but I did not heed
Good counsel. I had lived in service, sir;
Knew never what it was to want a meal,
Lay down without one thought to keep me sleepless,
Or trouble me in sleep; had for a Sunday
My linen gown, and when the peddlers came
Could buy me a new ribbon. And my husband—
A towardly young man, and well to-do—
He had his silver buckles and his watch;
There was not in the village one who looked

Sprucer on holidays. We married, sir,
And we had children, but as wants increased
Wages did not. The silver buckles went.
So went the watch; and when the holiday coat
Was worn to work no new one in its place,
For me—you see my rags! but I deserve them,
For, willfully, like this new married pair
I went to my undoing.

Traveler.—But the parish.

Woman.—Aye, it falls heavy there, and yet their pit
tance

Just serves to keep life in, a blessed prospect!
To slave while there is strength, in age the workhouse,
A parish shell at last, and the little bell
Toll'd hastily for a pauper's funeral!

Traveler.—Is this your child?

Woman.—Aye, sir; and were he drest,
And cleaned, he'd be as fine a boy to look on
As the squire's young master. These thin rags of his
Let comfortably in the summer wind;
But when the winter comes it pinches me
To see the little wretch! I have three besides!
And, God forgive me! but I often wish
To see them in their coffins—God reward you!
God bless you for your charity!

Traveler.—You have taught me

To give sad meaning to the village bells.

SOUTHEY.

HULLO.

Permission of the "Yankee Blade."

W'EN you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Say "Hullo" and "How d'ye do?"
How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on the back;
Bring your hand down with a whack;
Walk right up, and don't go slow;
Grin an' shake, an' say "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh! sho;
Walk right up an' say "Hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale and hearty "How d'ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say
They saloot an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me
Lonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailin' his own og,
For a port behind the fog.
Let your speakin' trumpet blow;
Lift your horn an' cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" an' "How d'ye do?"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en you leave your house of clay

Wanderin' in the far away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who ye be, an' say "Hullo." S. W. Foss.

HALBERT AND HOB.

HERE is a thing that happened. Like wild beasts
in a den,

In a wild part of North England, there lived once two
wild men

Inhabiting one homestead, neither a hovel nor hut,
Time out of mind their birthright; father and son,
these—but—

Such a son, such a father! Most wildness by degrees
Softens away; yet, last of their line, wildest and worst
were these.

Criminals, then? Why, no; they did not murder and rob;
But give them a word, they returned a blow—old Hal-
bert as young Hob:

Harsh and fierce of word, rough and savage of deed,
Hated or feared the more—who knows?—the genuine
wild beast breed.

Thus were they found by the few sparse folk of the
country-side;

But how fared each with other? E'en beasts couch hide
by hide,

In a growling, grudged agreement; so father and son
lay curled

The closelier up in their den because the last of their
kind in the world.

Still, beast irks beast on occasion. One Christmas night
of snow,
Came father and son to words—such words! more cruel
because the blow
To crown each word was wanting, while taunt matched
gibe and curse
Competed with oath in wager, like pastime in hell—nay,
worse :
For pastime turned to earnest, as up there sprang at
last
The son at the throat of the father, seized him and held
him fast.

“Out of this house you go!” (there followed a hideous
oath)—
“This oven where now we bake’s too hot to hold us
both !
If there’s snow outside, there’s coolness ; out with you,
bide a spell
In the drift and save the sexton the charge of a parish
shell !”

Now the old trunk was tough, was solid as stump of oak
Untouched at the core by a thousand years : much less
had its seventy broke
One whipcord nerve in the muscly mass from neck to
shoulder-blade
Of the mountainous man, whereon his child’s rash hand
like a feather weighed
Nevertheless at once did the mammoth shut his eyes,
Drop chin to breast, drop hands to sides, stand stiffened
—arms and thighs

All of a piece—struck mute, much as a sentry stands,
Patient to take the enemy's fire ; his captain so commands.

Whereat the son's wrath flew to fury at such sheer scorn
Of his puny strength by the giant eld, thus acting the
 babe newborn ;

And " Neither will this turn serve ! " yelled he, " Out
 with you ! Trundle, log ! "

 ' You cannot tramp and trudge like a man, try all-
 fours like a dog ! "

Still the old man stood mute. So, logwise—down to floor
Pulled from his fireside place, dragged on from hearth
 to door—

Was he pushed, a very log, staircase along, until
A certain turn in the steps was reached, a yard from
 the house door-sill.

Then the father opened eyes—each spark of their rage
 extinct—

Temples late black, dead-blanced—right hand with
 left hand linked—

He faced his son submissive ; when slow the accents
 came,

They were strangely mild, though his son's rash hand
 on his neck lay all the same.

" Hob, on just such a night of a Christmas long ago,
For such a cause, with such a gesture, did I drag—so—
My father down thus far ; but softening here, I heard
A voice in my heart, and stopped : you wait for an
 outer word.

"For your own sake, not mine, soften you too! Untrod
Leave this last step we reach, nor brave the finger of God!
I dared not pass its lifting; I did well. I nor blame
Nor praise you. I stopped here; and, Hob, do you the
same!"

Straightway the son relaxed his hold of the father's
throat,

They mounted, side by side, to the room again; no note
Took either of each, no sign made each to either: last
As first, in absolute silence, their Christmas night they
passed.

At dawn the father sate on, dead in the self same place,
With an outburst blackening still the old bad fighting
face;

But the son crouched all a-tremble like any lamb new-
weaned.

When he went to the burial, some one's staff he bor-
rowed—tottered and leaned

But his lips were loose, not locked—kept muttering,
mumbling—"There

At his cursing and swearing!" the youngsters cried;
but the eiders thought, "In prayer."

A boy threw stones; he picked them up and stored them
in his vest.

So tottered, muttered, mumbled he, till he died, perhaps
found rest.

"Is there reason in nature for these hard hearts?" O
Lear,

That a reason out of nature must turn them soft, seems
clear!

ROBERT BROWNING.

NOT IN THE PROGRAMME.

AH, good evening to you! So you've brought the proof then, eh?

"Macbeth, Mr. Herbert Villiers." Yes, that's better, I must say.

So you liked my Claude last night, you say? Well, 'tis fairish they all allow,

But I'm getting a bit too old for the lover business now. See some queer things we traveling folk? Well, yes, that's perfectly true;

Why, 'twas only now while sitting here reading and waiting for you,

I was thinking over a curious scene you may have heard about,

That shows how the real thing after all, beats acting out and out.

I know it's true, for it all took place under my eyes, you know.

Let's see—'twas at—yes, at Doncaster—about two years ago,

Me and the missus was sitting down at our lodgings one day at tea,

When the slavey told me a lady had called and wanted to speak to me.

"Show her up here," I says, for I thought "'Tis one of our folks looked round

To ask me something about to-night." But I was wrong, I found;

For there entered, blushing up to her eyes, shrinking, tremulous, coy,

A lady I'd never seen before, with a charming little boy.

A beautiful blonde she was, not more than two and twenty or so,

With witching eyes of a lustrous brown, but ah! how full of woe!

And she and her boy were dressed in black, and she wore, in a mournful mood,

On her flaxen hair that was tinged with gold, the weeds of widowhood.

She took the chair I gave her and spoke in a low, sweet voice,

I could see that she was a lady born, she seemed so gentle and nice;

She'd had some knowledge of the stage as an amateur, she said,

And could I give her something to do to find her boy in bread?

"Oh! that's how the wind lays, is it?" I thought, "Well, p'r'aps I might do worse,

If she only acts as well as she looks, she'd nicely line my purse."

And I took good stock of her as she sat with her boy beside her chair,

And stroked, with dainty, tremulous hand, his bonnie, golden hair.

Bit by bit her story came out: She had lost her husband; he was drowned four months ago.

His ship was wrecked and all were lost, and now, in her need and woe,

She'd no one left in all the world but her little Charlie there.

She'd called at all the theatres she knew, but 'twas still
the same old tale,

A novice had no chance at all where even vet'rans fail.
Then some one had told her to come to me, and she'd
traveled here to day

To see if I could take her on in however a humble way ;
She'd nothing left but her wedding ring and one poor
half a crown,

And oh ! there was only the workhouse if—and here she
quite broke down.

Well, there ! The parsons give it sometimes to we " poor
players " hot,

But whatever our faults may be, my boy, we ain't a
hardhearted lot ;

And the end of it was, that I took her on as a super, so
to speak,

And found her board and lodging with us, and a shilling
or two a week.

She took with the public from the first ; what with her
sweet young face

And passion and power, and we gave her soon the lead-
ing lady's place.

Some of our ladies was jealous like, when they see her
taking the lead,

And used to sneer at her ring and weeds, and mutter
" Mrs. indeed ! "

But she was so gentle, obliging, and meek, this soon
wore off, it did,

And they all of them got to love her at last, and to
almost worship the kid.

'Twas the best work I ever did when I lent her a help-
ing hand ;

By Jove, sir! As Constance in King John that woman
was something grand.
And as for Ophelia, where she sings that song before she
dies,
Hardn'd old stager as I am, it brought the tears to my
eyes.
One night I happened to be in the front when she was
extra fine ;
'Twas in East Lynne, and she'd just come on with the
boy, as Madame Vine.
She's supposed, as the Lady Isabel, to have wronged her
husband and fled,
But takes the governess' place disguised, after they think
she's dead.
She'd got to that crowning scene of all, where the mother
longs to stretch
Her arms to her boy, but has to check and school her-
self, poor wretch !
And the house was hushed in pity and awe, when I saw
her stare and start,
Then stagger, and turn as white as death, and put her
hand to her heart.
I followed her eyes, and there close by in the pit, look-
ing pale and thin,
Was a tall young fellow in naval dress, who had only
just come in.
He sprang to the stage and bounded on, and—you can
guess the rest.
"O Alice! Alice!—" "O Harry dear!—" and she
swooned away on his breast.
I think for the moment the people thought 'twas part of
the play, forsooth,

But her story, you see, had been whispered about, and
they easily guessed the truth,
And then, ah ! 'talk of a scene, my boy ! Such cheers
you never heard ;
I thought the roof would have fallen in—I did upon my
word !

Of course the curtain had to be dropped, and I whis-
pered to the band
To strike up something, and hurried behind at once, you
understand,
To find her just " coming to," dear heart, with the women
all weeping there,
And her husband, with her hand in his, kneeling beside
her chair.

And her little one clinging to her—ah ! what a tarblow
that would have been !
'Twould have made the fortune of a piece to have brought
in such a scene.

I've come back to look at it now, you see, in a sort of
professional light ;
But then I was very nearly as weak as the women were,
or quite.

His story was short: his ship was wrecked, and 'twas
thought that all were drowned,
But he and another clung to a spar, and were picked up
safe and sound.

Then her story was told, and how good I'd been, and all
the rest, dear heart,
And she would insist on going on agen to finish her part ;
So I went to the front myself, you know, and told the
people all,
And upon my soul, I thought this time the roof must
surely fall !

And when she came on agen at last what deafening
thunder of cheers!
Men a waving their hats like mad—women and kids in
tears!
Three times they had her back at the end, and I shall
never forget
How he had to lead her on at last—I can see her and
hear 'em yet.
He dropped me a fiver for a treat for the company next
day;
And she bought me this here diamond ring, reg'lar
sparkler, eh?
I had their story put in a play, and it answered pretty
well,
But bless your heart, it wasn't a patch to the genuine
article!

EDWIN COLLIER.

A POOR RULE.

SAID Mary to Johnny, "Oh! dear,
This play is too pokey and slow;
There's only one bubble-pipe here,
O Johnny! please, I want to blow!"
"No, I'll blow them for you," said he,
"Just watch, and you'll see every one;
That leaves all the labor to me,
While you will have only the fun."

Said Johnny to Mary, "Oh! my,
That apple so big and so bright,

You can't eat it all if you try ;
O Mary ! please, I want a bite !"
" I'll eat it for you," said she,
" And show you just how it is done ;
I'll take all the labor, you see,
And you will have only the fun !"

AUNT PHILLIS'S GUEST.

I WAS young, and my horse was strong ;
The summer was bursting from sky and plain,
Thrilling our blood, as we bounded along,
Till a picture flashed, and I dropped the rein—
A black sea-creek, that like a snake
Slipped through a low green league of sedge,
An ebbing tide, and a setting sun,
And a hut, and a woman by the edge.
Her back was bent, and her wool was gray,
The wrinkles lay close on the withered face ;
Her children were buried and sold away,
And freedom had come to the last of a race.
She lived from a neighbor's hominy-pot,
There was praise in the hut when the pain passed by ;
From its floor of dirt the smoke curled out
Where the shingles were patched with the bright blue
sky.
" Aunt Phillis, you live here all alone ?"
I asked, and pitied the old gray head ;
Sure as a child, in quiet tones :
" Me an' Jesus, Massa," she said.
I started, for all the place was aglow

With a presence I had not seen before,
And the air was full of a music low,
And the Guest Divine stood at the door.
Aye, it was true that the Lord of Life,
Who seeth the widow give her mite,
Had watched the slave in her weary strife,
And showed Himself to her longing sight.
The hut and the dirt, the rags and the skin,
The grovelling want, and the darkened mind—
I looked on this, but the Lord within—
I would what He saw was in me to find.
A child-like soul he found, with faith
To see what the angels see in bliss ;
She lived, and the Lord lived, so of course
They lived together ; she knew but this,
And the life that I had almost despised
As something to pity, so poor and low,
Had already borne fruit that the Lord so prized,
He loved to come near, and see it grow.
No sorrow for her that the life was done ;
A few days more of the hut's unrest,
A little while longer to sit in the sun,
Then He would be host, and she would be guest.
And up above, if an angel of light
Should stop on his errand of love some day
And ask, " Who lives in the mansion bright ?"
" Me an' Jesus," Aunt Phillis would say.

A fancy foolish and fond, it seems,
And things are not as Aunt Phillis dreams ;
Friend, be it so ; but this I know,
That our faiths are foolish by falling below,

Not coming above what God will show—
That His commonest thing hides a wonder vast,
To whose beauty our eyes have never passed ;
That His fact in the present or in the to be
Outshines the best that we think or see.

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

MRS. JONES'S REVENGE.

*(Mr. Jones enters after 12 o'clock, pocketing his latch-key.
Mrs. Jones is waiting for him.)*

MRS. JONES.—“ Why, Charles, how late you are.
I've been so frightened.”

Mr. Jones.—“ You women are always being frightened about nothing. Why don't you learn better? Is this the first time I ever stayed out after twelve o'clock?”

“ No, indeed, Charles ; and every time you do it I'm almost beside myself with terror.”

“ Why don't you go to bed at eleven, as usual?”

“ Bed !”

“ And sleep until I come.”

“ Sleep ! But it's just the way with all men. Poor ma had exactly the same thing to bear. The fag end of an evening is enough for a wife. I can remember when you used to come a-courting, how pa was often obliged to let you know that there was such a thing as an hour for leaving. No matter ; I shouldn't care if you didn't come, only I get so dreadfully frightened.”

“ And why ?”

“ Why ? O dear ! Why, because all sorts of dreadful things happen to people. They are choked to death

in restaurants; they are blown up in steamboats; they are taken to station houses; they mysteriously disappear with thousands in their pockets."

"Well, I sha'n't do that."

"In fact, it's a world of accidents unless the daily papers fib, and a body really lives ten lives in one worrying about yeople. If you will stay out late, why don't you telegraph?"

"And frighten you into a fainting fit, as I did once. Ah! dear me, my love, if you had but a little common sense, that commonest thing in the world, a telegram could not have given you so much alarm. Trouble has wings, my dear. If I am ever visited by any such calamity, you'll know it before you begin to worry about it. It's always so."

Not long after, Mr. Jones came home one night very late. He had merely been playing a game of whist with his friend Brown. But it seemed that Brown had some fine cigars, and his cousin from Boston was down and Brown's wife and Brown's wife's sisters had set down to play with them.

At this stage of the explanation, Mrs. Jones of course shed tears, whereupon her husband remembered that she had no strength of mind and immediately retired. But he took tea instead of coffee for his breakfast next morning and was so ill that Mrs. Jones forgave him, outwardly at least.

There were a few days of regular hours and exemplary conduct. Mr. Jones felt that he had gone too far at last.

Had Mrs. Jones reproached him he would have rebelled, but after that night, she was meekness itself.

And one evening he came home earlier than usual with tickets for the theatre in his pocket. The play was a fine one, Mrs. Jones enjoyed such entertainments and he had bought her a pair of kid gloves, pale lemon color. As he walked down the street he glanced up at the window to see if she were peeping out between the shutters to look for him. But she wasn't there. During the next half-hour Mr. Jones was employed in searching the premises for his wife.

Nobody had seen her depart, yet she could not be found.

The servants from Bridget, the cook, to Gretchen, the house maid, were singularly ignorant of her whereabouts.

He began to recall the remarks of Mrs. Jones on a former occasion. "Steamboat explosions, mysterious disappearances" were not such impossibilities after all.

Mr. Jones was hungry, but with sublime unselfishness he directed that dinner should not be served until the arrival of Mrs. Jones.

He tried to kill time by reading, by writing. Time refused to be killed, but moved on unharmed until it reached half-past seven.

Then Mr. Jones grew angry. Half-past seven is very late for a man accustomed to coming in at two o'clock in the morning himself.

He ordered dinner, but before he had eaten two mouthfuls he remembered an account he had read that day of a lady who had been drugged, dragged to a swamp, robbed of money and jewels, and left for dead. He put down his fork and ate no more. He tried to think what could be done. When nine o'clock struck, he was in despair.

At ten he bethought him of certain friends who might have persuaded his wife to spend the evening with them, and he hurried from one residence to another but without success. Eleven o'clock came. It was now plain to be seen Mrs. Jones had met with some accident.

At twelve o'clock a hollow-eyed man with rumpled hair, limp collar, and disordered cravat walked into the station-house and announced the terrible fact that his wife was missing!

The inquiry which followed, startled him, "Who's she gone with? What's the name?" "Sir, my wife!"

"Oh! they're all alike, them missing ladies, generally turns out the same. You'd have heard if anything had happened to her, common sense tells you that. However, we'll keep a look out."

The horrified Jones flew away again, and a reporter who had been listening with open ears, flew to the office of his paper and made up a paragraph, headed:

ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

MOTHER DESERTS HER LITTLE CHILD, ETC.

On his way home, Mr. Jones stopped at the telegraph office and sent dispatches to his wife's relations and to his own, worded thus: "Come at once, Lavinia is missing."

As he gave the message, he burst into tears and awakened the sympathy of the whole establishment. He reached his door in a dripping perspiration, opened it somehow, staggered into the parlor, and there sat Mrs. Jones serenely reading a newspaper. "Lavinia!"

screamed Mr. Jones, and tumbled into a heap upon the sofa.

"Oh! dear me! What's the matter? You've been anxious? How silly! Why didn't you retire! Am I dead? No, oh! no! I don't look dead, do I? You never expected to see me alive! Oh! you'd have heard if anything had happened to me. How little strength of mind you have! Where have I been? Oh! next door, they had a little party, music, and such elegant refreshments, and there was a very agreeable young gentleman there. We sang duets all the evening, and he brought me home. What, you are shocked? Oh! it's worse for you to be frightened than for me! Now you see how it feels, Charles!"

As Mrs. Jones put down the newspaper, she glanced up with triumph. Mr. Jones glowed with displeasure. After awhile, however, he assumed a look of the most diabolical satisfaction. "To think I should have telegraphed to all our relations!"

"What!"

"And reported you at the station-house, where they told me you had eloped."

"Oh! it will be in all the newspapers to-morrow!"

"Probably, you like to read the papers, hope it will."

I don't like to end this story in an unorthodox manner, but I may as well tell the truth. The tables were turned on Mrs. Jones.

The coming of terrified relatives next day, the awful report that appeared in the daily papers and the train of reporters who interviewed her for the next forty-eight hours, made her revenge anything but a satisfaction to her.

And for Mr. Jones, oh ! you all know men. He stays out when he pleases, and it's Mrs. Jones who has learned a lesson.

You see a man may vanish for any number of hours at his pleasure ; but a woman, she must be where some male relative can lay a finger on her, from the moment she is born, until the moment she dies, or pay the penalty.

ARRANGED BY EUPHIE REYNOLDS INGRAHAM.

PRINCE.

I THINK you remember a man we knew, who went by the name of "Prince,"
With sinews of iron, and nerves of steel, that never were known to wince !
How came he to win that nickname ? Well, that's more than I now can say :
Because, perhaps, he was given to rule, and all of us liked his sway,
Because he was free with his cash, perhaps, or maybe because, like Saul,
He looked a king, and stood, without boots, head and shoulders out-topping us all.
Oh ! yes, there were stories afloat, I know ; he was wicked and wild, they said,
'Tis slander, I tell you ; and what so base as a slander against the dead !

I know how he trifled with shot and steel, and deaths
have been laid at his door,
But he never was guilty of murderous deed to settle a
private score.

He was quick to avenge a comrade's wrong, or a com-
rade's right defend,
And never was known to break his word, nor ever to
fail a friend.

I see him now as I saw him then—and yet 'tis a long
while since—

A hero, if ever a hero lived, was he whom we nick-
named "Prince."

Well, "Prince" had a friend—his pal, his mate,
A little chap, curly and brown ;
They both of them hailed from Virginia State,
And were born in the self-same town ;
And "Prince" would have died for Charley, I know,
And Charley'd have died for him ;
And if luck was high, or if luck was low,
'Together they'd sink or swim.

But there came a time when their path was crossed
By a girl with an angel face,
And the love of the friends was swamped and lost
In the passion that filled its place ;
'Twas a secret at first each kept from each,
And neither would dare disclose,
Till they broke the ice with a heedless speech,
And fronted each other as foes.

It wasn't her fault, I will take my oath,
She didn't flirt, even in fun :

She only tried to be kind to both
For the love she bore to one.
'Twould have gone to her heart, I know, to offend
By speaking the truth pat down ;
For she liked the " Prince," though she loved his friend,
The little chap, curly and brown.

Oh, " Prince " was the better man of the two,
By far, I don't deny ;
Yet her love for Charley was tender and true,
And it's no good asking why.
But a letter was left at Charley's door
In a hand he knew, which said :
" The days that are past can return no more,
And nothing can raise what's dead ;
For Faith and Love they have lied to me,
While I was the dupe of each,
And honor in woman or man, I see,
Is only a figure of speech."

Hard words enough—they might have been worse ;
I am glad he stopped short there ;
Thank God he didn't denounce a curse !
For he went, and we knew not where ;
To the Southerners' camp he went, they said,
To the war that had just begun ;
If he couldn't love he would fight instead,
For the joy of his life was done.

The war that ended in '65
Maybe, if we could, we wouldn't revive.
In twenty-five years one has ceased to fret ;
But there's one day's fighting I can't forget—

Balls and bullets, and shot and shell,
Musketry rattling, powder smell;
Horses and riders dying—dead,
And a scorching sun in the sky o'erhead;
And the van of our troops was led that day
By one whom nothing could stop nor stay;

When last I saw him—'twas six months since—
He had changed in the time, yet I knew the "Prince."
The Virginia men were all to the front,
To lead their comrades, and bear the brunt;
But when the night fell, cold and damp,
There were twenty down in the enemy's camp:
Ten to return in exchange for ten
The Southerners had of the Northerners' men—
Six for the prison, four to be shot—
And the fate of each to be drawn by lot!

And "Prince was one of that fated row,
Close-guarded the long night through;
And Charley, who'd joined but a week ago,
Was one of the prisoners too.
'Twas strange that they thus should meet again,
Each waiting for death or life;
None knew what the one was thinking then,
But the other—he thought of his wife,—

And never a word was spoke that night;
But when the day broke fair and bright,
By the glare of the morning sky
The lots were drawn, and the "Prince" was free
To go once more to his home by the sea,
And Charley was doomed to die!

Then "Prince," when he hears how the lots nave gone,
goes straight where the General he sets:

"A word with you, General"—says he, like a king—
"apart from the rest, if you please.

There's one of our lot who is drawn for death—a little
chap, curly and brown:

Now, 'tis nothing to you who goes or who stays, for
your soldiers to shoot him down,

And whether I die or whether I live dou't matter a
curse to me;

But, General, it matters a deal to him, for the little
chap's married, you see.

So if it's a death you needs must have, there's mine—
you can take my life;

But tell him he's drawn for exchange, not death—and
let him return to his wife."

I reckon the General did not demur; from the soldier's
point of view

The "Prince" was a nobler prize by far, as the better
man of the two.

There were three led out in the sun that day, and shot
by the men of the North,

And a fourth was shot in the rank with them—no,
Charley was not that fourth.

He never was told till the deed was done, and "You're
free to go," they said;

And they bade him look, as he went his way, on his four
companions dead:

And he saw the corpse—they were strong in death, those
arms and that sinewy chest—

Of the man he had loved, who loved him too—and her—
and he knew the rest!
Oh, aye! the story is true enough; I'm likely to know,
you see,
For I was the little chap, curly and brown—his friend—
and he died for me.

UNCLE NOAH'S GHOST.

Permission of Robert Bonner's Sons.

UNCLE NOAH CLAYTON, with promise of bettering his business condition, moved his goods and chattels and family to Springvale, Me., where he had secured a great old house on the out-kirts of the village, and not until the house had been hired, and a portion of his furniture deposited therein was it told to him that it was haunted.

At first Uncle Noah was a little disheartened, and would have backed down from the bargain had he not gone on so far with his household arrangements. He was honest enough to confide the startling story to his wife, who chanced to be a strong-minded, common-sense woman, and when she said she was willing to make the trial, he went ahead, and moved in.

The first night passed off quietly and pleasantly; and so did the second; but on the third night, just after the hour of midnight, there was a ghostly alarm. It came from the direction of the great kitchen, and there was the sound of breaking glass, and the shuffling of feet upon the loose floor-boards. Both Mr. Noah and Mrs. Noah sat up and listened.

Yes—there was somebody in the scullery! Pieces of tin and crockeryware were heard to tinkle and jingle.

“That’s the way these new fangled ghosts always do, Nancy. They’re great for knocking around crockery and table ware!”

“What’ll you do, Noah?”

“I’m goin’ to see what’s up; I never heard of their hurting anybody, did you?”

“No.”

“Then I’ll take my pistol and investigate, sh! don’t make any noise!”

By the time “pater familias” was ready the two children were up and of the party.

“Hush! don’t make a bit of noise, children.”

“Is it a ghost, papa?”

“That’s what we want to find out. Now mark, if you follow me, look out and don’t get in the way of the pistol. Do you bring the lamp, marn.”

And so the procession was formed, Noah in the van, with his cocked pistol firmly clutched; Mrs. Noah next, with the lamp in her left hand and a poker in her right; Master Tommy next, armed with a bootjack; while little Stephen brought up the rear, his chubby hands clutching one of his father’s boots. In the hall between the kitchen and dining-room they were joined by the hired girl and an apprentice boy, who were speedily informed of the situation.

“Hark!”

Ah the plates were being rattled again! and, anon, the tin pans clinked and clanged. The servant girl screamed and would have fainted if Noah had not made a motion toward her with his pistol.

By and by, with slow and cautious tread, the head of the column reached the kitchen and halted before the door of the scullery. Ah! more rattling of the plates!

"Who's there?" demanded Noah.

The only answer was a moaning of the wind—or, was it only the moaning of the ghost?

But Noah Clayton was not a coward, especially with such a backing; so he directed his wife how she should hold the light, and then having seen that his pistol was properly cocked, and the percussion cap intact, he placed his hand upon the old wooden latch and withdrew the wedge that served to fasten it.

Mrs. Noah grasped the poker more firmly, and raised it into ready position, Master Tommy, well under cover of his mother, with bootjack valiantly advanced, stood side by side with his smaller brother, and papa's boot.

"Ah—sh!—There go the plates again! And—now—ha!—a leap upon the floor! How curiously they tread! Hold the light, mother. A little higher—ah—that's it. Now!"

And he lifted the great wooden latch and threw open the door. The fresh breeze came in through a break in the low window; the moonbeams struggled through the dingy panes, and—from her place near the centre of the floor—straight to them advanced the old cat, with a fear-dispelling meow!

SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

SENEX JUBILANS.

THE world is growing better
Every year;
It throws off many a fetter
Every year.

There are many things to relish
Though the ancient things must perish,
But the beautiful we cherish

Every year.

Many changes have come o'er us,
Many friends have gone before us

Every year ;

Through many a strange mutation
We have reached a higher station
Of thought and observation

Every year.

We have had our slight vexations
And our pleasing jubilations

Every year ;

There are visions to remember
Of flowers in September
And Christmas in December

Every year.

The sun shines as brightly
And the snowflakes fall as lightly

Every year ;

As in days when we were younger,
And the years appeared much longer
To our hearts which then were stronger

Every year.

Our weakness is more trying

Every year ;

And our days more swiftly flying

Every year.

Our faults bring deep contrition,
Our errors admonition,

Experience is fruition
Every year.

The end of life draws nearer
Every year.

The friends left become dearer
Every year ;

And the goal of all that's mortal
Opens wider still the portal
To the land of the immortal.

Every year. WILLIAM REED.

THE FESTAL DAY HAS COME.

Permission of the "Youth's Companion."

TO-DAY the birthright of her hopes the marching
nation sings,

And o'er the arms of laughing forts the banner lifts her
wings;

To day in honor of the flag the myriad labors cease,
And breathe the silver bugles low the mellowed notes of
peace.

Ho, bugles, ho ! Ho, glimmering bands ! Ho, veterans
old and true !

Ho, children marching for the States, 'mid roses wined
with dew !

Behind ye thrice a hundred years, before a thousand
grand.

What says the Past to you to-day, O children of the land ?
What are thy legends, O thou flag that gladdenest land
and sea ?

What is thy meaning in the air amid the jubilee ?
Flag of the sun that glows for all,

Flag of the breeze that blows for all,
Flag of the sea that flows for all—
The silver bugles blow and blow across the silver sea,
What is thy meaning in the air? O banner, answer me!

No azure pavon old art thou, borne on the Palmer's
spear:
No oriflamme of Red Cross Knight, or coiffured caval-
lier;
No gold pomegranates of the sun burn on thy silken
cloud,
Nor Shamrock green, nor Thistle red, nor Couchant
Lion proud;
No golden bees of purpled isles on red taffeta wrought,
Nor eagle poising in the sky above the ocelot.

No gaping dragons haunt thy folds as in the white sun's
spray,
When westerling Vikings turned their prows from noon-
less Norroway;
No double crowns beneath the cross are in thy hues un-
furled,
Such as the Prophet Pilot led toward the sunset world;
No Golden Virgin, circlet crowned, such as with
knightly pride
Old Balboa threw upon the air o'er the Pacific tide.
Not e'en St. George's Cross is there that led the May-
flower on,
Nor old St. Andrew's Cross of faith—the Double Cross
is gone.

The silver bugles blow and blow across the silver sea,
What is thy meaning, O thou flag, this day of jubilee?

O children of the States, you flag more happy lustres
deck

Than oriflammes of old Navarre or Cressy or Rosebeq.
The Covenanter's field of blue, caught from the clear
sky, see,

And Lyra's burning stars of peace and endless unity,
The morning beams across it stream in roses red and
white,

As though 'twere outward rolled from heaven by angels
of the light.

All hail to thee, celestial flag, on this prophetic morn,
That minglest with the light of heaven—hail, flag of
heaven born!

The silver bugles blow and blow across the silver sea,
And speakest thou to every soul this day of jubilee!

Flag of the battle fields, with pride beneath thy folds I
stand,

While gyveless Freedom lifts to thee her choral trumpets
grand,

Thou stand'st for Monmouth's march of fire, for
Trenton's lines of flame,

For rippling Eutaw's field of blood, for Yorktown's
endless fame;

For, Cape de Gatt, and fierce Algiers, and Perry's blood-
red deck,

For Vera Cruz, and Monterey, and white Chapultepec;
Thou stand'st for Sumter's broken wall, as high above
Tybee

The shouting forts uplift again the Stars of Unity;
For Chattanooga's rain of fire and that grand echelon
The deep drums led at Gettysburg beneath the smoky sun,

Thou stand'st for Progress and the years all golden
 orbed to be,
For earth's new Rome upon the land, and Greece upon
 the sea,
Thou stand'st that all the rights of men may every
 people bless,
And God's own kingdom walk the world in peace and
 righteousness!

O my America, whose flag we throne amid the sky,
Beneath whose folds 'tis life to live and noblest death to
 die,
I hear the silver bugles blow across the silver sea,
And bless my God my palace stands a cottage home in
 thee!

So speak the voices of the Past, ye children of the land,
Behind us thrice an hundred years, before a thousand
 grand,
Such are the legends of yon flag that gladdens land and
 sea,
Such is the Hand that scrolls the air this day of jubilee.
 Flag of the sun that shines for all,
 Flag of the breeze that blows for all,
 Flag of the sea that flows for all.
 Hail! flag of Liberty! all hail!
 The Festal Day has come!

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

POPULAR AMERICANS.

I VORK in my studio one day, ven one gentleman viz ze lunettes come in, make one, two, tree bow, very profound, and say,

“Gut morgen, Meinheer!”

I make one, two, tree profound bow, and say ze same. Zin ze gentleman look at my picture very slow and deliberate; zen he say,

“Dat is goot; dat is beautiful; dat is very beautiful; vondrous fine.”

Zen he say at last,

“Meinheer, vill you permit me to bring my friend de Baron Von A —, to see your fine work?”

I say, “Signore, you vill do me one favor.”

Zen he make tree more bow, more profound zan before, and he go vay. Ze next day he bring his friend ze Baron, and zey two make six bow, all very profound, and zey say zat is all very beautiful. And zen ze Baron say,

“Meinheer, vill you let me bring my friend de Count von B — to see dese so fine work?” And zen zey make ze bow once again, and go vay, und I see zem no more.

Zat was one German gentleman.

Anozer day, one little gentleman comes in vid one skip, and say,

“Bon jour, monseieur! Charmé de faire votre connaissance.”

He take up his lorgnette, and he look at me first picture, and he say,

“Ah! very vell! Monsieur, dat is one very fine morsel.”

Zen he pass quick to anozer, and he say, "Monsieur, it is truly admirable. After zis beautiful picture nature is vort notting;" and so in two minute and a half he got through dem all.

Zen he twirl his cane, and stick out his chin, and say,

"Monsieur, I make you my compliment; you have one great talent for de landscape. I shall have the honor to recommend you to all my friends. Au revoir, monsieur!" But I see him never again.

He vaz one French gentleman.

Anozer day, I heard one loud tap viz one stick at my door. Zen I say, "Come in!" One gentleman valks forward, and nod his head, but take never off his hat. He say,

"May I see your picture?"

I bow, and say, "Viz pleasure, Signore." He no answer, but look at one a long time, and say not a word. Zen he look at anozer, and say notting. Zen he go to anozer, and look, and say,

"Vat is ze price of zis?"

I say, "Forty louis."

Zen he say notting, but look anozer long time.

Zen he say, "Can you give me pen and ink?" and ven I give it, he sit down and say,

"Vat is your name, sir?"

Zen I give him my card, and he writes ze order on ze bank for sixty louis. He give me ze order, vid his card, and he say,

"Zat picture is mine; zat is my address; send it home. Good-morning!" And so he make one more stiff nod, and valk away.

Zat was one American gentleman.

DE QUINCY'S DEED.

RED on the morn's rim rose the sun ;
Bright on the field's breast lay the dew ;
Soft fell the light on sabre and gun
Grasped by the brave and true.
Death to many, and fame to the one
Came ere the day was through.

Loud on the sweet air rang the call—
Blast from the bugle, and quick command ;
Swift to their saddles they vaulted all—
Sat with the reins in hand,
Spur to the steed's flank, fears in thrall,
Eager to sweep the land.

"S'raight to the hill top ! Who's there first,
We or the foe, shall win this day."
So spike De Quincy. Then, like a burst
Of splendor, he led the way ;
He and his white steed both athirst
For the mad sport of the fray.

"Charge !" What a wild leap ! One bright mass
Whirls, like a storm-cloud, up the hill ;
Hoofs in a fierce beat bruise the grass,
Clang of the steel rings shrill ;
Eyes of the men flash fire as they pass,
Hearts in the hot race thrill.

See ! From an open cottage-lane
Sallies a child, where the meadow dips ;

Only a babe, with the last refrain
Of the mother's song on its lips ;
Straight in the path of the charging train,
Fearless, the little one trips.
Under the iron hoofs ! Whose the fault ?
Killed ? It is naught if the day be won.
On ! to the— ' Halt ! ' How he thunders it ! " Halt ! "
What has De Quincy done ?
Checked in a moment the quick assault,
Struck back sabre and gun.
" Back ! " till the horses stand pawing the air,
Throwing their riders from stirrup to mane ;
Down from his saddle he bends, to where
The little one fronts the train ;
Lifts her with care, till her golden hair
Falls on his cheek like rain.
Bears her from harm as he would his child,
Kisses and leaves her, with vanquished fears,
Thunders his " Forward ! " and see the wild
Surge of his troops through tears.
The fight ? Did they win it ? Ay ! victory smiled
On him and his men for years.

HOMER GREEN.

BILLY.

MY incorrigible nephew, Billy, aged eleven, came walking slowly into my room the other morning, scowling over his book of sums. " A boy has eighty-five turnips, and gives his sister thirty—pretty present for a girl, isn't it ? Could you stand such stuff, uncle ? Say ! "

"Well, my dear Billy, you know that arithmetic is necessary, if you mean to be an industrious man and succeed in business. Suppose your parents were to lose all their property, what would become of them without a little son who could make money and keep accounts?"

"I don't know. Anyhow I hate sums on paper. I shall keep my accounts like Robinson Crusoe. I'll have a stick, and every time I make a dime I'll gouge a piece out of one side of the stick, and every time I spend one I'll gouge a piece out of the other. But I can't save my pennies, Uncle Teddy."

"Perhaps you don't try hard enough."

"Well, if a savings bank won't do it, there ain't any chance for a boy. Father got me a savings bank once to be good in, and I began being good as hard as I could for three cents a day. Every night I got 'em and put 'em in reg'lar, and sometimes I'd keep being good for three whole days running. That made a sight of money, I tell you. Then I'd do something to kick my pail of milk over, and those nights I didn't get any thing. I used to put in most of my marble and candy money, too."

"What were you going to do with it?"

"It was for an Object, Uncle Teddy—that's a kind of Indian, you know, that eats people and is a heathen; that's what father said, anyway; I didn't ever see one."

"Well, didn't that make you happy, to help the poor little heathen children?"

"That's just it, Uncle Teddy, they never got a cent of it. One time I was good so long I got scared. I was afraid I'd never want to fly my kite again, or go anywhere I oughtn't, or have any fun. I couldn't see

the use of going and saving all of my money to send out to the Objects, if it was going to make good boys of 'em. It was awful hard for me to be good, and it must be worse for them, 'cause they ain't used to it. So, when there wasn't anybody up-stairs, I went and shook a lot of pennies out of my chimney, and bought ever so much taffy and marbles and pop-corn. Was that awful mean, Uncle Teddy? Ma thought it was, and didn't I get it! I was whipped and my savings bank was taken away, with all there was in it. I haven't tried to be good since—much.”

“ O Billy, Billy! why don't you try to be more like your brother Daniel?”

“ Cause! If mother wanted two boys alike she just oughter had twins, there ain't any use of my trying to be like Daniel now, when he's got eleven years the start. Whoop! There's a dog fight! Hear 'em! It's Joe Casey's dog, I know his bark!”

With this my nephew snatched his Glengary bonnet from the table and bolted down-stairs to see the fun. Ten minutes later he returned with a torn jacket, one black eye, the other full of tears, and the most miserable of cur dogs following him.

“ There! He won't sass me again for nothing!”

“ Why, Billy, what's the matter?”

“ Uncle Teddy, it wasn't a dog fight after all! . There was that good-for-nothing Joe Casey and a lot of bad boys, and they'd caught this poor little ki-oodle and tied a tin pot to his tail, and were trying to set Joe's dog on him, though he's ten times littler. Says I—‘ Put down that poor little pup; ain't you ashamed of yourself, Joe Casey?’ ‘ I guess you don't know who I am,’ says he.

That's the way they always say to make a fellow believe they're awful great fighters. So, says I, 'Well, you put down that dog, or I'll show you who I am!' And when he held on, I hit him. Then he dropped the pup, and there we were when a policeman came up and the whole crowd ran away. So I got the dog, and here he is."

"Well, Billy, what are you going to do with him?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do. I met ma on the stairs just now, and she wants me to be mean and put my ki-oodle out on the street, and let Joe Casey catch him and tie coffee-pots to his tail, I—I—I—!"

"Well, Billy, I'll see your mother about it. Don't cry! I think we can manage about the dog; and meantime do you know of a little boy who wants to go to Barnum's and who has an uncle who will take him?"

Half an hour later, as we started down the street, Billy, resplendent in a clean face and whole jacket, remarked with ardor,

"Uncle Teddy, I wish I could do something to show you how much I think of you for being so good to me. Would it make you happy if I was to learn a hymn for you—a smashing big hymn—six verses—long metre and no grumbling?"

And I concluded that there was still a chance of Billy's becoming in time—a good boy.

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS.

PHILIPPA of Hainault, the Good, Philippa, England's Queen—

Rear high her statue—let it by all the world be seen !
A figure—not in armor clad, sword-girt, on prancing
steed,
From Nevil's Cross the routed Scots warring across the
Tweed—
Nay, nay, but kneeling, with loose hair, clasped hands
upraised to pray,
And tear-dimmed eyes, as when she saved the burghers
of Calais.

“Now, by my troth,” had Edward sworn, “Calais shall
yield to me !
If England France shall keep in ward, 'tis meet she
hold the key.”
But vain was menace, vain was siege to make its castle
bow—
Twelve weary months dragged on to mock the proud
king's empty vow ;
Till Famine skulked within at last, and won for him the
day,
And England's lion glared above the lilies of Calais !

“Bring forth, curst town,” the conqueror cried, “six
of thy burghers best,
To pay the penalty and be an offering for the rest !
Bare-legg'd, with ropes about their necks, so lead them
forth to me,

Thy keys within their hands, nor look their coming back
to see !”

The haughty summons thundering burst, no place it gave
delay,

And there was loud lament, and there was weeping in
Calais.

Then up spoke Eustace de St. Pierre—all honor to his
name !

“ I give myself, for one, to save the town from woe and
shame !”

“ And I !” “ And I !” right after him cried noble others,
five ;

“ What matter if there perish six to keep the rest alive ?”

In truth it was a sorry sight—in truth a sorry day,
When from the gates went forth to death those burghers
of Calais.

“ Strike off their heads !” stern Edward order gave,
full fierce, and loud ;

Helpless and mute before his feet the dauntless six were
bowed.

’Twas then Philippa knelt. “ My lord ! Oh ! if you
will not free

These men for mercy’s own sweet sake, do it for love
of me !”

“ Alas ! that you have asked, my queen, since ne’er I
say you nay !”

And to her tender hands he gave the burghers of Calais.

Right royally she feasted them, right bravely them she
dressed,

For ropes, gave chains of gold to wear, as fitted noble
 guest ;
Gifts from her treasury she brought, her minstrels for
 them sang,
And all the camp with shouts of joy, as for a victory,
 rang ;
And when she sped them, cheered and blessed, upon
 their homeward way,
They dreamed an angel gave them back again unto
 Calais.

Philippa of Hainault, the Good, Philippa, England's
 Queen—

Rear high her statue—let it by all the world be seen !
A figure—not in armor clad, sword-girt, on prancing
 steed,
From Nevil's Cross the routed Scots warring across the
 Tweed—
Nay, nay, but kneeling, with loose hair, clasped hands
 upraised to pray,
And tear-dimmed eyes, as when she saved the burghers
 of Calais.

EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

AFTER A MATCH.

THE average person notices the arrangement of a
room surprisingly little. Its dimensions and the
relative positions of the furniture may seem to be familiar
to him, but in reality they seldom are. The way to be
convinced of this is to hunt for something—a match, for
instance, in the dark.

You have the mantel, and make a grab where you imagine the match-safe stands. Down goes a piece of bric-à-brac to the floor.

More care is used. You find the end of the mantel, and run your hand along the marble slab. Off goes a vase or two. You strike the clock; you've got it. No, it's on the other side. Not there! Ah! then it's on the table.

After running against the stove, and tripping over the chair, you find—the sofa. Keep cool, and take your bearings. The table is north of the sofa, and the sofa runs east and west; north, therefore, is in front of you. Now you have it. That article that dropped to the floor sounded like the match-safe; but it's the ink-well, and your fingers are dyed with a color warranted not to fade.

A bright thought—the stove! You burn your fingers, and warp your patience, but you secure a light. And the match-safe? It is on the mantel-piece, in front of the clock—the only place you didn't search.

ALL THINGS SHALL PASS AWAY.

ONCE in Persia ruled a king
Who upon his signet ring
'Graved a motto true and wise,
Which, when held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance
Fit for any change or chance.
Solemn words, and these were they:
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camel through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand ;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to rival these.
Yet he counted little gain
Treasures of the mine or main.
"Wealth may come, but not to stay ;
Even this shall pass away."

'Mid the revels of his court,
In the zenith of his sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried : " Oh, precious friends of mine
Pleasure comes, but not to stay—
Even this shall pass away."

Lady, fairest ever seen,
Was the bride he crowned his queen.
Pillowed on his marriage bed
Softly to his soul he said :
" Though no bridegroom ever pressed
Fairer bosom to his breast,
Mortal flesh must come to clay—
Even this shall pass away."

Fighting in a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield,
Soldiers with a loud lament
Bore him bleeding to his tent.
Groaning from his wounded side,
" Pain is hard to bear," he cried.

“But, with patience, day by day,
Even this shall pass away.”

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue grand in stone ;
And the king, disguised, unknown,
Gazing on his sculptured name,
Asked himself : “ And what is fame ?
Fame is but a slow decay—
Even this shall pass away.”

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Staring at the gates of gold,
Spoke he thus in dying breath :
“ Life is done, and what is death ? ”
Then in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on the ring,
Answering, with its heavenly ray :
“ Even death shall pass away.”

THEODORE TILTON.

THE ONE WHO STAYS AT HOME.

THE wheels of the world go round and round,
In the press of a busy throng,
Morn with its matin melody
And night with its vesper song ;
The tides are out and the tides are in,
Like the sea in its ebb and flow,
For there's always one to stay at home
Where there is one to go.

Abroad on the highway's noisy track,
There is rush of hurrying feet,
The sparks fly out from the wheels of Time
To brighten the bitter and sweet ;
But apart from the beaten road and path,
Where the pulse of earth runs slow,
There's always one to stay at home
Where there is one to go.

Over and over good-byes are said,
In tears that die with the day,
When eyes are wet that cannot forget,
And smiles have faded away ;
Smiles that are worn, as over a grave
Flowers will blossom and blow ;
For there's always one to stay at home,
Where there is one to go !

Always one for the little tasks
Of the day that is never done ;
Always one to sit down at night
And watch for the stars alone,
And he who fights on the world's broad field,
With banner and blast and drum,
Little dreams of the battle gained
By the one who stayed at home !

BURNESTON LANE.

COACHING THE RISING STAR.

NO! I'm no longer an aspirant for histrionic honors. Why? I'll tell you. I committed the first three scenes of *Romeo and Juliet*, and started forth one day, with assurance in my soul, to find the school of *Madam Exeunt*. I found her with little difficulty, and as I was a prospective pupil, I was allowed to be present during a lesson in "*Leah the Forsaken*," which my coming had interrupted. The teacher continued: "Begin where you left off, Miss Siddons; 'Blasphemer! and you dare call on heaven? what commandment, etc.'" "'Blasphemer! and you dare call on heaven! What commandment hast thou not broken? Thou shalt not swear falsely; you broke faith with me.'" "A little stronger, Miss Siddons, a little stronger." "'You broke faith with me—'" "Very good, go on!" "'Thou shalt not steal;'" "'Shalt not what?'" "Steal." "Go on." "'You stole my—'" "Eccentro eccentric position of the feet, Miss Siddons, is that right?" "No, madam, I forgot; it should be eccentro-concentric." "Very well, do as you know." "'You stole my heart; Thou shalt not kill; what of life—'" "Agonized expression, Miss Siddons." "'Life have you left me?'" "Me." "Me." "No, no; me." "Me." "Right! be careful that the face expresses the feeling, and mind the positions of feet. Now, give the curse; at the first words make a thrill of pity enter the hearer's breast. Have the look of one who sees where there is nothing." "'The old man who died because I loved—'" "Concentric body," "'you, the woman—'" "Remember the vision ;

she sees them in her mind's eye." "The woman who hungered because I followed you, may they—" "A little touch of the guttural, let each word be clearly cut." "May they follow you in dreams—" "Bravo! bravo! that was a good gesture, only let the fingers be more eccentric, and let the timbre be a little revengeful and bitter." "May they—" "And, Miss Siddons, if you give the sub vocal elements more prominence it adds to the intensity of the feeling." "May they follow you in dreams, and be a drag—" "What, no gesture?" "Be a drag upon your feet forever." "Better! Go on." "May you wander as I wander, suffer shame as I now suffer it. Cursed be the—" "Radical stress, Miss Siddons." "Cursed be the land you till, may it keep faith with you, as you—" "Hand extended." "As you kept faith with me; cursed be the unborn fruit of thy marriage; may it wither as my young heart has withered." "Not enough dramatic energy in the action; imagine you are a sensitive plant, and some one has touched you, and you wilt, I beg your pardon, wither." "Wither as my young heart has—" "Is your heart in your brow, Miss Siddons?" "No, I could not recall the lines." "Now, give the whole sentence again." "May it wither—" "Feet, feet." "As my—" "Preserve the harmonic poise." "As my young heart has withered, and should it ever see the light, may it vainly pant for nourishment on its dying mother's breast. Cursed—" "Concentric body, chest contracted, recoil for a spring." "Thrice cursed—" "Shrink, shrink." "May you be evermore, and as my people—" "Depress the larynx, raise the uvula, and make the vocal passage wide, vito-emotive voice

Exaggerated attention of the eyes expresses intention, mouth concentro eccentric,' " 'On Mt. Ebal—" " " Raise body along the vertical line." " 'Spoke, so speak I thrice—Amen! Amen! Amen!' " Here ended the first lesson; and seeing the difficulties lying in the way of achieving histrionic honors, I have concluded to keep my spark of divine genius, with which to light the fire to get breakfast.

STELLA DE LOREZ.

I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COMFORTLESS.

A CABIN beside the dry, red road, twisting and turning through the rocks and sun dried fields of Arkansas.

A plain log cabin. Barren and hot is the clay about the place. What little grass there is has long since been burned brown by the scorching sun. Only one bit of green is there about the place. At one corner of the house is a sickly vine, climbing toward the warped and humble roof. The sun is going slowly down behind the rock-tipped hills to the west, and as ever and anon an owl hoots, or the tree-toads begin their weary monotone, a boy, who sits on the one step leading to the hall-way, turns his head slowly in the direction of the sound.

"Owls kin hop, en' toads kin fly," he says.

One look into his face, and the almost vacant, staring eyes and the half open mouth only too plainly bespeak the fact that he is half-witted.

His face has a half-expectant look, as up from the rock covered garden-patch comes a thin, middle-aged woman.

"Thet be maw," he says, "en' she's been hoein'."

The woman approaches, and with her thin, white, bloodless lips kisses the boy.

"How is ma's honey boy?" she asks.

"The bee keeps a-buzzin' in my head, maw, an' sometimes that spider comes to bore my head."

She sets the worn hoe down, and with a mother's tenderness holds his head up to her thin breast.

"I be tired, son. Yer maw's got a heap t' do sense yer paw wuz tuck."

"Fur whut they tuck him, maw—for whut?"

"They sed he runned a 'licit still-'ouse, an' I reckon he did make some corn likker."

"Wuz that wrong, maw!"

"The law'r sez 'tis, but the Lawd knows we hast t' hev sumpin' t' keep the chills away."

Slowly the dusk creeps around the lone cabin. Louder the owls hoot. More and more night sounds are added to the chorus.

So they quietly sit. She forgets the frugal supper—her hands burn so. The cracked fingers are resting for a brief time. Suddenly the boy's head drops upon her hand. Like a flash, like a tigress, she clasps him to her, for his face is cold—cold with the froth of death. Silently the messenger had come and touched the troubled head. She tries to speak, but she chokes. The lump in her throat won't let her. The boy revives a moment, and speaks:

"Maw, d'ye see them lights a-dancin' out thar—red, en' blue, en' yellor?"

His voice breaks the spell.

"No; they hain't none. They hain't no lights. Does maw's honey boy see 'em?"

"Yessum; en' they be a-comin' in the house."

She rises and carries him to the shuck bed, and lays him down.

"Lights—en' bees a buzzin'—spiders, en' bees, en' lights."

With a convulsive sob, she prays—for the first time in months:

"Please, God A'mighty—ef ye kin hear me 'way out hayer in the rocks en' lonesomeness—don't take away my pore boy. He's all I got, sence they tuck my man away. I bin a-workin' hard to feed en' keep 'im; en' please, God A'mighty, don't leave me hayer all alone."

A step sounds without. An instant, and a pair of strong, brown arms are thrown about her, and for the first time in years her husband's lips press her own.

"They pawdoned me," he says, "and let me come back."

"'Sh! My honey boy is dying."

The tall form bends, and with a greater tenderness than his voice had ever before assumed, the mountaineer speaks:

"Don't do like a-that, son. Don't go away. See hayer, son; paw's home ag'in, an' see, he's brung you an orange. You never did see one afore. Wake up, son; wake up."

The boy moved not. His soul had passed away, and as the stricken woman burst into tears, she felt her husband's arms about her, and knew that God had heard her prayer, and had not left her comfortless.

THE MODERN GIRL.

SHE warbled the soprano with dramatic sensibility,
And dallied with the organ when the organist was
sick ;

She got up for variety a brand-new church society,
And spoke with great facility about the new church
brick.

She shed great tears of sorrow for the heathen immo-
rality,

And organized a system that would open up their
eyes ;

In culinary clarity she won great popularity,
And showed her personality in lecturing on pies.

For real unvarnished culture she betrayed a great pro-
pensity ;

Her Tuesday-talks were famous, her Friday-glimmers
great.

She grasped at electricity with mental elasticity,
And lectured with intensity about the marriage state.

But with the calm assurance of her wonderful capacity,
She wouldn't wash the dishes, but she'd talk all day
on rocks

And while she dwelt on density, or space and its im-
mensity,

With such refined audacity, her mother darned her
socks !

TOM MASSON.

THE IDEAL GIRL.

IF I were a girl, a true hearted girl,
Just budding to fair womanhood,
There's many a thing that I would not do
And numberless more that I would.
I never would frown with my mouth drawn down,
For the creases would come there and stay ;
But sing like a lark, should the day be dark—
Keep a glow in my heart anyway.

If I were a girl, a bright winsome girl,
Just leaving my childhood behind,
I would be so neat from my head to my feet,
That never a fault could one find ;
So helpful to mother, so gentle to brother,
I would have things so cheery and sweet
That the streets and their glare could never compare
With the charms of a home so replete.

If I were a girl, a fond loving girl
With father o'erburdened with care,
I would walk at his side, with sweet tender pride,
With ever a kiss and a prayer.
Not a secret I'd keep that could lead to deceit,
Not a thought I should blush to share ;
Not a friend my parents would disapprove—
I would trust such a girl anywhere.

MELIK THE BLACK.

WHERE has the princess gone—
The Princess Parizade?
The dazzling glow of the Orient dawn
Floods down through the garden glade.
She is not in the room where the air is sweet
With the scent of the attared rose,
And the tinkle of silver-sandaled feet
Like a brook o'er the marble flows;
She is not in the mosque nor the dim kiosk,
She is not in the almond close.

Melik the black stands mute
By the harem's outer door.
Does he dream of the sound of the Sennar flute
And the warm Nile nights of yore?
Does he muse on the happy, boundless days
By the desert fountains cool,
When he rode his barb o'er the trackless ways,
E'er he came to be the tool
Of the loves and the hates in the palace gates
Of the treacherous Istamboul?

His thoughts are not afar
In the wide, free, southern land;
He sees, as he saw 'neath the paling sky,
A tiny print in the sand.
There hangs the slender ladder yet
Where the daring flight was made;
On the water-stair the ooze and wet
Betray where the boat was stayed;

She has fled o'er the main from her gilded chain—
The Princess Parizade.

And shall he bide to face
His master's merciless wrath?
Woe on his soul that waits for grace
In a maddened tyrant's path!
But list! O'er the court's mosaic floor
Creeps one with a panther tread.
Behind the form at the harem door,
With the mournful, low-drooped head,
A dagger bright in the morning light!
And Melik the Black lies dead!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

PAGANINI.

HE shambled awkward on the stage, the while
Across the waiting audience broke a smile.
With clumsy touch when first he drew the bow,
He snapped the string, the audience tittered low.
Again he tries, off flies another string;
With laughter now the circling galleries ring.
Once more, the third string breaks its quivering strands,
And hisses greet the player where he stands,
Alone and calm, his genius unbereft,
One string, and Paganini left,
He plays, the one string's daring notes arise
Against that storm, as if they sought the skies.
A silence falls, then awe, the people bow,
And they who erst had hissed are weeping now,
And when the last notes quivering, died away,
Some shouted "Bravo," some had learned to pray.

THRASYMEDES AND EUNÖE.

WHO will away to Athens with me? Who
Loves choral songs and maidens crowned with
flowers

Unenvious? Mount the pinnace; hoist the sail,
I promise ye, as many as are here,
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me, taste
From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine
Of a low vineyard, or a plant ill-pruned,
But such as anciently the Ægean isles
Poured in libation at their solemn feasts;
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, embost
With no vile figures of loose, languid boors,
But such as gods have lived with and have led.

The sea smiles bright before us. What white sail
Plays yonder? What pursues it? Like two hawks
Away they fly. Let us away in time
To overtake them. Are they menaces
We hear? And shall the strong repulse the weak,
Enraged at her defender? Hippias!
Art thou the man? 'Twas Hippias. He had found
His sister borne from the Cecropion port
By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?
Ask, ask the maiden; I have no reply.

“Brother! O brother Hippias! Oh! if love,
If pity ever touched thy breast, forbear!
Strike not the brave, the gentle, the beloved,
My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone
Protecting his own head and mine from harm.”

“Didst thou not once before,” cried Hippias,
Regardless of his sister, hoarse with wrath
At Thrasymedes, “didst thou not, dog-eyed,
Dare, as she walked up to the Parthenon,
On the most holy of all holy days,
In sight of the city, dare to kiss
Her maiden cheek?”

“Ay, before all the gods!
Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,
Ay, before Aphrodite, before Here,
I dared; and dare again. Arise, my spouse,
Arise! and let my lips quaff purity
From thy fair, open brow.”

The sword was up,
And yet he kissed her twice. Some god withheld
The arm of Hippias; his proud blood seethed slower
And smote his breast less angrily; he laid
His hand on the white shoulder and spoke thus:

“Ye must return with me. A second time
Offended, will our sire Peisistratos
Pardon the affront? Thou shouldst have asked thyself
That question ere the sail first flapped the mast.”

“Already thou hast taken life from me;
Put up thy sword,” said the sad youth, his eyes
Sparkling; but whether love, or rage, or grief
They sparkled with, the gods alone could see.
Peiræus they re-entered, and their ship
Drove up the little waves against the quay,
Whence was thrown out a rope from one above,

And Hippias caught it. From the virgin's waist
Her lover dropped his arm, and blushed to think
He had retained it there, in sight of rude,
Irreverent men; he led her forth, nor spake.
Hippias walked silent too, until they reached
The mansion of Peisistratos, their sire.
Serenely in his sternness did the Prince
Look on them both awhile: they saw not him,
For both had cast their eyes upon the ground.

"Are these the pirates thou hast taken, son?"
Said he. "Worse, father! worse than pirates they
Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse
Thy pardon, thus abuse the sacred rites
Twice over."

"Well hast thou performed thy duty;
Nothing then, rash young man, could turn thy heart
From Eunoe, my daughter?"

"Nothing, sir,
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once,
And love but once. Eunoe! Farewell!"
"Nay, she shall see what thou can'st bear for her."

"O father! Shut me in my chamber; shut me
In my poor mother's tomb, dead or alive,
But never let me see what he can bear; .
I know how much that is when borne for me."

'Not yet: come on. And lag not thou behind,
'Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts!
Before the people, and before the goddess
Thou hast evinced the madness of thy passion,
And now wouldst bear from home and plenteousness
To poverty and exile, this my child."

Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and exclaimed,
"I see my crime ; I saw it not before.
The daughter of Peisistratos was born
Neither for exile nor for poverty,
Ah! nor for me!" He would have wept, but one
Might see him, and weep worse. The Prince unmoved
Strode on, and said, "To-morrow shall the people
All who beheld thy trespasses, behold
The justice of Peisistratos, the love
He bears his daughter, and the reverence
In which he holds the highest law of God."
He spake ; and on the morrow they were one.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE LITTLE BUSY BEES.

I RECENTLY went to a fair given by the Little Busy Bee Missionary Society, of Zion's Hill Church, the object of the fair being to raise a fund for the publication of several million tracts for free distribution among the heathen.

I had bravely paid my quarter and squeezed into the church when I was gleefully seized by a bevy of the female Busy Bees, who hummed around me in the following bewildering manner :

"O Mr. Ray! how good of you to come and help us out. You've brought lots of money to spend, haven't you?"

"O Mr. Ray! you're not going by my stand without buying anything of me, are you? But I won't let you go, indeed I won't. Here's the very buttonhole

bouquet you want. There!" pinning it on to my coat.
"One dollar please."

"O Mr. Ray! you do want this lovely pincushion, I know you do. You must have it. I'll put it in a nice paper for you. Two dollars and a half, please. Oh! thank you! You are just ever and ever so good!"

"Now, Mr. Ray, I think it's just too bad of you to go by my stand without looking at me. But I just won't be treated so. I'm going to make you give ten votes for dear old Deacon Sweet for this lovely afghan. It's twenty-five cents a vote only. Don't you want to make it twenty votes? Mamie Tiptop is working for Deacon Smile, but don't you give her any votes, I want my candidate to win. Twenty votes did you say?"—which I did not say—"Oh! you dear, good man. Thanks!"

"Ah, Mr. Ray, I've caught you at last. I've had my eyes on you ever since you came. I just knew you'd want this exquisite plush case for gentlemen's handkerchiefs, and I put it aside for you. Here it is in a pretty tissue paper. Five dollars, please. Now don't you want something else instead of the change for this ten-dollar bill? I'm going to be real naughty and not give you back a cent of change. Ain't I a wicked, wicked girl?"

"Now, Mr. Ray, I've counted on your coming all the evening to help me out in my efforts to sell more than any of the other girls. I've just lots of things you want, and—"

"O Mr. Ray! do take a chance in this water set; it's real triple plate, and—"

"Come right into the refreshment room, Mr. Ray, I'll wait on you myself."

"Buy my flowers, sir ; only a—"

"O Mr. Ray ! you really must buy—"

"Come and be weighed, Mr. Ray, only five cents—"

"Do come and blow soap bubbles, Mr. Ray, it's ever so much fun, and—"

"Only ten cents a grab—"

"You mustn't go without seeing Rebecca at the well, and—"

"Why, Mr. Ray, come to my stand, and—"

"If you go without coming to my stand, I'll be just awfully cross with you, and—"

I had thirty-five dollars when I went in, and I had to walk home, three miles, because I hadn't money enough to pay my car fare when I got out. I fortunately held on to my watch and chain and my clothes, and saved them from the Little Busy Bees.

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

WE mean to do it. Some day, some day,
We mean to slacken this fevered rush

That is wearing our very souls away,

And grant to our loaded hearts a hush

That is only enough to let them hear

The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh ! never doubt,

When the burden of day-time broil is o'er,

We'll sit and muse while the stars come out,

As the patriarchs sat at the open door

Of their tents, with a heavenward-gazing eye,

To watch for the angels passing by.

We see them afar at high noontide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat;
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry awhile in converse sweet;
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promise our hearts that when the stress
Of our life-work reaches the longed-for close,
When the weight that we groan with hinders less,
We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose
As banishes Care's disturbing din,
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,
When, tired of every mocking quest,
And, broken in spirit, and shorn of strength,
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,
And wait and watch, as the day wanes on—
But the angels we meant to call are gone!

MY DAUGHTER LOUISE.

IN the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
My seat on the sand, and her seat on my knees,
We watch the bright billows, do I and my daughter,
My sweet little daughter Louise.
We wonder what city the pathway of glory,
That broadens away to the limitless West,
Leads up to—she 'minds of her some pretty story,
And says: "To the city that mortals love best."
Then I say: "It must lead to the far-away city,
The beautiful City of Rest."

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
Stand two in the shadow of whispering trees,
And one loves my daughter, my beautiful daughter,
My womanly daughter Louise.
She steps to the boat with a touch of his fingers,
And out on the diamonded pathway they move;
The shallop is lost in the distance; it lingers,
It waits, but I know that its coming will prove
That it went to the walls of that wonderful city,
The magical City of Love.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
I wait for her coming from over the seas;
I wait but to welcome the dust of my daughter,
To weep for my daughter Louise.
The path, as of old, reaching out in its splendor,
Gleams bright, like a way that an angel has trod;
I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender,
Sweet clay, to lie under the pitiless sod;
But she rests at the end of the path, in the city
Whose "builder and maker is God."

HOMER GREENE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND QUEEN
ELIZABETH.

WAN day Rolly was walkin' along the sthree's of
London, turnin' over some new plan for shovel-
lin' in the coin, when what does he see but Eleezabeth,
the Queen of all England, pickin' her steps across the
road.

'Twas a muddy day, an' crossin' sweepers, I'm towld,

worn't invinted in that toime, so Rolly, seein' Her Majesty's shoes wor rather slinder in the soles, an' that the mud was shtickin' to 'em loike wax, rushes over to her, whips off his cloak, an' axes her to make a door-mat of it. Eleezabeth just looked at him for wan moment, an' sure enough, she recognized him.

"Rolly," says she, wipin' her boots on the cloak.

"The same, your Majesty, at your sarvice," says he, kneelin' down on wan knee as if to pick up his cloak, but raley wud the intintion of remindin' Eleezabeth that now was her chance to make a knight of him aisy.

Her Majesty looks at him out undher the corner of her eyes, an' it sthruck her more than ever what a handsome young chap this Rolly was, an' says she to herself:

"He seems a rale coort gintleman, an' maybe I'm doin' wrong in bein' so bittther agen the men"—for you must know Queen Eleezabeth was teetotally opposed to matrimony.

All the single kings in Europe, an' all the princes an' lords at her own Coort 'ud be only too aiger to lade her to the althar; but she wouldn't look at wan of 'em at any proice.

However, this young Rolly tuk her fancy all of a suddint, an' she ups wid her umbrella an' there an' then she hits him a whack of it on the showllder, an' says she, "Rise up, Sir Walther Rolly—an' call a covered car for me!"

So Rolly did as he was towld, an' he didn't forget to pick up his cloak aither.

"Sind that to the wash, and sind the bill to me," says Queen Eleezabeth, "an' I'll see that you gets a new cloak out of the Royal wardrobe, for 'twas a very gintlemanly act to spread it undher the soles of my feet."

"All right, your Majesty," says Rolly, openin' the door of the covered car, an' helpin' her into it.

"Come up to the Coort," says she, "after tay-time, an' I'll have a talk wud you about a job that I think 'ud suit you complately."

"I will," says Rolly, "wud the greatest of pleasure ; an' 'tis much obliged to you I am for makin' a knight of me."

"Don't mention it," says she. An' then the car drew off toward the Palace.

F. M. ALLEN.

VACATION.

THIS is the day, the glorious day,
We hail with acclamation,
For now we'll run and romp and play,
Through all the long vacation.

Ah! won't we have a jolly time,
When free from recitation !
We know there's nothing quite so prime
As summer-time vacation.

And won't the folks at home feel blue,
When comes this immigration,
This romping, rattling, noisy crew
To stay the long vacation !

The teachers, too, will need a rest,
When free from botheration ;

Our conduct hasn't been the best,
Which makes them want vacation.

They will be free from anxious care,
From worry and vexation ;
No tasks they'll give, no frowns will wear,
But smile through all vacation.

And some of them a trip will take,
To see some kind relation,
And stay with them for their dear sake,
Through summer-time vacation.

Our school days soon will have an end ;
And then in life's vocation,
With busy care our time will spend,
And never have vacation.

Then let us live a life of love,
That meets God's approbation,
That we may dwell with Him above,
In one long, grand vacation.

Z. F. RILEY.

THE PERFECT WIFE.

SOMEWHERE in cloudland, but I won't say where,
Once in a year they hold a Fancy Fair ;
Not a mere thing of Pincushions and Raffles ;

Where what you wish your search forever baffles
(Leading you wildly on from A to Z,
Till you take refuge in a cup of tea),
But a real treasure-house of real treasures;
Health, beauty, intellect with all its pleasures;
The painter's pencil and the poet's pen,
The magic art to rule the souls of men;
The soldier's honor and the miser's pelf,
The charm to stay the morning star itself;
All things, in short, our restless natures crave
From the child's cradle to the old man's grave.
The Fair is held in a resplendent hall,
Upheld by cloudy pillars white and tall;
The ceilings blaze with countless starry eyes,
The walls are radiant with the sunset's dyes;
Over the portal glitters this device:
"The gods sell all things but at a fair price."
When I was there not very long ago,
Indeed, like all mankind, I often go,
The place was thronged with buyers.

While I was sauntering 'mong the busy throng,
Watching the bargains as I passed along,
An eager youth shoved by me with a frown,
And in his hurry almost pushed me down;
Then walked he to the counter with an air
As if he meant to purchase half the fair,
And shouted loud enough to call to life
The seven sleepers, "Sir, I want a wife!"
The attendant Genius, calm, and quite at ease,
Simply responded, "Details, if you please."
"A perfect woman, sir, I want of course;

No second best for me in girl or horse ;
Handsome and graceful as a New York belle,
Gentle and lovable, of course, as well ;
Brought up to please, able to play and sing,
Dance, draw, speak French, and all that sort of thing,
Merry and gay, without a trace of wildness,
And a voice distinguished for its mildness,
Learned enough to talk well at the table,
To hold her end of conversation able ;
But never given to romantic flights,
And knowing nothing about Woman's Rights.
A thorough mistress of all household arts ;
The queen of cookery as well as hearts ;
Perfectly versed in pickles and preserves
And never known to speak about her nerves ;
Tender in sickness, cheerful in distress ;
Well, sir, that's just about the thing, I guess."
The Genius watched him while a little smile
Just played about his quiet lips the while,
And when the youth had fairly said his say,
Quietly asked him " What he'd got to pay ?"
" To pay ? Oh ! yes ; I think that the device
Over the doorway mentions a fair price,
But I'll be liberal.

" In the first place, her title as my wife,
And my society for my natural life,
A house upon the outskirts of the town ;
Perhaps in time we may move farther down ;
Once in a while a short trip to the sea,
But not much country, don't agree with me.
During the day she'll have her cares at home,

Properly done there's not much time to roam,
And in the evening while I sit and smoke,
She can sit by and laugh at my last joke ;
As to her fortune, though the papers hold
That every bride should bring her husband gold,
If she is warranted all I've demanded,
I'm ready to receive her empty-handed."
Here the youth paused as if a bit dismayed
At the stupendous goodness he displayed.

"Sir," said the Genius, "to make what you ask,
Has been for centuries the angels' task ;
And how they form that prodigy of art,
And miracle of goodness, woman's heart,
Your German poet tells—that is, in part ;
'And the angels took a drop of dew
Just fallen from the heavenly blue,
And a violet in the valley born
And the first beam of the rosy morn,
And all these they gathered up
And laid them in the lily's cup ;
Added patience nought can move,
And the gentle glow of love.
Then the angels pressed in sighs and fears,
One wish, half a hope, two tears,
Covered all with patience in perfection,
Mild humility and calm dejection ;
Strength to bear fortune, faith if it depart,
And out of all these—made they woman's heart.'
To this divine compound something human
Was wanted to make up the perfect woman,
And what you ask for is a 'perfect wife.'"
"Yes," said the youth, "and warranted for life."

"You ask perfection," said the Genius stern,
And now his eyes like blazing sapphires burn,
"Beauty, health, intellect, devoted love,
The best of earth below, and heaven above:
For this divine gift which you call 'a wife'
You wish to give the worst half of your life,
To hold her like a plaything at your pleasure
And give to her your few brief hours of leisure.
Learn to interpret better our device,
An equal value is the gods' fair price.
-You get from them exactly what you give,
And what you wish in others first must live.
When noble aspirations fire your soul
And courage keeps you steadfast to the goal,
When purity refines the glow of love,
And slightest acts your knightly honor prove;
When you have learned by thousand little ways
To shed a constant sunshine around her days,
When you can give for her a noble life,
Then come and ask me for a perfect wife."

SKIMPSEY.

SKIMPSEY was a jockey, and made his living on the race-track. He had been a stable-boy from the time he was old enough to lead a horse, and now he was eighteen and a full-fledged jockey. Tom Ferrars was his name, but among the jockeys and stable-boys he had been Skimpsey ever since his father died and Tom had taken to saving money.

Skimpsey's father had been a trainer of race-horses, and finally attained an official position on the race-track. Dying suddenly, it was discovered that he had robbed the club of over five thousand dollars, and to make up this deficiency, to restore honor to his dead father's name, and to his own, Skimpsey, with his mother's assistance, was working industriously. The sum at first seemed to these two poor people enormous, but the earnings of a good jockey are surprisingly large, and now the money lay in a savings bank on Broadway, short only eight hundred dollars.

And so Skimpsey whistled cheerily as he thought of his mother, and how glad she would be when the debt was paid. She need not sew any longer, then, for he could earn money enough to support them both easily. He would find her a pleasanter home than that miserable flat, and he would buy her a green velvet coat like Mrs. Hinton, the trainer's wife, wore. His thoughts were interrupted by "Here he is!" and Mr. Hinton, the trainer, said, "Ferrars, here's Mr. Melville, who wants you to ride Maid Marian in the Seaside Stakes."

"What, me?"

"Yes. It's fifty dollars to ride, and two hundred and fifty if you win; and you're to ride to win. Get well off and stay near the front till the last turn, and then let her out for all she is worth. Now's the time, Skimpsey, to make a reputation for yourself"

Skimpsey's blue eyes fairly danced for joy at the prospect. How his mother would bless him if he could only put two hundred and fifty dollars into her hand!

Meanwhile Maid Marian, a superb chestnut filly, was being led around the saddling paddock; and Skimpsey,

in Mr. Melville's colors, with the saddle on his arm, felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and, looking up, he recognized Cripps the book-maker.

"Hello, Skimpsey! I see you're going to ride Maid Marian!"

"Yes."

"To win?"

"Yes."

"Well, Skimpsey, keep dark on this. You like money, and you'll make some by winning; but mind this, Skimpsey, it'll hit me hard if you do. You'll make a cool thou-and if you lose. Understand?"

Yes, Skimpsey understood. He knew too much about the race-track and its darker methods not to do so; but before he could find a voice in which to reply, the book-maker had gone, and the trumpet had sounded to call the horses to the post.

The trainer took Maid Marian by the head and led her out to the track.

"Remember, Skimpsey," he said, "let her out early, and ride to win."

Skimpsey knotted the reins and sat as proudly in the saddle as any knight entering the lists. His freckled face was growing as red as his hair, and his blue eyes shone with excitement. Then for an instant he remembered the words of the book-maker. "A thousand dollars!" More than enough to make the coveted five thousand! He need not pull the mare, only keep her from shooting her bolt at the right moment. It would be set down to a misconception of his orders, and that would be the end of it. Only for a moment, however, was he tempted, and then he scorned the idea. Putting

Maid Marian into a canter he soon ranged with the other horses at the starting post.

After several unsuccessful attempts to get the horses off, the flag fell to a beautiful start, Maid Marian running easily at third place. Down past the grand stand they came, the favorite, a big bay, still leading, and Maid Marian third as before. At the third time the Maid had moved up to a second place, and it was almost time for her to make her coup. Skimpsey knew this, but for an instant again Cripp's thousand dollars came into his mind. For a few seconds, that seemed hours to poor Skimpsey, the temptation struggled with his better nature. In that brief period he thought of his mother, the green coat, the silver chain, and the beaver hat, and then suddenly, when he had fought down the temptation, he found it was too late to send the Maid ahead according to orders.

For the favorite and another horse were already two lengths ahead and contesting almost neck and neck for the victory. Then Skimpsey's conscience smote him with awful force, and he settled down into the saddle to ride—to ride as he never rode before, as never jockey rode before. Hoping against hope he pushed his noble mount on; slowly, oh! so very slowly, he crept up to the leaders. They had passed the last furlong post and were nearing the winning point, and the Maid had only managed to get her nose abreast of the favorite's saddle-girth. One more supreme effort of the noble brute. One more endeavor and an unuttered prayer from the lucky little rider, and they had passed the judge's stand with Maid Marian ahead by the barest of noses.

A mighty shout went up from the multitude, which

died, however, instantly. Maid Marian had fallen a few strides from the post. There was a cloud of dust as the other horses passed, and when it arose Maid Marian had struggled to her feet and galloped off, but Skimpsey, Skimpsey with his little hand tightly clutching his whip, and his face as white as death, lay still and quiet on the dusty track.

His heart was still beating, and presently he opened his blue eyes and looked up at the doctor.

"I won, didn't I?"

"Yes, yes, my boy! but—"

'Oh! I know, I'm dyin'; send the money to mother. I am sorry to leave her. I didn't pull the mare; I came near it but I won.'

The last race was over, and the people hurried away from the track in the trains, in carriages, on foot, all bound for home. Standing about a humble cot in the rude wooden quarters stood, with heads uncovered, half a dozen rough fellows, subdued in the awful presence of Death. For Skimpsey too had left the track and gone home.

ALFRED STODDART.

KISSED HIS MOTHER.

SHE sat on the porch in the sunshine.
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom-sweet,
Making me think of a garden
Where, in spite of frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late fragrant lilies grow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And a sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful, and brave, and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on
When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look ;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will—
A face with a promise in it
That God grant the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing ;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.

"Back again, sweetheart mother !"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on ;
I hold that this is true ;
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.

Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
Since time and earth began,
And the boy who kissed his mother
Is every inch a man !

EBEN E. REXFORD.



1'
PART TH^{II}IRD.



BEST SELECTIONS

FOR READINGS AND RECITATIONS

NUMBER 21

SIR HUGO'S CHOICE.

IT is better to die, since death comes surely,
In the full noon-tide of an honored name,
Than to lie at the end of years obscurely,
A handful of dust in a shroud of shame.

* * * * *

Sir Hugo lived in the ages golden,
Warder of Aisne and Picardy;
He lived and died, and his deeds are told in
The Book immortal of Chivalrie:

How he won the love of a prince's daughter—
A poor knight he, with a stainless sword—
Whereat Count Rolf, who had vainly sought her,
Swore death should sit at the bridal board.

“A braggart's threat, for a brave man's scorning!”
And Hugo laughed at his rival's ire;
But couriers twain, on the bridal morning,
To his castle gate came with tidings dire.

The first a-faint and with armor riven:
“In peril sore I have left thy bride—
False Rolf waylaid us. For love and Heaven!
Sir Hugo, quick to the rescue ride!”

Stout Hugo muttered a word unholy ;
He sprang to horse and he flashed his brand,
But a hand was laid on his bridle slowly,
And a herald spoke : " By the king's command,

" This to Picardy's trusted warder—
France calls first for his loyal sword,
The Flemish spears are across the border,
And all is lost if they win the ford."

Sir Hugo paused, and his face was ashen,
His white lips trembled in silent prayer—
God's pity soften the spirit's passion
When the crucifixion of Love is there !

What need to tell of the message spoken ?
Of the hand that shook as he poised his lance ?
And the look that told of his brave heart broken,
As he bade them follow, " For God and France !"

On Cambray's field next morn they found him,
'Mid a mighty swath of foemen dead ;
Her snow-white scarf he had bound around him
With his loyal blood was baptized red.

It is all writ down in the book of glory,
On crimson pages of blood and strife,
With scanty thought for the simple story
Of duty dearer than love or life.

Only a note obscure, appended
By a warrior, scribe, or priest, perchance,

Saith: "The good knight's ladye was sore offended
That he would not die for her, but France."

Did the lady live to lament her lover?
Or did roystering Rolf prove a better mate?
I have searched the records over and over,
But naught discover to tell her fate.

And I read the moral—A brave endeavor
To do thy duty, whate'er its worth,
Is better than life with love forever—
And love is the sweetest thing on earth.

J. J. ROCHE.

A FANTASY.

IT was night in the great city, and Pleasure was restless on the streets.

It went into the theatre, and the house was ringing with laughter, and the players on the stage were brilliant, and there was mirth in the music, but there was the shadow of unrest, and the flute notes were harsh.

It went into the gilded halls of vice, where sounds of revelry filled the air, but the wine was bitter and the silks were worn.

It went into the richly-appointed club-room, where the viands were costly and the service of silver and gold, but the atmosphere was oppressive, and the talk of men was wearisome.

It went into the dinner-table of the merchant

prince, where the great of the earth sat down to the feast, but the glitter of lights and the flash of jewels burned the eyes.

It went to the grand dancing chamber of the palace, where beauty and youth in bewildering splendor moved to the sensuous strains of the waltz, where the odors of flowers swept in upon the dancers, where the merry laugh rippled in and out among the throng, and where roguish eyes and rosy lips played hide and seek with the hearts of men, but the ghost of disquiet haunted the place and flitted about the lights and dimmed them.

It went out into the night and looked up to the dark blue arch of the sky and a child's voice fell upon its ears, and it was pitiful in its want.

It followed the child to its awful home of poverty and sickness and desolation, and it gave of all it had, and spoke in cheering words, and the child said: "It is not yet morning, but the sun is shining."

And Pleasure went out into the night again, and Peace walked with it beneath the silent stars.

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

AN UNCERTAIN PLEDGE.

HIS arms, with strong and firm embrace,
Her dainty form enfold,
And she had blushed her sweet consent,
When he his story told.

"And do you swear to keep your troth?"

She asked with loving air;
He gazed into her upturned face,
"Yes, by yon elm, I swear."

A year passed by, his love grew cold,
Of his heart she'd lost the helm;
She blamed his fault, but the fact was this—
The tree was slippery elm.

YALE RECORD.

AN OLD VOTE FOR "YOUNG MARSTER."

WHAT! up for de Senate? dat chile!
I 'member de day he was bo'n;
Fa'r in de face, like his mudder,
Ha'r like de silk o' de co'n.

You minded him, Judy; our Reuben,
Dick's Peter, old Trip, and King Lear
(De berry best hounds in Virginny),
And him, was all pups de same year.

And you don't rickelect Lear, Judy? You is losin'
o' your mind! Why, Oberseer Johnson shot dat dog
in co'n-shuckin' time, de same year Betsy Ann and
Steben had de hoopin' cough, for runnin' arter sheep.
I 'spicioned two other dogs myself, but howsomever,

Lear he got shot, anyway;
And I'm gwine to dem poles at dat 'lection,
And vote for young marster to-day.

Nigh upon forty, is he?
And well-growed for his age, I must say;
I went froo de wars as his butler,
And I'll be sebenty in May.

"Bill, look arter my boy," sez ole marster,
"When de shells come a-fizzin' aroun'."

I fotched de boy home from dem battles,
But ole marster was under de groun'.

I helped him to make his fust har'-trap,
And squir'ls we cotched more'n enuff;

De walls o' my cabin was kivered
Wid coon-skins and sech a like stuff.

What's come o' all de har's dese days? Dese 'fernal
new-issue free niggers is too lazy to cotch har's. Dey
flops 'round arter politicks and sech trash, and leffs
der proper bizness ondone. 'Taint no horns blowed
at de crack o' day neither, and times is gone backwed,
and t'ings aint like dey used to was noway.

Ole marster was good to us chillen;
Work, work in de 'bacca and corn,
But cake-bread at harvest and Christmas,
And whisky, as sure as you're born.

Den, in de summer-time, loads o' mush and water-
millions was dumped out for de head man (and dat's
me) for to 'stribute; and ebery't'ing floatin' in meat-
gravy, and hot ash-cake and buttermilk. Sweet
'taters long as my arm, tharabouts. A mile o' nigger
cabins, and de crows had to rest twice 'fore dey'd fly
crost de corn-field.

Dem was times!

Mist'ess was one o' de Hortons,
From de place dey called "Wanderin' Brook";
She never gin us cross questions
Nor a catabias look.
Died when our Mose had de measles,
Wid a' angel look on her face.
Owned de best farm in King William,
Scuzin' de ole home place.

Ole miss' patterns for cuttin' out de field-han's clo's
didn't used to always zackly fit. Sometimes a little
no 'count or'nary nigger would have his coat-tails
fa'rly sweepin' de groun', and his breeches gallussed
up under his shoulder-blades to keep from tramplin'
on 'em; but dat come o' de nigger's own fault in
bein' onproperly growed, and de clo's was sho' to be
strong and warm. Dem was times wuth libin' in,
dem was!

Git out de shirt-front, Judy,
Wid de buzzom a-shinin' like snow,
And see dat de collar am stiffened
And look like it come from de sto'.

Niggers don't do de i'ning dese days like dey had
oughter. When I druv ole miss' kerridge, I'se been
had my ears to f'ar bleed from de sawin' o' de stiff-
starched collar. Nowadays de corner eends flops
ober in no time like a wilted 'bacca plant.

Jes' lay out my blue Sunday breeches,
De swaller-tail coat and crivat,

Dat wesket my ole marse gint me,
And slick up de black beaver-hat.

Lord! dat velvet weskit! I 'member when ole marse flung it to me, as plain as ef 'twas yistiddy. He was 'ginnin' to git right smart portly, ole marster was, and he was a-dressin' to go to de dinner-party at Gen'l Randuff's, and he squeez hisself up and couldn't button it no way; and he laffed, and sez he, "Here, Bill, put dat on, and han' me de brown flowered satin."

Jake! Bob! you triflin' little niggers,
Fetch my fa'-topped boots dis way,
And de bresh wid some rosin and toller
And gib 'em a greazin', I say.

Dem dar boots! I gint Tim Cobbler, what's dead and gone nineteen year come next Whitsuntide, nine dollar and sebenty-four cent' for dem fa'-topped boots. Tim was a marster han' on criers, Tim was, and dem boots creaked tell you could hear 'em from de kitchen to de barn; and ole miss couldn't abide 'em, so I darsn't w'ar 'em in hearin' distance o' de house. Dem boots will creak now, ef I wuk my foot properly, from eend to eend.

De trial o' my life was dat I couldn't git on ole mars' ole boots nohow, dough I'd 'a' parted wid a inch o' heel and two or free toes to do it; and dat no 'count nigger Harry would slip 'em on right under my nose. I could walk jest like ole mars'; I hilt my head gran' like up in de a'r; and, Lord! ef you'd 'a'

come up behin' and heerd me fling 'bacco-juice,
you'd 'a' swarred out 'twas ole mars' his own self.
Haw! haw!! haw!!!

Dem was times, I say;
And I'm a-gwine to dem poles,
And 'lect my young marster to-day.

De bottle o' 'intment, Judy,
And rub it on well in de j'int's;
Dey say Bill is "rusty" and "ign'ant"
On all de political "p'int's."

And Steben, Steben—dat or'nary cuss Steben, o'
Tildy Ann Spooner's, whar wouldn't 'a' fotch leben
hund'ed at his best day—dat 'dential black nigger
Steben, he come and sot me by de bedside and argy-
fied and jawed me to vote ag'inst my own white
folks for de sake o' some po' white trash whar had
gint him two dollar and nineteen cent. Ebenezer
Dubble! neffy o' one o' ole mars' oberseers. I
knowed de ginerations o' him soon as I heerd de
name. Lived at dat Sandyside trac' o' lan', whar de
sorrel am so po' it takes two birds for to say kildee.
One calls out "Kill," and t'other say "Dee!" Haw!
haw! And when dey sot in to totin' rocks off de
land', dey had to stop, on account o' totin' off de face
o' de yearth. Haw! haw!

Howsomever, I retched under de bed for de boot-
jack, and 'lowed I'd 'a' riz up and gin Steben nine-
and-forty ef I hadn't 'a' be'n so stiff sot in de j'int's
wid dis plaguey rheumatiz. Ugh! ugh!

But at last I druv him away,
For he seed what ole Bill meant ;
And 'stead o' young marse for de Senate,
I'll 'lect him for President.

EVA M. DE JARNETTE.

CHILD AND MOTHER.

O MOTHER-My-Love, if you'll give me your hand,
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land,
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder,
We'll walk in a sweet posie garden out there,
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little, tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you ;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you ;
For I'll rock you away on a silver dew stream
And sing you to sleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead,
A song which our dreamland shall soften.

So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we'll wander.
Away through the mist to the beautiful land,
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE FLAG AT SHENANDOAH.

THE tented field wore a wrinkled frown,
And the emptied church from the field looked
down
On the emptied road and the emptied town,
That summer Sunday morning.

And here was the blue, and there was the gray;
And a wide green valley rolled away
Between where the battling armies lay,
That sacred Sunday morning.

And Custer sat, with impatient will,
His restless steed, 'mid his troopers still
As he watched with glass from the oak-set hill,
That silent Sunday morning.

Then fast he began to chafe and fret;
"There's a battle flag on a bayonet
Too close to my own true soldiers set
For peace this Sunday morning!"

"Ride over, some one," he haughtily said,
"And bring it to me! Why, in bars blood-red

And in stars I will stain it, and overhead
Will flaunt it this Sunday morning!"

Then a West-born lad, pale-faced and slim,
Rode out, and touching his cap to him,
Swept down, as swift as the swallows swim,
That anxious Sunday morning.

On, on through the valley! up, up, anywhere!
That pale-faced lad like a bird through the air,
Kept on till he climbed to the banner there
That bravest Sunday morning!

And he caught up the flag, and around his waist
He wound it tight, and he turned in haste,
And swift his perilous route retraced
That daring Sunday morning.

All honor and praise to the trusty steed!
Ah! boy, and banner, and all God speed!
God's pity for you in your hour of need
This deadly Sunday morning.

O, deadly shot! and O, shower of lead!
O, iron rain on the brave bare head!
Why, even the leaves from the tree fall dead
This dreadful Sunday morning!

But he gains the oaks! Men cheer in their might!
Brave Custer is weeping in his delight!
Why, he is embracing the boy outright
This glorious Sunday morning!

But soft ! Not a word has the pale boy said.
He unwinds the flag. It is starred, striped, red
With his heart's best blood ; and he falls down
 dead,
In God's still Sunday morning.

So, wrap his flag to his soldier's breast ;
Into stars and stripes it is stained and blest ;
And under the oaks let him rest and rest
Till God's great Sunday morning.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

BECAUSE.

I SIT upon the mountain-top,
 I breathe the summer air,
I sit upon the mountain-top—
 Because—I have no chair.

A sweet girl sits beside me,
 The reason is implied,
The sweet girl sits beside me—
 Because—I'm by her side.

I ask her if she loves me
 Better than all her beaux ;
I ask her if she loves me—
 Because—I know she knows.

She says she will not tell me,
 And as I rise to go,

She says she will not tell me—
Because—she knows I know.

Oh! please now leave us quickly,
Do not hesitate or pause;
Oh! please now leave us quickly!
Because—well—just because!

INFLUENCE AFTER DEATH.

WE die, but we leave an influence behind us that survives. The sun sets behind the western hills; but the trail of light he leaves behind him guides the pilgrim to his distant home. The tree falls in the forest; but in the lapse of ages it is turned into coal, and our fires burn now the brighter because it grew and fell. The coral insect dies; but the reef it raised breaks the surges on the shores of a great continent, or has formed an isle in the bosom of the ocean, to wave with harvests for the good of man. We live, and we die; but the good or evil that we do lives after us, and is not "buried with our bones." Mohammed still lives in his practical and disastrous influence in the East. Napoleon still is France, and France is almost Napoleon. Martin Luther's dead dust sleeps at Wittenberg; but Martin Luther's accents still ring through the churches of Christendom. Shakespeare, Byron, Milton, all live in their influence for good or evil. The apostle from his pulpit, the martyr from his flame-shroud, the

statesman from his cabinet, the soldier in the field, the sailor on the deck, all who have passed away to their graves—still live in the practical deeds they did, in the lives they lived, and in the powerful lessons they left behind them. “None of us liveth to himself;” others are affected by that life, or “dieth to himself;” others are interested in that death. The king’s crown may molder; but he that wore it will act upon the ages yet to come. Dignity, and rank, and riches, are all corruptible and worthless; but moral character has an immortality that no sword-point can destroy—that ever walks the world and leaves lasting influences behind. What we do is transacted on a stage of which all the universe are spectators. What we say is transmitted in echoes that will never cease.

JOHN CUMMING.

TEARS.

THERE’S sumpen in a woman’s tears that makes
you wanten, sorter
Come close up to her like, and tho’ perhaps you
hadn’t orter,
And lest you’re gray and married—better not, I’m
here to tell you—
Just put your arm around her waist and tech her
chin, and—well—you—
You dam the streams uv cryin’ up with little chunks
uv kisses,

For women folks they live on love, both mistresses
and misses.

There's sumpen in the children's tears that makes you
wanter pet 'em,
And—tho' it spiles 'em ever' time—jest shet your
eyes and let 'em
Do what they dog-gone please, for recollect their little
troubles
To them are bigger'n meetin' houses; ours aint no
more nor bubbles
That float along the river Life, and we air only
ripples
A runnin' to the shore and dyin'—ripples chasin'
ripples.

There's sumpen in man's tears that chokes up all the
forms and speeches
Uv sympathy. Your dumb heart aches and vainly
it beseeches
A sign or sound to voice its love. Uncover! stand!
and listen!
That sob unstrung a chord that can't be mended.
Tear-drops glisten?
The light uv joy is flickerin' out. Don't speak.
There's no use tryin'
To comfort him. He'd ruther be alone with God and
cryin'.

CLARENCE N. OUSLEY.

BILL SMITH.

IT appears that a gentleman by the name of Smith had recently moved into the house adjoining the one occupied by Mr. Brown, and a few days thereafter Mr. Brown's boy meets a reporter and gives to him his impression of Mr. Smith's boy, a lad about twelve years of age:

"Yes, me and Bill are right well acquainted now. He's older than I am, and he's had more experience. Why, Bill said his father used to be a robber. [Mr. Smith, by the way, is an elder in the Presbyterian church, and a very excellent lawyer.] And that he's got ten millions of dollars in gold buried in his cellar along with a lot of human bones—people he's killed. And he says his father is a conjurer, and that he makes all the earthquakes that happen in the world. Why, sometimes the old man will come home after there has been an earthquake, all covered with sweat, and so tired he can hardly stand. Bill says it is such hard work. And he told me that once when a man come there trying to sell lightning-rods his father got mad and eat him right up. That's what Bill tells me, and that's all I know about it. And he told me that once he had a dog; one of these little kinds of dogs, and he was flying his kite, and just for fun he tied the kite-string to the dog's tail, and the dog went a-booming down the street for about a mile with his hind legs in the air, and by and by the wind struck her and the kite commenced going up,

and in one minute the dog was fifteen miles high, and commanding a view of California, and Egypt, and Oshkosh. I think Bill said Oshkosh. Anyway, I know he came down in Brazil. And he swam all the way home in the Atlantic Ocean, and when he landed his legs were all nibbled off by the sharks. I wish father would buy me a dog so that I could send him up that way. But I never have no luck. Why, Bill was a-telling me that where he used to live he went out on the roof one day to fly his kite, and he sit down on the chimney to give her plenty of room, and while he was a-sitting there thinking about nothing, the old man put a keg of gunpowder in the fire-place to clean out the chimney. And when he touched her off Bill was blowed out against the Baptist church steeple, and he caught on the weather-cock with his pants all torn. And they couldn't get him down for three days. And he stayed up there, going round and round with the wind; and he lived by eating the crows that come and pitched on him, thinking he was made out of sheet-iron, and put up there on purpose. Oh! he has had more fun than enough, Bill has. Why, he was telling me yesterday about a sausage-stuffer his brother invented. One of these kind of machines that works with a treadle. And Bill said that the way he used to do in the fall was to tie the machine to the hog's back and connect the treadle with a string and the hog would work the machine up and down his back till it cut the hog all up fine and shoved the meat in the skin. And Bill said his brother called it, 'every hog his own stuffer,'

and it worked splendid.' But I don't know. It seems to me that there could be no machine like that. Anyway, Bill says so. And he told me that the Indians caught him once, and they drove eleven railroad spikes right through his stomach and cut off his scalp, and it didn't hurt him a bit. And Bill said the way he got out was by the chief's daughter sneaking him out of the wigwam and lending him a horse, and Bill said she was in love with him. And when I asked him to show me the holes where them spikes went through, he said he dasn't pull off his clothes, as he'd bleed to death; said his own father didn't know it, 'cause he was afraid it might worry the old man. And Bill said they aint going to get him to go to Sunday-school, 'cause he's got a brass idol up in the garret, and he's going to turn pagan just as soon as warm weather comes, and carry a tomahawk and wear bows and arrows. And to prove it to me he told me he had this whole town underlaid with dynamite, and when he gets ready he's going to blow the whole thing out, and bust her up, and demolish her and let her rip. And he told me not to tell anybody, but I didn't think it would make any difference if I told you. And now, I guess I must be a-going, I hear Bill whistling; maybe he's got something else to tell me."

MAX ADLER.

A LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

IT'S strange how little boys' mothers
Can find it all out as they do,
If a fellow does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true!
They'll look at you just for a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells!

Now, where the little bird comes from,
Or where the little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of crows;
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven's,
Or clear as the ringing bells,
I know not; but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked,
The moment you do a thing bad,
Or angry, or sullen, or hateful,
Get ugly, or stupid, or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister—
That instant your sentence he knells,
And the whole to mamma in a minute
That little bird tells

You may be in the depths of the closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse;

You may be all alone in a cellar,
You may be on top of the house;
You may be in the dark and in the silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter! Wherever it happens,
The little bird tells!

And the only contrivance to stop him
Is just to be sure what to say—
Sure of your facts and your fancies,
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then you can laugh at the stories
The little birds tell!

HER PERFECT LOVER.

“I HAD a lover once,” she sighed;
“Yes, just before I married you,
Who listened when I spoke and tried
To answer all my questions, too.

“So courteous and so kind—so good!
He’d never think a man could be
As thoughtless and, indeed, as rude
As you too often are to me.

“The jewel of my love once won,
He used to swear could ne’er grow dim,
He would not dream that any one
Could whistle when I spoke to him!

“If he had faults he kept them hid.

I should have married him? Yes; true,
And that’s exactly what I did.

My perfect lover, sir, was—you!”

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

THE DEACON’S DOWNFALL.

NOW the deacon maintained stoutly, and with
energy and vim,

That the good old-fashioned music was quite fine
enough for him.

And when he heard the people unexpectedly one
day

Discussing Easter music in a modern sort of way,
The deacon never said a word, but sat around and
thought

That ’twas mighty wicked business for a solo to be
bought.

And furthermore the deacon, when approached upon
this point,

Declared that such a circus thing would put him out
of joint.

’Twas well enough, he said, to let the Gloria be sung
In as many different ways as were admitted by a
lung;

But when they got some woman with a high-strung
pitchy voice

To warble the Te Deum, why, not much ! it warn't
his choice ;
And as for paying some one for the privilege to sing,
Before nor since he never heard of such a fearful
thing.

Though the deacon was a power in the church, he
wasn't proof
Against the band of ladies who proposed to raise the
roof
By the modern innovation of a singer who was paid.
So the singer came. She proved to be a modest
little maid,
And though she wasn't pretty, and her figure was
too small
When she started up her singing, why she kept on
growing tall,
And your feelings as you listened would begin to stir
and stir
Until you'd make unconsciously an angel out of her.

Now the deacon was quite dubious right up to Easter
day,
And seriously thought that he had better stay away ;
But finally he changed his mind, and sat up in his
pew,
Determined not to listen to the singer that was new.
But when the first notes pierced the air the deacon
twitched an eye,
And when the singer's voice grew sad the deacon
heaved a sigh,

And when she held her voice up high for twenty seconds more,

The deacon put both feet right down upon the old church floor.

* * * * *

And now the modern singer with her cultivated trill,

Has had her wages doubled—and the deacon pays the bill.

LANSING.

THE UNEXPECTED.

COME, listen, little boys and girls,
While I a tale relate
About a little boy named Tom,
Whose age was almost eight.

Tom was a headstrong kind of boy,
Who thought it jolly fun
To scare his mother half to death
By blowing in a gun.

One day a stranger came that way,
As strangers oft had done;
But this one left behind the door
A double-barrel gun.

“Ha! ha!” quoth Tom, the naughty boy,
“I never saw one such;
If single barrels make such sport,
This should make twice as much.”

So Tommie took the double gun
 Straight to his mother fast;
 "It isn't loaded, Maw," he yelled,
 And blew a mighty blast.

* * * * *

And Tommie! Where is Tommie now?
 A halo 'round his head?
 Not much. It wasn't loaded, just
 As little Tommie said.

WILL. J. LAMPTON.

THAR WAS JIM.

WILDEST boy in all the village,
 Up to every wicked lark,
 Happy at a chance to pillage
 Melon patches in the dark.
 Seemed a 'tarnal mischief-breeder,
 Fur in every wicked whim
 Put your hand upon the leader—
 Thar was Jim.

He was eighteen w'en the summons
 Come for Union volunteers,
 An' the finנים an' the drummins,
 An' the paterotic cheers
 Made us with excitement dance, sir,
 Even ol' men, staid an' prim,
 An' among the fust to answer,
 Thar was Jim.

One day w'en the Gin'ral wanted
Volunteers to charge a place
Whar the rebel banner flaunted
Imperdently in our face,
Seemed as though the cannon's bellers
Had no skeerishness for him,
Fur among the foremost fellers,
Thar was Jim.

How we cheered 'em at the startin',
On the fearful charge they made,
• Though it seemed that death was sartin
In that orful ambuscade.
Once the smoke riz up, a-showin'
Them as up the hill they clim,
An' ahead, an' still agoin',
Thar was Jim.

"Git thar?" Wall, yer jest a-screamin',
Nothin' could a-stopped them men,
Each one seemed a howlin' demon
Chargin' on a fiery den.
Purty tough w'en next I found him,
Fur with face all black an' grim,
Dead, with dead men all around him,
Thar was Jim.

Friend o' mine? I reckon, sorter;
Met him first one winter night.
Lord! but wasn't that storm a snorter,
W'en I went fur Dr. White.

W'en I heard my wife a-pleadin'
Me to come an' look at him,
Layin' in her arms a-feedin',
Thar was Jim.

J. CRAWFORD.

OVERBOARD !

IT was a wild and wintry Sunday morning in mid-ocean, a gale blowing and a high sea running.

"From lightning and tempest, from pestilence and famine; from battle and murder and from sudden death—" read the chaplain.

But the response never came; for at that moment the engines, which had throbbed ceaselessly since leaving port, stopped short. A moment of bewilderment. Had the machinery broken? Were we sinking? Every one rushed for the deck. As we reached it we heard the cry, "Man overboard!"

We stood, awestruck and useless, huddled together by the companion-way. The black sky hung so low that it almost touched us. There was a tempestuous wash of great green waves around us. Our eyes smarted with the blinding salt spray; our feet slipped on the ice-coated deck. No one spoke; eyes were strained and hearts had almost stopped beating. A wall of green water was approaching, looming high above us, awful in size and force. Then we were lifted in mid-air. For an instant we were poised on the crest of the water-mountain, and below us,

deep down, yawned an abyss, and at the bottom of the abyss we saw a bit of yellow tarpaulin, and out of the hollowed water a man's hand raised toward us. They threw life-preservers, but none of them reached him. One of the men tore off boots and coat, made a rope fast about his waist, and jumped on to the rail, but the captain ordered him down. Meanwhile the first mate and a volunteer crew had lowered the life-boat. As it touched the water it was crushed against the side of the ship, and immediately the order was given to hoist it up.

"Do you see him?" shouted the captain to the lookout.

"Nary, sir," came the mournful answer.

The captain's face, which we had seen an hour before jovial and hearty, looked ten years older—haggard and worn. "Ring the engineers to get under way," he said hoarsely.

Sadly we turned and went below. The chaplain opened his prayer-book again, but at another place, and read:

"I am the resurrection and the life——"

EDITH ELMER.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

MAVOURNEEN, swate isle,
I am lonely widout thee;
I sigh for one glance
Of ver calm sky av blue;

Shure I niver had cause
One small moment to doubt thee,
An' when I'm not thinking
I'm dhreamin' av ye.

Then give me the harp, shure,
I'll sing "Old Killarney,"
"Kathleen Mavourneen,"
And "Noreen Maureen."
And while I'm confessin'
My love I'm expressin',
I'm praisin' St. Patrick
An' wearin' the green.

'Tis many long years
Since I saw thee, me darlint,
And many long years ere
I'll see thee agin.
But shure, love, I'm pressin'
The shamrock ye gave me,
And askin' the good saint
To kape me from sin.

Then I'll take up me harp,
An' wake out "Killarney,"
"Kathleen Mavourneen,"
And "Noreen Maureen."
Shure while I'm confessin'
My love I'm expressin',
I'm praisin' St. Patrick,
An' wearin' the green.

BEN KING.

WHEN SHOULD A GIRL MARRY.

WHEN should a girl marry?
I asked her one night,
With her orbs, dark and starry,
All brimming with light.

In youth, sweetly tender,
Like a rosebud half blown?
Or when womanhood's splendor
Encircles love's throne?

Pray tell me, my dearest,
My heart shall obey;
And wed the one nearest
The age that you say.

She answered me, "Freddy, dear,
Pardon my fun!
But she's fit, I think, any year
———After she's won."

J. R. PARKE.

THE WORLD'S VERDICT.

THE drops of water slung across the camel's back
Had leaked, and all the day upon the desert
sands
The water, drop by drop, had fallen, till at last
The skins were well-nigh drained, and that which
still remained

When gathered in the cup of gold made fewer drops
Than there were jewels bordering the goblet's bowl.

The brother pilgrims, who together sought the shrine
Of holy Ali's martyred sons, at Maggrib, saw
The ruin which the day had brought into their lives,
And each one looked the other steadfast in the eye.
Each saw the shadow of the wings of Azrael,
Yet for a moment neither spoke, save in low prayer,
And then the elder whispered, "Brother, drink, and
peace and life be thine."

The other answered, "God is God.
It is the prophet's will—drink thou."

Thus argued they
Until El Marfa, and they laid them down to rest,
The cup between, and each held out his hand to
push
The goblet with its precious drops of life away.

It was El Ghadda when they waked. The burning
sun

Had been on high four hours, and within that time
Had dried the water up. When this the brothers
saw,

They bowed in prayer, and rising, loosed their beasts,
And bade them wander where they would. Then,
sick and faint,

They laid them down again, and in their dreams of
thirst

The cup o'erflowed with crystal water which each
gave
Unto his brother.

When again the red sun set
They passed into the Garden of the Faithful Ones.

Next day a caravan passed by that spot, and saw
The brothers lying with their hands stretched out as
though

To grasp the golden cup, each still in death's embrace.

And one long bearded sheik, whose hair was white
with age,

Picked up the cup, noted the studding gems, and
sighed,

Questioning the greed by which man was made to
give

Up life, and all life held, for one small bit of gold.

And then the caravan passed on again.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

A PUZZLE.

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OLD Nathan was out in the garden
One beautiful flower-sweet day,
When Dorothy, golden-haired maiden,
Came pensively wand'ring that way.
"And isn't this very fine weather?
I never saw finer," said he,
But she made reply, "Why, I think it
As cheerless a morn as could be."

“As cheerless!” repeated old Nathan,
Half in doubt if he’d heard her right.
Then he muttered, “She’s daft,” for he knew not
She had quarreled with Robert last night.

The day was departing ; its sunshine
Had vanished ; the wind whistled shrill ;
The birds hurried home to their nestlings,
And the air grew quite heavy and chill.
The gardener hastened to shelter
His tender young plants, when again
Dolly passed him—this time with light footsteps—
And she called in the merriest strain,
“Oh ! isn’t the weather just lovely ?”
While her face fairly shone through the mist.
“She’s daft,” said old Nathan—he knew not
The lovers had met and had kissed.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

THE HOME CONCERT.

WELL, Tom, my boy, I must say good-bye,
I’ve had a wonderful visit here ;
Enjoyed it, too, as well as I could
Away from all that my heart holds dear.
Maybe I’ve been a trifle rough—
A little awkward your wife would say—
And very likely I’ve missed the hint
Of your city polish day by day.

But somehow, Tom, though the same old roof
Sheltered us both when we were boys,
And the same dear mother-love watched us both,
Sharing our childish griefs and joys,
Yet you are almost a stranger now ;
Your ways and mine are as far apart
As though we had never thrown an arm
About each other with loving heart.

Your city home is a palace, Tom ;
Your wife and children are fair to see ;
You couldn't breathe in the little cot,
The little home that belongs to me.
And I am lost in your grand, large house,
And dazed with the wealth on every side,
And I hardly know my brother, Tom,
In the midst of so much stately pride.

Yes, the concert was grand last night.
The singing splendid ; but, do you know,
My heart kept longing, the evening through,
For another concert, so sweet and low
That maybe it wouldn't please the ear
Of one so cultured and grand as you ;
But to its music—laugh if you will—
My heart and thoughts must ever be true.

I shut my eyes in the hall last night
(For the clash of the music wearied me),
And close to my heart this vision came—
The same sweet picture I always see :

In the vine-clad porch of a cottage home,
Half in shadow and half in sun,
A mother chanting her lullaby,
Rocking to rest her little one.

And soft and sweet as the music fell
From the mother's lips, I heard the coo
Of my baby girl, as with drowsy tongue
She echoed the song with "Goo-a-goo."
Together they sang, the mother and babe,
My wife and child, by the cottage-door.
Ah! that is the concert, brother Tom,
My ears are aching to hear once more.

So, now, good-bye. And I wish you well,
And many a year of wealth and gain.
You were born to be rich and gay;
I am content to be poor and plain.
And I go back to my country home
With a love that absence has strengthened, too—
Back to the concert all my own—
Mother's singing and baby's coo.

NOBODY CARES.

A WEARILY wan little face,
A feeble forlorn little smile,
Poor faltering feet,
That must pace their beat
For many and many a mile—
A star stealing out in the dusk,

A lamp that luridly flares ;
In the wide city's whirl
Just a nameless girl—
Nobody cares.

A desolate, dearth-stricken room,
A pillow pushed up to the wall,
A flicker that shows
A face in repose.
Silence, and that is all.
Save just on the woebegone cheek
That look which such raptness wears,
That light on the brow—
Ah ! who shall say now,
“ Nobody cares.”

THE OLD CANTEEN.

'TIS woman's smile that greets us all,
When first we meet the light,
And woman's tears the latest fall
Within our final night.

'Tis woman arms the warrior bold,
Her hand prepares the wreath,
And oft when Peace his pinions fold,
Her heart's the sword's sheath.

'Tis woman when we shun our cup,
Pale sorrow's bitter draught,

Ere we suspect hath turned it up,
And the whole potion quaffed.

God lent His image fair to man,
But that which he held best—

Undying love, to Eden ran
And hid in woman's breast.

Within a mother's room there hangs
Beneath a single star
Two sheathed swords in memory crossed,
That once were crossed in war.
And swinging from their rusting hilts
The hidden blades between,
Held by a single homespun band,
There is an old canteen.

Upon them all the past has writ,
In many dents and stains,
A record of forgotten days
And half forgot campaigns.
A gray-haired woman standing where
The summer sun shone through,
Told me this story of two boys
That politicians slew:

“One wrote, before the war-cloud burst,
‘When I forsook my State
I swore to guard the Union's flag,
To turn now is too late.’
The other looked on Georgia's flag
And said, ‘Whate'er betide.

I'll battle for my native land,'
And chose the Southern side.

"My soldier son across the lines,
A sad farewell wrote home,
And blessed the choice of little Will.
'Remember, come what may,' he said,
And there the words were blurred,
Where fell his parting tears between,
'We still are brothers,' and he sent
The boy that old canteen.

"Its cedar sides were polished then,
And bright its copper band,
Will wore the day he marched away,
The finest in the land.
They brought him home, shot in the side,
The leather strap was gone,
Cut by the minnie ball that else
Had stretched him dead that morn.

"From homespun that my hands had wove
I made another strap;
Will watched me as I sewed it on,
His head within my lap—
And kissed me when the task was done,
Drawing my face to his—
Ah, sir! that hour! No man can know
What such a memory is.

"When he was killed they said he died
A gallant soldier's death;

But, oh! my name was sounded on
His last—his dying breath.
They found my boys at Seven Pines—
My other son and Will—
His head was on his brother's breast,
And both dear hearts were still.

“The other sat against a tree,
Smiling out afar,
Where, in the east, there rose at last,
In peace, the morning star.
Around them was the homespun band,
In blood, upon its sheen—
‘Mother’—’twas the toast that drained
My battered old canteen.

“Well, I have learned to say at last
That neither son was wrong,
And give to Marmion the wreath
My hands refused so long.
There is no war between my boys,
And how could I withstand
The smile that met the morning star,
The legend on that band!

“I am not stone; must I uphold
Tradition's heaviest part?
Must I, who may not wield the sword,
Go sheathe it in my heart?
Dear Christ, forbid! A mother hath
Her mission to fulfill.

Though systems change, though empires fall,
She must be mother still.

“Their trundle-bed I’ve placed by mine,
And often in the night
I seem to see their curly heads
Sink in the pillows white—
I catch myself, when half asleep,
Beginning there to croon
The lullaby that hath no words,
The whole world’s mother-tune.

“And sometimes when the morning light
Grows gray upon the wall,
And voices murmur on the breeze,
I seem to hear a call—
‘Mother!’—sounded in the pine,
And something all unseen
Touches these old cheeks of mine
And stirs the old canteen!”

So runs her story, and this fair thought
Blooms with the rose to-day,
’Twas human wish that God should judge
Between the Blue and Gray.
But still o’er them He sets His stars
And bids his sunlight fall,
For right or wrong, the heart of Christ
Was big enough for all.

Oh! mother-hearts! they drink heaven’s love
As the lilies drink its dew,

This Southern woman, heed her well,
She read the message true.
And if we take the word from her,
While this dear land shall live,
The wreath that proves we can't forget,
May prove we can forgive.

Now when the vernal season comes,
This sacred duty ours,
To help the old earth-mother hide
Her wounds beneath her flowers.
There is no war between the brave
Who sleep beneath her sod,
And so may living brothers leave
The future unto God.

H. S. EDWARDS.

TRUE COURAGE IN LIFE.

THERE is a virtuous, glorious courage; but it happens to be found least in those who are admired for bravery. It is the courage of principle which dares to do right in the face of scorn, which puts to hazard reputation, rank, the prospects of advancement, the sympathy of friends, the admiration of the world, rather than violate a conviction of duty. It is the courage of benevolence and piety, which counts not life dear in withstanding error, superstition, vice, oppression, injustice, and the mightiest foes of human improvement and happi-

ness. It is moral energy, that force of will in adopting duty over which menace and suffering have no power. It is the courage of a soul which reverences itself too much to be greatly moved about what befalls the body; which thirsts so intensely for a pure inward life that it can yield up the animal life without fear; in which the idea of moral, spiritual, celestial good has been unfolded so brightly as to obscure all worldly interests; which aspires after immortality, and therefore heeds little the pains or pleasures of a day; which has so concentrated the whole power and life in the love of God-like virtue, that it even finds a joy in the perils and sufferings by which its loyalty to God and virtue may be approved. This courage may be called the perfection of humanity, for it is the exercise, result, and expression of the highest and noblest attributes of our nature.

W. E. CHANNING.

WOMAN'S CAREER.

SHE was a fair girl graduate, enrobed in spotless
white,
And on her youthful features shone a look of holy
light.
She bent with grace her dainty head to receive the
ribbon blue
Whence hung the silver medal adjudged to be her
due.

I watched her face with rapture as she raised to
heaven her eyes
And moved her lips in prayer as her fingers clasped
the prize ;
For I knew to education she had pledged her coming
days,
To unclasp poor woman's fetters and free her from
man's ways.

Time passed, our pathways parted; but ever and anon
My thoughts would stray toward her and I'd speculate upon
What my graduate was doing—if athwart the scroll of fame,
Among unselfish workers, had been written high her name.
At last I chanced to meet her, but her books were pushed aside,
While around a dainty garment she sewed the lace with pride;
And at her feet her baby—dimpled, happy, crowing youth—
Upon that silver medal was cutting his first tooth.

LIFE.

MEMORY.

I SEE a schooner in the bay
Cutting the current into foam.
One day she flies, and then one day
Comes like a swallow veering home.

I hear a water miles away
Go sobbing down the wooded glen,
One day it lulls, and then one day
Comes sobbing on the wind again.

Remembrance goes, but will not stay,
That cry of unpermitted pain
One day departs, and then one day
Comes sobbing to my heart again.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

WHAT IS FLIRTATION ?

WHAT is flirtation? Really
How can I tell you that?
But when she smiles I see its wiles,
And when he lifts his hat.

'Tis walking in the moonlight,
'Tis buttoning on a glove;
'Tis lips that speak of plays next week,
While eyes are talking love.

'Tis meeting in the ballroom,
'Tis whirling in the dance,
'Tis something hid beneath the lid,
More than a simple glance.

'Tis lingering in the hallway,
'Tis sitting on the stair,
'Tis bearded lips on finger tips,
If mamma isn't there.

'Tis tucking in the carriage,
'Tis asking for a call,
'Tis long good-nights in tender lights,
And that is—no, not all!

'Tis parting when it's over,
And one goes home to sleep;
Best joys must end; tra la, my friend,
But one goes home to weep!

ENCORE!

"ENCORE! Encore!"
Though the danger's past,
And the woman is safe
On her feet at last.
Though the ropes are swinging
High over the net,
And swinging and clinging,
And trembling yet,

So near to the gas
And its dazzling light,
Right over the mass,
At a terrible height!
The people are calling
Their sickly refrain;
The leap is appalling—
They'll have it again.
When once they see danger
They're bound to want more!
"Encore! Encore!"

"Encore! Encore!"
She has heard the cry,
And she's climbing once more
To the platform high.
So near to the gas
And its dazzling light,
Right over the mass,
At a terrible height!
From bar to rope,
And from rope to bar;
With many a hope
That the end's not far.
She's swinging and clinging,
Not daring to pause
While the people are singing
Their song of applause.

There's a gasping for breath
In the poisonous air,

A warning of death,
And a look of despair.
There's a cry near the roof—
Then a thud on the floor;
And the people go silently
Out at the door.
Go silently shrinking
Away from the hall,
Not speaking, but thinking
Of somebody's fall—
Of a woman who died
In response to the roar,
"Encore! Encore!"

SO SHE REFUSED HIM.

LAST night, within the little curtained room,
Where the gay music sounded faintly clear,
And the silver lights came stealing through the
gloom,

You told the tale that women love to hear;
You told it well, with firm hands clasping mine,
And deep eyes glowing with a tender light.
Mere acting? But your prayer was half divine
Last night! last night!

Ah! you had much to offer; wealth enough
To gild the future, and a path of ease
For one whose way is somewhat dark and rough;
New friends—life calm as summer seas,

And something (was it love?) to keep us true
And make us precious in each other's sight.
Ah! then indeed my heart's resolve I knew!
Last night, last night.

Let the world go, with all its dross and pelf!
Only for one, like Portia, could I say,
"I would be treble twenty times myself;"
Only for one, and he is far away; -
His voice came back to me, distinct and dear,
And thrilled me with the pain of lost delight,
The present faded, but the past was clear,
Last night, last night.

If others answered as I answered then,
We would hear less, perchance, of blighted lives;
There would be truer women, nobler men,
And fewer dreary homes and faithless wives.
Because I could not give you all my best,
I gave you nothing. Judge me—was I right?
You may thank Heaven that I stood the test
Last night, last night.

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

IN these days of rapid national growth, when the citizen of to-day is supplanted by the youth and franchised emigrant to-morrow; when a million voters cast their ballots with no higher motive than compliance with a custom or the dictate of a party

henchman; when one-fourth our population have no stronger ties of residence than avarice, whose strength varies with the financial fluctuations of the business world; when, year by year, our shores receive the restless spirits of other lands who acknowledge no higher authority than their own caprice; when so many of our youth are growing into manhood ignorant of everything save the means of licensed indulgence and frivolity our liberty affords; when, as partakers of the grandest political inheritance ever transmitted from one generation to another, we are all about to forget the responsibilities thrust upon us in our acceptance of the blessings we enjoy, it is time to halt.

Let us teach the coming citizen that next to love of God, implanted at the mother's knee, and cultivated by daily acts of piety and benevolence, is the love of country and devotion to its happiness and perpetuity. Let the examples of patriots, in deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice, be our theme of meditation and discussion. Let our literature gleam with the noble efforts, the grand achievements of those who gave their all that we might taste the sweets of freedom undisturbed.

Let us realize that this grandest heritage of earth's martyrs came to us, not alone through the business tact and prudent foresight of our sires, but by years of toil and suffering, and by the sacrifice of precious blood; and that, though it be vouchsafed to us through blessings of a noble ancestry, its possession implies no permanence to an unworthy race.

It is ours not alone to enjoy, but to foster and protect; ours to guard from schism, vice, and crime; ours to purify, exalt, ennoble; ours to prepare a dwelling place for the purest, fairest, best of earth's humanity.

I. H. BROWN.

SEA-WEED.

I TOOK a sea-weed in my hand,
A frail and tender treasure;
It might have graced some garden bower,
Where lilies bloom and roses flower,
Some pampered maiden's pleasure.

But Fate had set it in the sea,
Rocked by the wild waves sighing,
Bound fast by shell and coral strand,
Torn by the wind-god's cruel hand,
Mocked by the curlew's crying.
It grew beneath the salted sea,
Nursed by the billows' motion;
No choice to go, no choice to stay,
It floated there for many a day—
A sea-weed in the ocean.

A ship sailed out one sunny noon,
And found the sea-god sleeping;
A friendly sailor's friendly hand
Reached forth and brought the plant to land,
And gave it to love's keeping.

I'm but a sea-weed, too, alas!
Afloat upon life's ocean,
Bound by the weighted shells of Fate,
The puppet of the wind-god's hate
And of the billows' motion.
No hope have I of passing ship
That sails my bonds to sever;—
No friendly hand, no friendly lip,
Mocked by the water's weary dip,
I drift and drift forever.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

SHE calls him cruel—he has crushed a rose
Unconsciously in his convulsive grasp.
Cruel, my lady calls him—yet she knows
Just why he crushed the rose, and can but gasp
In sudden pain, with lips so deathly white,
And find no voice to tell her that she, too,
Is cruel. All the happy summer night
He has been with her. With her eyes she drew
Him out into the radiant night, away
From all the dancers. Dreamy music steals
Out on the fragrant air. Now—this hour—he may
Confess his love. Low at her feet he kneels.
* * * * *
The statues e'en might envy her repose,
She calls him cruel—he has crushed her rose—
And she—a heart.

KATE VANNAH.

A GAME OF MARBLES.

FIRST, three boys easily found,
Next, three holes in the ground;
Three marbles, smooth and round.

"H'yeh, now, fenn dubs! No hunchin'!
'Nuckle down, yuh now! Fenn span!
Yuh wun't hit tit! Thet's scrunchin'.
Never! Yeh didn't tech it, Dan."

"Yes I did, too! Saw it jest roll."
"What! Huh!" "Well, leave it tuh Jim;
He's on'y got his fuss hole—
Makes no differens tuh him!"

"There,Smarty! What tid I say?"
"Nuthin'!" "It hit all the same,
Yuh cud see thet eny day
If yuh'd play a fair game."

"Jim, it's yer go! Make yer third!
I'm safe! Yer near up tuh Dan;
Thet's it! Bully! Jess like a bird—
Here, hol' up! Thet's me! Thet san'
Was right there before yuh shot.
Fenn clearins! Well, I guess yes!
Don't care how much yuh guess not!"

Thus the game is played;
Thus the sides arrayed,
Thus our men are made—
Thus the game is played.

R. W. MITCHELL.

FROM THE WINDOW.

YES, it is a long way up these two flights of steep stairs; and I tell you, Tom, I am not as young as I used to be.

I'm growing kind of stout of late, and sometimes I am pretty well wind-broken when I get to the top. But the room is mighty pleasant when you get to it; and the air is fresh and pure up here, and there's a view from the window that somehow I'd hate to miss.

Overlook the park? Yes, the front window does. You get a pretty glimpse of the lake and trees looking out between the church spire and that red roof next it; but that isn't the view I meant. My favorite is from this side window here, and I'll show it to you after a bit. I keep the shade drawn most of the time, for I don't feel just at liberty to show it to every one who comes up. You see, it's sort of private—in fact, it's a peep into my neighbor's window.

There, old fellow, don't look shocked. It's all right. The people don't mind it a bit, for they never draw the curtains; and sometimes they tell baby to throw kisses across to me.

You see, there are only three of them in the family—a big, boyish papa, and a pretty little mamma, and a baby. He goes to bed early, baby does, and every night I sit and watch them undress him.

First, papa takes him on his knee and clumsily unfastens the little dress and tries to pull it off down over baby's feet, as though it were a pair of trousers,

Then the mother screams and laughs, and tells papa that he is wrong again, and then papa tries it the other way and catches the frock on baby's head somehow. Little mother shows just how it should be done, and slips the plump little arms out of the sleeves, and then she folds the garment and hangs it over a chair. Then come some petticoats, and papa gets them off over baby's feet all right, only he bumbles a little over the safety-pins which fasten them. The shoes and stockings come off next, and baby helps at that and kicks them off himself, and then he squirms out of his little knitted shirt and sits there, all pink and sweet, upon papa's knee. Papa laughs and tosses him up, and mamma claps her hands, and baby throws kisses over to me.

I tell you it is a sight for a lonesome bachelor, old man.

Why, it must be about baby's bed-time now. They might not like having a strange spectator, so I'll fix it so you can see without being seen.

You sit in the shadow, and I'll pull up the shade—there!

Why, the curtains are drawn—and, Tom, come here—what's that card in baby's window? My eyes are not what they used to be.

What's that you say? "For rent, inquire within"? That's strange! And, Tom, look down at the door; isn't that a white crape streamer hanging there? And see! a pale face with wild eyes just appeared between the curtains, and a white hand reached up and tore down the sign.

That's right, Tom ; you draw the shade down and I'll light the gas. And I say, old man, what was that you were saying, as we came up, about a vacant room next yours? I may take a notion to move this spring, after all. I'm not as young as I used to be, and two long flights of stairs tell on a fellow when he begins to grow fat.

MARIE MOORE MARSH.

MAGRUDER'S LULLABY.

“THERE, there, there,
What's the matter with the boy?

There, there, there.

Did he go to bed at six o'clock,
And sleep till half-past two?

Well, well, well,

There, there, there.

Now close your little eyes. That's right.

Now open them again. That's right.

Now rest your dear head on the other shoulder.

Now smile.

Oh! how sweet!

Wake up now, and go to sleep again.

There, there, there.

Shut your beautiful blue eyes and wake up again.

Yes, I know. Well, well, well.

Lie down and get up. There, there, there.

It would be lighter if it wasn't so dark,
And warmer if it wasn't so cold.

Yes, yes, yes.

But the sun will be out in a few minutes
For it's most morning.
Yes, yes, my little dear, my pet."

PUCK.

KATE.

YES, that's her picture!
She was—say forty.
Winning? Yes, as a girl of twenty.
We met under the shadow of a palace.
Pretty? More than pretty, and all woman.
Eyes? Yes, as black as Cleopatra's.
She said the fire would never die;
That black eyes meant lasting love.
Humph! Poke the fire, old man.
Manner and form?
She was just splendid—
Willowy and graceful as a fawn.
It was a dream,
Such as ardents always have.
Yes, we met again in our own land.
Was it a quarrel? No:
Loving more than ever, she said,
Under great oaks
That grew amid the fragrance of rare flowers.
In the twilight we parted for a time,
As I went down the dusty road,
She sang, "Good-bye, Sweetheart."
The song was balm to me;
I thought it told her love—but she meant it.

No ; some one else has her love.
Will we meet again ? Perhaps.
In the Persian, Kate means wayward,
And in this she was a true Persian.
Do I love her ? What a question !
Good-night, old boy—
I say, Bob !
Do we say tender things of those we hate ?

THE UNITED IRISHMAN.

WEARYIN' FOR YOU.

JEST a-wearyin' for you,
All the time a-feelin blue ;
Wishin' for you, wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen ;
Restless—don't know what to do,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Keep a-mopin' day by day ;
Dull—in everybody's way.
Folks they smile and pass along
Wonderin' what on earth is wrong ;
'Twouldn't help 'em if they knew—
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Room's so lonesome with your chair
Empty by the fireplace there ;
Jest can't stand the sight of it ;
Go out-doors an' roam a bit.
But the woods is lonesome too,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Comes the wind with soft caress,
Like the rustlin' of your dress ;
Blossoms falling to the ground
Softly—like your footstep sound ;
Violets, like your eyes so blue,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Mornin' comes. The birds awake
(Use to sing so for your sake),
But there's sadness in the notes
That come thrillin' from their throats ;
Seem to feel your absence too,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Evenin' falls. I miss you more
When the dark glooms in the door ;
Seems jest like you orter be
There to open it for me ;
Latch goes tinklin'—thrills me through
Sets me wearyin' for you.

Jest a-wearyin' for you,
All the time a-feelin' blue ;
Wishin' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen.
Restless—don't know what to do—
Just a-wearyin' for you.

F. L. STANTON.

WORSE THAN MARRIAGE.

A BACHELOR, old and cranky,
Was sitting alone in his room ;
His toes with the gout were aching,
And his face was o'erspread with gloom.

No little ones' shouts disturbed him,
From noises the house was free,
In fact, from the attic to cellar
Was quiet as quiet could be.

No medical aid was lacking :
The servants answered his ring,
Respectfully heard his orders,
And supplied him with everything.

But still there was something wanting,
Something he couldn't command :
The kindly words of compassion,
The touch of a gentle hand.

And he said, as his brow grew darker,
And he rang for the hireling nurse,
"Well, marriage may be a failure,
But this is a blamed sight worse."

BOSTON COURIER.

THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY.

—
’T WAS the day beside the Pyramids,
It seems but an hour ago,
That Kleber’s Foot stood firm in squares,
Returning blow for blow.
The Mamelukes were tossing
Their standards to the sky,
When I heard a child’s voice say, “ My men,
Teach me the way to die !”

’T was a little drummer, with his side
Torn terribly with shot ;
But still he feebly beat his drum,
As though the wound were not.
And when the Mamelukes’ wild horse
Burst with a scream and cry,
He said, “ O men of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die !

“ My mother has got other sons,
With stouter hearts than mine,
But none more ready blood for France
To pour out free as wine.
Yet still life’s sweet,” the brave lad moaned,
“ Fair is this earth and sky ;
Then, comrades of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die !”

I saw Salenche, of the granite heart,
Wiping his burning eyes :

It was by far more pitiful
Than mere loud sobs and cries.
One bit his cartridge till his lip
Grew black as winter sky ;
But still the boy moaned, " Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die !"
Oh ! never saw I sight like that !
The sergeant flung down flag.
Even the fifer bound his brow
With a wet and bloody rag ;
Then looked at locks, and fixed their steel,
But never made reply,
Until he sobbed out once again,
" Teach me the way to die !"
Then, with a shout that flew to God,
They strode into the fray ;
I saw their red plumes join and wave,
But slowly melt away.
The last who went—a wounded man—
Bade the poor boy good-bye,
And said, " We men of the Forty-third
Teach you the way to die !"
I never saw so sad a look
As the poor youngster cast,
When the hot smoke of cannon
In cloud and whirlwind passed,
Earth shook, and heaven answered :
I watched his eagle eye.
As he faintly moaned, " The Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die !"

Then with a musket for a crutch
He limped into the fight ;
I, with a bullet in my hip,
Had neither strength nor might.
But, proudly beating on his drum,
A fever in his eye,
I heard him moan, " The Forty-third
Taught me the way to die !"

They found him on the morrow,
Stretched on a heap of dead ;
His hand was in the grenadier's
Who at his bidding bled.
They hung a medal round his neck,
And closed his dauntless eye ;
On the stone they cut, " The Forty-third
Taught him the way to die !"

'Tis forty years from then till now—
The grave gapes at my feet—
Yet when I think of such a boy,
I feel my old heart beat,
And from my sleep I sometimes wake,
Hearing a feeble cry,
And a voice that says, " Now, Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die !"

WALTER THORNBURY.

HOW HE LOST HER.

HE was a very courteous man,
With manners perfect quite ;
No one was ever more urbane,
Or could be more polite.

To hear him murmur, " Thank you, sir !"
Was really quite a treat ;
To see him bow, with inborn grace,
Was happiness complete.

But though a man be most polite,
Some time he's sure to slip
From grace, and once a cruel fate
Made even this one trip.

For one day a sweet girl said " Yes,"
(How strange are Cupid's pranks !)
And then he lost her, once for all,
Because he murmured, " Thanks !"

SOMERVILLE JOURNAL.

AN EMERGENCY.

THE old man had " billy-goat " whiskers and he wore a brown hickory shirt with white agate buttons, but his heart was in the right place.

It was in a city store, not one of the swell stores, but a place where they kept all sorts of toys and sold them cheap.

An old Irish woman in a shawl and hood had just come in and she stood fumbling with bare, trembling hands at the wrappings of the parcel which she carried. At last she undid the knots in the string and took from the paper a little red wagon with one wheel off.

Stepping up to the dapper floor-walker, she said, timidly : “ ’Tis a gift fur Jamie, sir, all Oi can git ’im ; and it bees broke ! the wheel bees clane aff it. Oi don’t want to be puttin’ the blame onto no wan—but it must ’a’ be’n done afore Oi tuk it, for Oi held it so tinder-like thet it cu’dn’t ’a’ broke.”

“ Can’t be helped ; we are not responsible for breakage after customers have received goods. Couldn’t have been done here—saleslady would have noticed it.”

There was a disappointed look on the woman’s face, and her lip quivered, as she began to tie up the parcel.

The old man in the hickory shirt stepped forward. “ Hyur, lemme see it. Um-m, nut’s off’n the wheel. Young man, you kin fetch me a nut to fit that thar ax.”

“ But we—this is not a repair shop.”

“ I say you fetch me a nut. You kin take one off’n one o’ them other carts—an’ you be quick about it.”

“ But we don’t—” Here one of the shop girls came up and whispered : “ Better get it. That old man just bought sixty dollars’ worth of goods.” Then the dapper fellow went away and soon returned with the required bit of iron.

The old man coolly took his huge, complicated jack-knife and opened out a small monkey-wrench, with which he fixed the wheel ; then he wrapped up the parcel bunglingly and handed it to the old woman.

She took it with trembling hands. " Oi'm obloiged to ye, sir," said she, and hugging the bulky bundle to her breast she went out into the street and disappeared among the eager, rushing, jostling crowd of shoppers.

MARIE MOORE MARSH.

TWO OPINIONS.

US two wuz boys when we fell out—
Nigh to the age uv my youngest now ;
Don't rec'lect what 'twuz about,
Some small diff'rence, I'll allow.
Lived next neighbors twenty years,
A-hatin' each other—me 'nd Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak,
Courtied sisters, 'nd married 'em, too ;
'Tended same meetin'-house onct a week,
A-hatin' each other, through 'nd through,
But when Abe Linkern asked the West
F'r soldiers, we answered—me 'nd Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him !

But down in Tennessee one night
Ther' wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
'Nd the Sergeant allowed there'd be a fight
With the Johnny Rebs some time nex' day :
'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him !

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him—
Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
But never a word from me or Jim !
He went his way 'nd I went mine.
'Nd into the battle's roar went we—
I havin' my opinyin uv Jim
'Nn he havin' his opinyin uv me !

Jim never come back from the war again,
But I hain't forgot that last, last night,
When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men
Made up 'nd shuck hands before the fight ;
'Nd after it all, it's soothin' to know
That here I be 'nd yonder's Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him !

EUGENE FIELD.

CLIVE.

Abridged.

[Robert, Lord Clive was the son of a tradesman, an idle dare-devil of a boy whom his friends were glad to pack off to Madras in the service of the East India Company. He it was, however, who completely routed the French in the war for the possession of India—avenged the massacre of the English traders who had been confined in the Black Hole—and in the battle of Plassey, with an army of 3,000, gained an incredible victory over the Nabob's army of 60,000, thus giving to England her East Indian possessions.

He was said to have been absolutely without fear. The anecdote which forms the verses of "Clive" was told Mr. Browning in 1846 by Mrs. Jameson, who had shortly before heard it at Lansdowne House from Macaulay.]

* * * * * THIS fell in my factor days.
 Desk-drudge, slaving at St. David's, one must game,
 or drink, or craze.
 I chose gaming; and,—because your high-flown
 gamesters hardly take
 Umbrage at a factor's elbow if the factor pays his
 stake,—
 I was winked at in a circle where the company was
 choice.
 Captain This and Major That, men high of color,
 loud of voice,
 Yet indulgent, condescending to the modest ju-
 venile
 Who not merely risked but lost his hard-earned
 guineas with a smile.
 Down I sat to cards one evening,—had for my
 antagonist
 Somebody whose name's a secret—you'll know why—
 so, if you list,

Call him Cock o' the Walk, my scarlet son of Mars,
from head to heel!

Play commenced; and whether Cocky fancied that
a clerk must feel

Quite sufficient honor come of bending over one
green baize,

I the scribe with him the warrior, guessed no pen-
man dared to raise

Shadow of objection should the honor stay but
playing end

More or less abruptly,—whether disinclined he grew
to spend

Practice strictly scientific on a booby born to stare
At—not ask of—lace and ruffles if the hand they
hide plays fair,—

Anyhow I marked a movement when he bade me
“Cut!”

I rose.

“Such the new manœuvre, Captain? I'm a novice:
knowledge grows.

What, you force a card, you cheat, sir?”

Never did a thunder-clap

Cause emotion, startle Thyrsis locked with Chloe in
his lap,

As my word and gesture (down I flung my cards to
join the pack)

Fired the man of arms, whose visage, simply red
before, turned black.

When he found his voice he stammered, “That
expression once again!”

“Well, you forced a card and cheated!”

“ Possibly a factor’s brain,
Busied with his all-important balance of accounts,
 may deem
Weighing words superfluous trouble; ‘cheat’ to
 clerkly ears may seem
Just the joke for friends to venture; but we are not
 friends, you see !
When a gentleman is joked with—if he’s good at
 repartee,
He rejoins, as I do—Sirrah, on your knees, withdraw
 in full !
Beg my pardon, or be sure a kindly bullet through
 your skull
Lets in light and teaches manners to what brain it
 finds !

Choose quick—

Have your life snuffed out or, kneeling, pray me
trim your candle’s wick !”

“ Well, you cheated !”

Then outbroke a howl from all the friends around.
To his feet sprang each in fury, fists were clenched
and teeth were ground.

“ End it ! no time like the present ! Captain, yours
were our disgrace !

No delay, begin and finish ! Stand back, leave the
pair a space !

Let civilians be instructed ; henceforth simply ply
the pen,

Fly the sword ! This clerk’s no swordsman ! suit him
with a pistol, then !

Even odds ! A dozen paces twixt the most and least
expert

Make a dwarf a giant's equal; nay, the dwarf, if he's
alert,—

Likelier hits the broader target!"

Up we stood accordingly.

As they handed me the weapon, such was my soul's
thirst to try

Then and there conclusions with this bully, tread on
and stamp out

Every spark of his existence, that—crept close to,
curled about

By that toying, tempting, teasing fool-forefinger's
middle joint—

Don't you guess?—the trigger yielded. Gone my
chance! and at the point

Of such prime success moreover: scarce an inch
above his head

Went my ball to hit the wainscot. He was living, I
was dead.

Up he marched in flaming triumph—'twas his right,
mind!—up within

Just an arm's length. "Now, my clerkling," chuckled
Cocky, with a grin,

As a leveled piece quite touched me. "Now, Sir
Counting-House, repeat

That expression which I told you proved bad man-
ners! Did I cheat?"

"Cheat you did, and knew you cheated, and, this
moment, know as well.

As for me, my homely breeding bids you—fire, and
go to hell!"

Twice the muzzle touched my forehead, heavy barrel,
flurried wrist,
Either spoils a steady lifting. Thrice: then, "Laugh
at hell who list,
I can't! God's no fable, either. Did this boy's eye
wink once? No!
There's no standing him and hell and God all three
against me—so,
I did cheat!"
And down he threw the pistol, out rushed—by the
door
Possibly, but, as for knowledge, if by chimney, roof,
or floor,
He effected disappearance—I'll engage no glance
was sent
That way by a single starrer, such a blank astonishment
Swallowed up the senses: as for speaking—mute
they stood as mice.

Mute not long, though! Such reaction, such a hub-
bub in a trice!
"Rogue and rascal! Who'd have thought it? What's
to be expected next,
When His Majesty's Commission serves a sharper as
pretext
For—but where's the need of wasting time now?
Nought requires delay!
Punishment the service cries for; let disgrace be
wiped away
Publicly, in good broad daylight! Resignation? No,
indeed!

Drum and fife must play the Rogue's March, rank
and file be free to speed

Tardy marching on the rogue's part by appliance in
the rear—

Kicks administered shall right this wronged civilian—
never fear,

Mister Clive, for—though a clerk—you bore your-
self—suppose we say—

Just as would beseem a soldier!"

"Gentleman, attention—pray!

First one word!"

I passed each speaker severally in review.
When I had precise their number, names, and styles,
and fully knew

Over whom my supervision thenceforth must ex-
tend—why, then—

"Some five minutes since, my life lay—as you all
saw, gentlemen—

At the mercy of your friend there. Not a single
voice was raised

In arrest of judgment, not one tongue—before my
powder blazed—

Ventured, 'Can it be the youngster blundered, really
seemed to mark

Some irregular proceeding? We conjecture in the
dark,

Guess at random,—still, for sake of fair play—what
if for a freak,

In a fit of absence,—such things have been!—if our
friend proved weak—

What's the phrase? Corrected fortune! Look into
the case at least!

Who dared interpose between the altar's victim and
the priest?
Yet he spared me! You eleven! Whosoever, all or
each,
Utters—to the disadvantage of the man who spared
me—speech—
To his face, behind his back,—that speaker has to do
with me;
Me who promise, if positions change and mine the
chance should be,
Not to imitate your friend and waive advantage."

"Twenty-five
Years ago this matter happened: and 'tis certain,"
added Clive,
"Never, to my knowledge, did Sir Cocky have a
single breath
Breathed against him; lips were closed throughout
his life, or since his death,
For if he be dead or living I can no more tell than
you."

* * * *

ROBERT BROWNING.

A BACHELOR'S PIPE.

I SIT all alone with my pipe by the fire,
I ne'er knew the Benedict's yoke;
I worship a fairy-like, fanciful form
That goes up the chimney in smoke.

I sit in my dressing-gowned slipperful ease,
With no wife nor kids to provoke,
And puff at my pipe, while my hopes and my fears
All go up the chimney in smoke.

Yet sometimes I think that a bachelor's life,
Tho' it's jolly, is but a poor joke;
And I envy the man whose good wife and bairns
Don't go up the chimney in smoke.

I sit with my pipe, and my heart's lonesome care
I try, but all vainly to choke,
Ah, me! but I find that the flame that Love lights
Won't go up the chimney in smoke.

BOSTON HERALD.

BABIES.

OH! yes, I do—I know a lot about 'em. I was one myself once—though not long; not so long as my clothes. They were very long, I recollect, and always in my way when I wanted to kick. Why do babies have such yards of unnecessary clothing? It is not a riddle. I really want to know. I never could understand it. Is it that the parents are ashamed of the size of the child, and wish to make believe that it is longer than it really is? I asked a nurse once why it was. She said:

“Lor', sir, they always have long clothes, bless their little hearts.”

And when I explained that her answer, although

doing credit to her feelings, hardly disposed of my difficulty, she replied :

“ Lor’, sir, you wouldn’t have ’em in short clothes, poor little dears ?” And she said it in a tone that seemed to imply I had suggested some unmanly outrage.

Since then I have felt shy at making inquiries on the subject, and the reason—if reason there be—is still a mystery to me. But, indeed, putting them in any clothes at all seems absurd to my mind. Goodness knows, there is enough of dressing and undressing to be gone through in life, without beginning it before we need ; and one would think that people who live in bed might, at all events, be spared the torture. Why wake the poor little wretches up in the morning to take one lot of clothes off, fix another lot on, and put them to bed again ; and then, at night, haul them out once more, merely to change everything back ? And when all is done what difference is there, I should like to know, between a baby’s night-dress and the thing it wears in the daytime ? * * * *

A man—an unmarried man, that is—is never seen to such disadvantage as when undergoing the ordeal of “ seeing baby.” A cold shudder runs down his back at the bare proposal, and the sickly smile with which he says how delighted he shall be, ought surely to move even a mother’s heart, unless, as I am inclined to believe, the whole proceeding is a mere device adopted by wives to discourage the visits of bachelor friends. Just when you have concocted

an absurdly implausible tale about a man outside, the door opens, and a tall, severe-looking woman enters, carrying what at first sight appears to be a particularly skinny bolster, with the feathers all at one end. Instinct, however, tells you that this is the baby, and you rise with a miserable attempt at appearing eager; you stand solemnly staring at the child. There is dead silence, and you know that everybody is waiting for you to speak. You try to think of something to say, but find, to your horror, that your reasoning faculties have left you. Glancing round with an imbecile smile, you observe that "It hasn't got much hair, has it?" Nobody answers you for a minute, but at last the stately nurse says, with much gravity, "It is not customary for children five weeks old to have long hair." Another silence follows this, and you feel you are being given a second chance, which you avail yourself of by inquiring if it can walk yet, or what they feed it on.

By this time you have got to be regarded as not quite right in your head, and pity is the only thing felt for you. The nurse, however, is determined that, insane or not, there shall be no shirking, and that you shall go through your task to the end. In the tones of a high-priestess directing some religious mystery she says, holding the bundle toward you, "Take her in your arms, sir." You are too crushed to offer any resistance, and so meekly accept the burden. "Put your arm more down her middle, sir," says the high-priestess, and then all step back

and watch you intently, as though you were going to do a trick with it.

What to do you know no more than you did what to say. It is certain something must be done, however, and the only thing that occurs to you is to heave the unhappy infant up and down, to the accompaniment of "oopsee daisy," or some remark of equal intelligence.

At this point the child puts an end to the nonsense by beginning to yell at the top of its voice, at which the priestess rushes forward and snatches it from you with "There, there, there! What did ums do to ums?" "How very extraordinary!" you say, pleasantly. "Whatever made it go off like that?" "Oh! why you have done something to her!" says the mother, indignantly; "the child wouldn't scream like that for nothing." It is evident they think you have been running pins into it.

Babies, though, with all their crimes and errors, are not without their use—not without use, surely, when they fill an empty heart; not without use, when, at their call, sunbeams of love break through care-clouded faces; not without use when their little fingers press wrinkles into smiles.

Odd little people! they are the unconscious comedians of the world's great stage. They supply the humor in life's all too heavy drama. Each one, a small but determined opposition to the order of things in general, is forever doing the wrong thing, at the wrong time, in the wrong place, and in the wrong way. The nurse girl, who sent Jenny to see

what Tommy and Tatty were doing, and "tell 'em they musn't," knew infantile nature. Give an average baby a fair chance, and if it doesn't do something it oughtn't to, a doctor should be called in at once.

They have a genius for doing the most ridiculous things, and they do them in a grave, stoical manner that is irresistible. They stoutly maintain, against all argument, and much to the discomfort of the victim, that the bashful young man at the end of the 'bus is "dadda." They nurse pussy upside down, and they show their affection for the dog by pulling his tail.

They are a great deal of trouble, and they make a place untidy, and they cost a lot of money to keep; but still we would not have the house without them. It would not be home without their noisy tongues and their mischief-making hands. Would not the rooms seem silent without their pattering feet, and might not you stray apart if no prattling voices called you together?

It should be so, and yet I have sometimes thought the tiny hand seemed as a wedge, dividing. It is a bearish task to quarrel with the purest of all human affections—that perfecting touch to a woman's life—a mother's love. It is a holy love that we coarser-fibred men can hardly understand, and I would not be deemed to lack reverence for it when I say that surely it need not swallow up all other affections. The baby need not take your whole heart, like the rich man who walled up the desert well. Is there not another thirsty traveler standing by?

Do not, in your desire to be a good mother, forget to be a good wife. No need for all the thought and care to be only for one. Do not, whenever poor Edwin wants you to come out, answer indignantly, "What! and leave baby?" Do not spend all your evenings up-stairs, and do not confine your conversation exclusively to whooping-cough and measles. My dear little woman, the child is not going to die every time it sneezes; the house is not bound to get burnt down, and the nurse run away with a soldier every time you go outside the front door; nor the cat sure to come and sit on the precious child's chest the moment you leave the bedside. You worry yourself a good deal too much about that solitary chick, and you worry everybody else, too. Try and think of your other duties, and your pretty face will not be always puckered into wrinkles, and there will be cheerfulness in the parlor, as well as in the nursery. Think of your big baby a little. Dance him about a bit; call him pretty names; laugh at him now and then. It is only the first baby that takes up the whole of a woman's time. Five or six do not require nearly so much attention as one. But before then the mischief has been done. A house where there seems no room for him, and a wife too busy to think of him has lost hold on that so unreasonable husband of yours, and he has learnt to look elsewhere for comfort and companionship.

But there, there, there! I shall get myself the character of a baby-hater if I talk any more in this strain. And Heaven knows I am not one. Who

could be, to look into the innocent faces clustered in timid helplessness round those great gates that open down into the world.

The world! the small, round world! what a vast, mysterious place it must seem to baby eyes! What a trackless continent the back garden appears! What marvelous explorations they make in the cellar under the stairs! With what awe they gaze down the long street, wondering, like us bigger babies, when we gaze up at the stars, where it all ends!

Poor little feet just commencing the stony journey! We, old travelers, far down the road, can only pause to wave a hand to you. You come out of the dark mist, and we, looking back, see you, so tiny, in the distance, standing on the brow of the hill, your arms stretched out toward us. God speed you! We would stay and take your little hands in ours, but the murmur of the great sea is in our ears, and we may not linger. We must hasten down, for the shadow ships are waiting to spread their sable sails.

JEROME K. JEROME.

RECALLED.

I WOULD not call thee back unless
Thou couldst return in just the guise
Thou ever wearest to my eyes—
The very form whose rapt caress
Drew, with the warmth of its embrace,
Heart close to heart, and face to face;
Thus only would I call thee back.

I would not call thee back with all
That radiant luster on thy brow,
That would but make me conscious how
Immeasurably far above
All human bliss—all mortal thrall,
Thou art—not needing earthly love—
That love that aches to call thee back.

Not with the halo round thy hair,
Not with the splendor in thine eyes
That dazzle souls in Paradise—
Not in the vestments spirits wear,
Would I behold thee ; such a sight
Would blind my vision with a light,
That would not let me call thee back.

It would but only make me know
That farther than the farthest star
The mysteries of thy being are
From mine, so dashed with mortal woe ;
And I might feel, with poignant pain,
That we were not one soul, but twain ;
And then—I could not call thee back.

Oh ! couldst thou only come, beloved,
As when we parted !—heart a-thrill
With all the thousand memories still,
By which thy deathless love was proved,
How would I—were one hour thus given,
Lent for my solace out of Heaven—
Dare all, brave all, and call thee back !

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE DAGUERRETYPE.

From Harper's Weekly. Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers.

YOU hev to hold it sidewise
Fer to make the lightness show,
'Cuz it's sort uh dim an' shifty
Till you git it right—'bout so !
An' then the eyes winks at yeh,
An' the mouth is cherry-ripe.
Law ! it beats your new-style picters,
This old digerrytype !

Thar's a blush acrost the dimples
That burrows in the cheeks ;
F'om out them clumps o' ringlets
Two little small ears peeks ;
Thet brooch thet jines her neck-gear
Is what they used to wear ;
A big gold frame that sprawled around
A lock o'—some one's hair.

'Twas took 'fore we was married,
Thet there—your maw an' me.
An' times I study on it,
Why, 't fazes me to see
Thet fifty year aint teched her
A lick ! She's jest the same
She was when Ludie Scriggins
Took Boone C. Curds' name.

The hair is mebbby whiter
 'An it was in '41,
But her cheeks is jest as pinky,
 An' her smiles aint slacked up none.
I reckon—love—er somethin'
 Yerluminates her face
Like the crimson velvet linin'
 Warms up the picter-case.

'S I say, these cyardboa'd portraits,
 They make me sorter tired,
A-grinnin' forf upon yeh
 Like their very lips was wired!
Give me the old digerrytype,
 Whar the face steals on your sight
Like a dream that comes by night-time
 When your supper's actin' right.

EVA WILDER MCGLOSSON.

ASHES.

WRAPPED in a sadly tattered gown,
 Alone I puff my brier brown
And watch the ashes settle down
 In lambent flashes ;
While thro' the blue, thick, curling haze
I strive with feeble eyes to gaze
Upon the half-forgotten days
 That left but ashes.

Again we wander through the lane,
Beneath the elms and out again,
Across the rippling fields of grain
 Where softly plashes
A slender brook 'mid banks of fern.
At every sigh my pulses burn,
At every thought I slowly turn
 And find but ashes.

What made my fingers tremble so
As you wrapped skeins of worsted snow
Around them, now with movements slow
 And now with dashes?
Maybe 'tis smoke that blinds my eyes,
Maybe a tear within them lies;
But as I puff my pipe there flies
 A cloud of ashes.

Perhaps you did not understand
How lightly flames of love were fanned.
Ah, every thought and wish I've planned
 With something clashes!
And yet within my lonely den
Over a pipe, away from men,
I love to throw aside my pen
 And stir the ashes.

DE WITT STERRY.

NAPOLEON AT THE PYRAMIDS.

IT was night in Egypt. The deep blue of the southern sky was studded with a myriad stars, which, with the rising moon, made glorious the ancient Nile and desert vast, where, mingled with the long shadows of the mighty pyramids, stood the French embattled hosts in solid squares. Drawn up around the base of the mightiest work of Rameses was massed the flower of the conqueror's army. Heroes of a hundred battles were there, and the dull gleam of the crosses of the Legion of Honor lighted up features stern and majestic. The deep silence of perfect discipline was over all; the hush was pervaded by that indescribable interest which ever hovers o'er a multitude where each, with suppressed emotions, anticipates a great event. On the pyramid's base stood the leader, surrounded by his marshals. The brilliant star, so soon to set in blood, was now but rising to his zenith. Stepping forward with that individual majesty of presence born only in a king, Napoleon the Great thus addressed them: "Soldiers of France! You stand this night in the first home of civilization. Here were nurtured the heaven-born arts and sciences; here were the Hebrews enslaved; in these great monuments repose the mummified remains of ancient royalty. You are standing in the shadows of the ages. Forty centuries look down upon you. The past is speaking to the present. All the heroes of antiquity repaired here for inspiration—and shall

we fail? These monuments were old when Moses played, a child, about their bases. Alexander left their shades and all the barbarian world acknowledged him as king. Cæsar gazed at yonder Sphinx and was straightway hailed a demi-god; and you, who are destined to conquer all as they have conquered part, shall follow my victorious eagles to the pinnacle of glory. What! Do you hesitate and think the act too great? Has the African sun weakened your Norman blood? Do you fear the riderless steed returning with empty saddle? Do you mourn already for the widow weeping o'er the sabre carried home by another? Do not I share it all with you? What were a million deaths to the glory of France? List the message of the Pharaohs, Cleopatra borne, 'Go forth and conquer!' Hark! Yon Numidian lion roaring in the desert hails the 'Child of Destiny,' and you, his followers. Did you not to-day scatter as chaff the Mamalukes? Ay! and even as your warlike ancestry, the rugged Gauls, sacked Rome, queen city of the world, so shall you to-morrow hurl the Czar and England's Queen from off their thrones, and even the Pope of all the earth shall bow himself a suppliant! Ah! Now I see your faces light with smiles of triumph, and grim determination is enthroned on every brow. I hail you, men of the future! Warriors of France! The world is yours! Go forth, then, and seize your own, and there shall be one name in all the earth—France! vive la France!" Then burst a mighty cheer that rent the desert silence and lent a voice to every dis-

cant object. But list! was that the fretful lapping of the restless Nile, or a demon's jeer that echoed after? History has answered—St. Helena.

GEORGE R. GRAFF.

LYDIA'S RIDE.

Permission of the Youth's Companion.

An Incident of the British Occupation of Philadelphia.

ICILY sweeps December's blast
Through the deserted street,
Drowning the sound of footsteps fast
Over the crusted sleet.
When shivers the cavalry steed in stall,
And with freezing hands
The sentry stands.
Who faces the night and the wintry squall!

Snug on the hearths of the war-won town,
Britons the storm defy;
While 'neath the heavens' forbidding frown
Washington's patriots lie
And dream of the homes they have left—for this!
With regrets? Ah no;
To their beds of snow
Come sweethearts and wives with approving kiss.

Cheerily flickers the welcome log,
Where Howe sits deep in thought;
And his henchmen whisper over their grog
Of the battle that soon will be fought,

When America's flag shall be torn to a shred,
And the prayers of her sons
Shall be drowned by the guns,
And her hopes find a place with the wounded and
dead.

Lydia stands at the guarded door ;
The sentry steals a kiss !
Begs for another, and snatches a score,
Then asks : " My pretty miss,
What tempteth thee forth on so ruthless a night ?"
Coyly lifting her eyes,
" I must learn," she replies,
" How to pass through your lines at the dawning of
light.

" There's a sack of meal at the Frankford mill,
My mother's shelves are bare,
And two of thy comrades will fare but ill
If the sack remaineth there !"
" Enough !" cries the soldier. He passes within,
To his General tells
Of the need that impels,
And returns with the ominous password : " We win !"

" Another taste of those rebel lips ;
To lose thee yet were a sin !"
She boxes his ears and away she trips,
And laughingly cries, " We win !"
But her brave heart is weighed with a terrible doubt
As she ponders each word
That her quick ears have heard

From the two gallant "comrades" whose rations are
"out!"

Gray Bess is saddled at break of day :

With a song on her merry tongue
She mounts to the saddle and canters away,
As the sleet in her face is flung ;
A song from the bosom that heaves for her kin-
"Halt!" rings sharp ahead ;
"The password!"—'tis said ;
"Ride on, pretty rebel—we win! we win!"

The slumbering fires are dimly seen,

The last cold sentinel passed ;
Her words are quick on the wind so keen,
"Now fast, my Bessie, fast!"
The mill-light she sees o'er the snow-covered grass,
Reins her steed at the door
For an instant—no more,
And she hears not the miller's "God bless thee, my
lass!"

Daylight is growing—away! away!

Faster and faster still!
Rebels and traitors and spies are they
Who tarry too long "at the mill."
Trees, bushes, and fields fade like phantasies brief ;
Then an ill-clad vidette,
Looking hungry and wet,
Quickly points out the quarters of Liberty's chief.

"British—attack—at sunset—to-night!"
That's all ; then back she flies ;

But Washington values those words aright,
And the tears are thick in his eyes
As he thinks of the sortie—the plan to surprise,
And with one sudden thrust
Dash the Cause to the dust,
With its barefooted champions, never to rise!

Bugles ring sharp in the Quaker town,
Regiments quickly form;
One Titan blow for the King and the Crown!
One mighty blast of the storm!
A blast that the green leaves of Freedom shall parch
As the oases swoon
In the desert's simoon!
Sirocco of steel, fix bayonets—march!

Loosed is the death-cloud when day is done,
But on no drowsy foe:
There looms the rifleman's ready gun;
There is the match's glow
Of the brave cannoneer who will own not defeat;
Like statues they stand
For the word of command,
And the troops of King George wheel about—in
retreat!

He who Columbia's life doth read
Finds on the golden page
Many a noble and deathless deed
That Time shall never age;

And within the blest volume of Liberty's pride
Is a tale which must thrill
Every patriot still—
The valorous story of Lydia's Ride.

THOMAS FROST.

HOW IT HAPPENS.

Adapted from the German.

ONE day, while yet the gods of Greece were young,
Young Cupid, playing in a meadow free,
Met with a sad mishap ; his hand was stung
Severely by an inconsiderate bee.

Though Cupid with divinity was girt,
He was but mortal to the sting of bee,
And like all little boys when they are hurt
Ran to his mother, crying bitterly.

Like mortal mothers, Venus soothed the lad,
And calmed the clamors of her wailing son ;
Said : " Let me see. Oh ! not so very bad,"
Then looked around to see what could be done.

She comforted and o'er his troubles laughed.
An arrow in his quiver then she found
And lanced the swollen finger with the shaft,
Which drew the poison from the little wound.

Thuswise relieved, the boy his arrow took,
Regardless of the venom on the dart,

And straightway sought some shady, sheltered nook
From whence to send that arrow to a heart.

Ere this they say that love was nought but joy.
The arrows pierced, and yet youth sought to win
them ;
But since that accident to Venus's boy
Love's wounds have just a touch of poison in them.

THE STRANDED BUGLE.

ONE eve, I musing, paced the sands
That skirt a shore when sets the sun ;
Where every ripple of the sea
Is warm as kisses, love to love.
I listened to the droning waves—
The lace-like waves which fret and lave
The tinted shells upon the beach.

Among the jetsam washed ashore,
I found, deep in a sea-weed bed,
A bugle, with the rime of years
Corroded, tarnished, long since dumb.

I paused, and wondering whence it came,
Stooped down and took it from the sand.

Long, long before, I young, had stood
Where armies gathered and advanced,
Where sabres clanked and trumpets blared,
And I had been a bugler then.

I dipped the mouth-piece in the sea—
I dipped the bell into the sea—
I washed its battered, brazen throat,
Then held to lip and flung a blast
Out on the pulsing, starlit air.

The long-hushed bugle woke and rang
A limpid cadence 'long the shore,
Which drifted out to sea and came
In ripples back upon the waves,
Which rocked its echoes back and forth
From cliff to cliff—against the crags—
Far up the heights, around and round,
As though it pealed, "I'm found! I'm found!"

I blew again—a softer note,
Though full, which ran along the land—
Rang full, and clear, and sweet, and far,
I thought (but could it swell so high?)
I heard it echo 'gainst a star,
Then drop into the placid sea—
A strain of perfect melody.

I hear that last note ringing yet,
Like cry of lost one far away
Adrift, and drifting past recall;
I fancy it may be a soul—
Perhaps the soul of melody!

So let it drift, and sink, and swell
With every motion of the deep!
The bugle hangs against my wall,

And when I will—I'll send once more
A blast upon it to the sea,
To keep the lost one company.

L. E. MOSHER.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

PERSONAL influence is inseparable from the mental and moral faculties that constitute us social beings ; and every man is clothed with that mysterious power by which he acts upon the inner life of other men. This is a power that is wielded, for the most part, unconsciously, but is a power ceaselessly operative. I doubt if any one ever had half an hour's interview with a fellow-creature, and at its close found himself in exactly the same moral mood he was in when the interview began. I doubt if any one ever walked down the street, though no hand touched his, and no voice greeted him as he walked, who was not affected for good or for ill by the personal influence of those who passed him silently by. A smile has cheered or a frown has depressed him before he has gone many steps. A courteous bow has pleased or a haughty stare has angered him. A face shining with the radiance of holiness, bearing upon every feature the impress of meekness and charity, has blessed him by the simple sight of its beauty ; or a face bearing the stamp of bad passions, and haggard with remorse, has left its hideous image to haunt and trouble him. Such impressions may be neither deep nor lasting ; but beyond all this, every

man exerts an influence that enters as a permanent factor into the formation of the character of those who come in contact with him. There are no exceptions. It is sometimes said of certain men that they have no force of character, and are without influence. This is not true of any man on earth. The negative characters among men, those who enterprise nothing, who are helpers in nothing, who seem to contribute in no degree to the spiritual forces at work in the world, are possessed of a power that progressive men exhaust their energies in the vain effort to overcome—a power that steadily resists and retards the progress of the race. Every man, whether by attraction or repulsion, whether by an inspiration that moves men to seek higher and better things, or by an inertness that depresses and disheartens, is daily affecting for good or for evil the character of those with whom he associates. From every changing expression of face, from every word he speaks, from every act of his life, the subtle power of his personal influence is delivering itself upon the hearts of others. He is making an impression here, suggesting a thought there, weakening or strengthening a principle yonder, exciting love in this one and hate in that one, living himself into the lives, writing his history upon the minds, and breathing his spirit into the hearts of his fellow-men. This influence of man upon man clothes little things with tremendous force, and, from what is insignificant in itself, brings forth issues of infinite importance.

J. O. BRANCH.

CONTENTMENT.

THAR'S folks eroun this mounting side,
Thet have no use fer winter;
They 'low they can't no-way abide
Ter see the snow drift inter
The coves an' ridges 'bout the spur
Ez ef ter stay fer good;
But me, I like it passels, fer
My wife totes in the wood.

I don't go much on summer life,
Thar's too much work ter do;
Erthoug ye may hev trained yer wife
Ter plough an' plant an' hoe,
Ye've got ter boss the job yerse'f,
No differ what's yer mood;
Jes' gin me winter's chillin' brea'f,
My wife totes in the wood.

My jints gits slack before the fire,
An' thawed untel they're meller,
An' w'en the flames go ro'rin' higher
I feel another feller.
I aint a-keerin' fer ter change
Wuth princes ef I could;
Let them es wants ter, leave the range—
My wife totes in the wood.

I set content an' tell myse'f
A man is on'y human;

He gits th'oo life heaps better, ef
He's hauled th'oo by a woman !
He larns ter hev the peaceful smile,
Thet ev'y feller should
Who kamly bakes his shinses while
His wife totes in the wood.

EVA WILDER MCGLOSSON.

THE BETROTHED.

[“ You must choose between me and your cigar.”]

OPEN the old cigar-box, give me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and Maggie
and I are out.

We quarrelled about Havanas ; we fought o'er a good
cheroot,
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a
brute.

Open the old cigar-box, let me consider a space ;
In the soft blue veil of the vapor, musing on Maggie's
face.

Maggie is pretty to look at, Maggie's a loving lass,
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest of
loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a Henry
Clay.

But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown
away.

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and
brown,
But I could not throw away Maggie for fear o' the
talk o' the town.

Maggie, my wife at fifty, gray and dour and old!
With never another Maggie to purchase for love or
gold.

And the light of days that have been, the dark of the
days that are,
And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the butt of
a dead cigar.

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in
your pocket,
With never a new one to light, tho' it's charred and
black to the socket.

Open the old cigar-box, let me consider awhile;
Here is a mild Manilla, there is a wifely smile.

Which is the better portion, bondage bought with a
ring,
Or a harem of dusky beauties, fifty tied in a string?
Counsellors cunning and silent, comforters true and
tried,
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival bride.

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of woes,
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my eye-
lids close.

This will the fifty give me, asking naught in return,
With only a Suttee's passion, to do their duty and
burn.

This will fifty give me. When they are spent and
dead,
Five times other fifties shall be my servants instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the Spanish
Main,
When they hear my harem is empty will send me
my brides again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food for
their mouths withal,
So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the showers
fall.

I will scent them with best vanilla, with tea will I
temper their hides,
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who read
of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my choice
between
The wee little whimpering Love and the great god
Nick O'Teen.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a twelve-
month clear,
But I have been Priest of Partagas a matter of seven
year.

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with
the cheery light
Of stumps that I burned to Friendship and Pleasure
and Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie and I
must prove,
But the only light on the marshes is the will-o'-the-
wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey, or leave me
bogged in the mire?
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I follow
the fitful fire?

Open the old cigar-box, let me consider anew;
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should abandon
you?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the
yoke;
A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a
Smoke.

Light me another Cuba, I hold to my first-sworn
vows,
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie for
spouse!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

BILLOWS AND SHADOWS.

A MAN overboard !

What matters it ? The vessel does not halt. The wind blows. That sombre ship has a path which it is forced to pursue. It passes on.

The man disappears ! then reappears ; he plunges, he rises again to the surface ; he calls, he stretches out his arms ; he is not heard. The vessel, trembling under the hurricane, is wholly absorbed in its own workings ; the passengers and sailors do not even see the drowning man ; his miserable head is but a speck amid the immensity of the waves. He gives vent to desperate cries from out of the depths. What a spectre is that retreating sail ! He gazes and gazes at it frantically. It retreats, it grows dim, it diminishes in size. He was there but just now, he was one of the crew, he went and came along the deck with the rest, he had his part of breath and of sunlight, he was a living man. Now, what has taken place ? He has slipped, he has fallen ; all is at an end.

He is in the tremendous sea. Under foot he has nothing but what flees and crumbles. The billows, torn and lashed by the wind, encompass him hideously ; the waves toss him from one to another ; the cowardly ocean attacks him furiously, to drown him. It seems as though all that water were hate.

Nevertheless he struggles.

He tries to sustain himself ; he makes an effort ;

he swims. He, his petty strength all exhausted instantly, combats the inexhaustible.

Where, then, is the ship? Yonder, barely visible in the pale shadows of the horizon.

There are birds in the clouds, just as there are angels above human distresses; but what can they do for him? They sing and fly and float, and he, he rattles in the death agony.

Night descends; he has been swimming for hours; his strength is exhausted; that ship, that distant thing in which there were men, has vanished; he is alone in the formidable twilight gulf; he sinks, he stiffens himself, he twists himself; he feels under him the monstrous billows of the invisible; he shouts.

There are no more men. Where is God?

He shouts. Help! help! He still shouts on.

Nothing on the horizon; nothing in heaven.

He implores the expanse, the waves, the seaweed, the reef; they are deaf. He beseeches the tempest; the imperturbable tempest obeys only the infinite.

Winds, clouds, whirlwinds, gusts, useless stars! What is to be done? The desperate man gives up; he is weary, he chooses the alternative of death; he resists not; he lets himself go; he abandons his grip; and then he tosses forevermore in the lugubrious depths of engulfment.

Oh! implacable march of human societies! Oh! losses of men and of souls on the way! Ocean into which falls all that the law lets slip! Disastrous absence of help! Oh! moral death!

The sea is the inexorable social night into which the penal laws fling their condemned. The sea is the immensity of wretchedness.

The soul, going down-stream in this gulf, may become a corpse. Who shall resuscitate it?

VICTOR HUGO.

THE H'ANTHEM.

SPEAKING of anthems (says a writer in the Nautical Gazette) reminds me of the story of two old British sailors who were talking over their shore experience. One had been to a cathedral and had heard some very fine music, and was descanting particularly upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a while, and then said: "I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?" "What!" replied Bill, "do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?" "Not me." "Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere, Bill, giv me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem; but was I to say 'Bill, Bill, Bill, giv, giv, giv me that, Bill, giv me, giv me that hand, handspike. Bill, giv, giv me that, hand, handspike, hand, handspike. Ah-men, ah-men. Billgivemethathandspike, spike, ah-men!' why, that would be a hanthem."

THE OLD STORY.

SHE told him that men were false,
That love was a dreadful bore,
As they danced to the Nanon waltz
On the slippery ball-room floor.

He said that her woman's face,
The crown of her shining hair,
Her subtle feminine grace
Were haunting him everywhere.

He told her his orders had come
To march with the dawn of day.
A soldier must "follow the drum"—
No choice but to mount and away.

A sudden tremor of fear
Her rallying laughter smote,
As he gave a souvenir—
A button from off his coat.

He went to the distant war,
And fought as men should do;
But she forgot him afar
In the passion for something new.

His trinket amongst the rest,
She wore at her dainty throat;
But a bullet had pierced his breast
Where the button was off his coat.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF KENTUCKY.

From *Flute and Violin, and other Kentucky Tales and Romances*, by James Lane Allen. Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers.

The two gentlemen referred to are Colonel Romulus Fields, a Kentucky planter of the old school, and Peter Cotton, his negro servant. At the close of the war the Colonel, who was then over seventy years of age and unmarried, sells his plantation, and taking Peter with him, moves to Lexington.

For a number of years Peter had been known to his associates upon the plantation as a preacher of the gospel, and, with an African's fondness for all that is conspicuous in dress, he had gotten his mistress to make for him a sacred blue jeans coat with very long and spacious tails. Upon these tails, at his request, she had embroidered texts of Scripture with such marvelous flourishes and harmonious letterings that Solomon never reflected the glory in which Peter was arrayed whenever he put it on. The extract below is taken from the chapter entitled, "New Love," the scene being laid in the park surrounding the Colonel's home in Lexington.

ONE day in June Peter discovered a young couple love-making in the shrubbery, and with the deepest agitation reported the fact to the Colonel. Never before, probably, had the fluttering of the dear god's wings brought more dismay than to these ancient involuntary guardsmen of his hiding-place. The Colonel was at first for breaking up what he considered a piece of underhand proceedings, but when, a few days later, the Colonel, followed by Peter, crept up breathlessly and peeped through the bushes at the pair strolling along the shady, perfumed walks, and so plainly happy in that happiness which comes but once in a lifetime, they not only abandoned the idea of betraying the secret, but ever afterwards kept away from that part of the grounds, lest they should be an interruption.

"Peter," stammered the Colonel, who had been trying to get the words out for three days, "do you suppose he has already—asked her?"

"Some's pow'ful quick on de trigger, en some's mighty slow," replied Peter, neutrally. "En some," he added, exhaustively, "don't use de trigger 't all!"

"I always thought there had to be asking done by somebody," remarked the Colonel, a little vaguely.

"I nuver axed Phillis!" exclaimed Peter, with a certain air of triumph.

"Did Phillis ask you, Peter?" inquired the Colonel, blushing and confidential.

"No, no, Marse Rom! I couldn't er stood dat from no 'oman!" replied Peter, laughing and shaking his head.

The Colonel was sitting on the stone steps in front of the house, and Peter stood below, leaning against a Corinthian column, hat in hand, as he went on to tell his love-story.

"Hit all happ'n dis way, Marse Rom. We wuz gwine have pra'r-meetin', en I 'lowed to walk home wid Phillis en ax 'er on de road. I been 'lowin' to ax 'er heap o' times befo', but I ain' jes nuver done so. So I says to myse'f, says I, 'I jes mek my sermon to-night kiner lead up to whut I gwine tell Phillis on de road home.' So I tuk my tex' from de lef' tail o' my coat: 'De greates' o' dese is charity'; caze I knowed charity wuz same ez love. En all de time I wuz preachin' an glorifyin' charity en identifyin' charity wid love, I couldn' he'p thinkin' 'bout

what I gwine say to Phillis on de road home. Dat mek me feel better; en de better I feel, de better I preach, so hit boun' to mek my heahehs feel better likewise—Phillis 'mong 'um. So Phillis she jes sot dah listenin' en listenin' en lookin' like we wuz a'ready on de road home, till I got so wuked up in my feelin's I jes knowed de time wuz come. By en by, I hadn' mo' 'n done preachin' en wuz lookin' roun' to git my Bible en my hat, 'fo' up popped dat big Charity Green, who been settin' 'longside o' Phillis en tekin' ev'y las' thing I said to herse'f. En she tuk hole o' my 'han' en squeeze it, en say she felt mos' like shoutin'. En 'fo' I knowed it, I jes see Phillis wrap 'er shawl roun' 'er head en tu'n 'er nose up at me right quick en flip out de dooh. De dogs howl mighty mou'nful when I walk home by myse'f dat night," added Peter, laughing to himself, "en I ain' preach dat sermon no mo' tell after me en Phillis wuz married.

"Hit wuz long time," he continued, "'fo' Phillis come to heah me preach any mo'. But 'long 'bout de nex' fall we had big meetin', en heap mo' 'um j'ined. But Phillis, she aint nuver j'ned yit. I preached mighty nigh all roun' my coat-tails till I say to myse'f, D' aint but one tex' lef', en I jes got to fetch 'er wid dat! De text wuz on de right tail o' my coat: 'Come unto me, all ye dat labor en is heavy laden.' Hit wuz a ve'y momentyus sermon, en all 'long I jes see Phillis wras'lin' wid 'erse'f, en I say, 'She got to come dis night, de Lohd he'pin' me.' En I had no mo' 'n said de word, 'fo' she jes walked

down en guv me 'er han'. Den we had de baptizin in Elkhorn Creek, en de watter wuz deep en de curren' tol'ble swif'. Hit look to me like dere wuz five hundred uv 'um on de creek side. By en by I stood on de edge o' de watter, en Phillis she come down to let me baptize 'er. En me en 'er j'ined han's en waded out in de creek, mighty slow, caze Phillis didn' have no shot roun' de bottom uv 'er dress, en it kep' floatin' on top de watter till I pushed it down. But by en by we got 'way out in de creek, en bofe uv us wuz tremblin'. En I says to 'er ve'y kin'ly, 'When I put you un'er de watter, Phillis, you mus' try en hole yo'se'f stiff, so I can lif' you up easy.' But I hadn't mo' 'n jes got 'er laid back over de watter when 'er feet flew up off de bottom uv de creek, en when I retched out to fetch 'er up, I stepped in a hole, en 'fo' I knowed it, we wuz flounderin' roun' in de watter, en de hymn dey was singin' on de bank sounded mighty confused-like. En Phillis she swallowed some watter, en all 't oncet she jes grap me right tight roun' de neck, en said mighty quick, says she, 'I gwine marry whoever gits me out'n dis yere watter!'

"En by en by, when me en 'er wuz walkin' up de bank o' de creek, drippin' all over, I says to 'er, says I:

"Does you 'member whut you said back yon'er in de watter, Phillis?"

"I ain' out'n no watter yit,' says she, ve'y contemptuous.

"When does you consider yo'se'f out'n de watter?' say I, ve'y humble.

“‘When I get dese soakin’ clo’es off’n my back,’ says she.

“Hit wuz good dark when we got home, en atter a while I crope up to de dooh o’ Phillis’s cabin en put my eye down to de key-hole, en I see Phillis jes settin’ ’fo’ dem blazin’ walnut logs dressed up in ’er new red linsey dress, en ’er eyes shinin’. En I shuk so I ’mos’ faint. Den I tap easy on de dooh, en say in a mighty tremblin’ tone, says I:

“‘Is you out’n de watter yit, Phillis?’

“‘I got on dry dress,’ says she.

“‘Does you ’member what you said back yon’er in de watter, Phillis?’ says I.

“‘De latch-string on de outside de dooh,’ says she, mighty sof’.

“En I walked in.”

As Peter drew near the end of this reminiscence, his voice sank to a key of inimitable tenderness; and when it was ended the ensuing silence was broken by his merely adding:

“Phillis been dead heap o’ years now,” after which he turned away.

This recalling of the scenes of a time long gone by may have awakened in the breast of the Colonel some gentle memory; for after Peter was gone he continued to sit awhile in silent musing. Then getting up, he walked in the falling twilight across the yard and through the gardens until he came to a secluded spot in the most distant corner. There he stooped or rather knelt down and passed his hands,

as though with mute benediction, over a little bed of old-fashioned China pinks.

He continued kneeling over them, touching them softly with his fingers, as though they were the fragrant, never-changing symbols of voiceless communion with his past. Still it may have been only the early dew of the evening that glistened on them when he rose and slowly walked away, leaving but the pale moonbeams to haunt the spot.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

THE joy bells are ringing in gay Malahide,
The fresh wind is singing along the seaside;
The maids are assembling with garlands of flowers,
And the harpstrings are trembling in all the glad
bowers.

Swell, swell the gay measure! roll trumpet and
drum!

'Mid greetings of pleasure in splendor they come!
The chancel is ready, the portal stands wide
For the lord and the lady, the bridegroom and bride

Before the high altar young Maud stands arrayed;
With accents that falter her promise is made—
From father and mother forever to part,
For him and no other to treasure her heart.

The words are repeated, the bridal is done,
The rite is completed—the two, they are one;

The vow, it is spoken all pure from the heart,
That must not be broken till life shall depart.

Hark! 'mid the gay clangor that compassed their
car,

Loud accents in anger come mingling afar!
The foe's on the border, his weapons resound
Where the lines in disorder unguarded are found.

As wakes the good shepherd, the watchful and bold,
When the ounce or the leopard is seen in the fold,
So rises already the chief in his mail,
While the new-married lady looks fainting and pale.

Son, husband, and brother arise to the strife,
For the sister and mother, for children and wife!
O'er hill and o'er hollow, o'er mountain and plain,
"Up, true men, and follow! let dastards remain!"

Hurrah! to the battle! they form into line—
The shields, how they rattle! the spears, how they
shine!

Soon, soon shall the foeman his treachery rue
On burgher and yeoman, to die or to do!

The eve is declining in lone Malahide,
The maidens are twining gay wreaths for the bride;
She marks them unheeding—her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding for her in the war.

Hark! loud from the mountain—'tis Victory's cry!
O'er woodland and fountain it rings to the sky!
The foe has retreated! he flies to the shore;
The spoiler's defeated—the combat is o'er!

With foreheads unruffled the conquerors come—
But why have they muffled the lance and the drum?
What form do they carry aloft on his shield?
And where doos he tarry, the lord of the field?

Ye saw him at morning how gallant and gay!
In bridal adorning the star of the day:
Now weep for the lover—his triumph is sped,
His hope it is over! the chieftain is dead!

But, oh! for the maiden who mourns for that chief,
With heart overladen and rending with grief!
She sinks on the meadow—in one morning tide
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride!

Ye maidens attending, forbear to condole!
Your comfort is rending the depths of her soul.
True—true, 'twas a story for ages of pride,
He died in his glory—but, oh! he has died!

The dead-bells are tolling in sad Malahide,
The dead-wail is rolling along the seaside;
The crowds, heavy hearted, withdraw from the green,
For the sun has departed that brighten'd the scene!

GERALD GRIFFIN.

A LITTLE HAND.

PERHAPS there are tenderer, sweeter things
Somewhere in this sun-bright land;
But I thank the Lord for His blessing,
And the clasp of a little hand.

A little hand that softly stole
Into my own that day,
When I needed the touch that I loved so much,
To strengthen me on the way.

Softer it seemed than the softest down
On the breast of the gentlest dove;
But its timid press and its faint caress
Were strong in the strength of love!

It seemed to say in a strange, sweet way,
"I love you and understand,"
And calmed my fears as my hot heart tears
Fell over that little hand.

* * * * *

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things
Somewhere in this sun-bright land;
But I thank the Lord for His blessing,
And the clasp of a little hand.

F. L. STANTON.

THE BALLAD OF THE COLORS.

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A GENTLEMAN of courtly air,
Of old Virginia he;
A damsel from New Jersey State,
Of matchless beauty she:
They met as fierce antagonists—
The reason why, they say,

Her eyes were of the Federal blue,
And his Confederate gray.

They entered on a fierce campaign,
And when the fight began,
It seemed as though the strategy
Had no determinate plan.
Each watched the other's movements well,
While standing there at bay—
One struggling for the Federal blue,
One for Confederate gray.

We all looked on with anxious eyes
To see their forces move,
And none could tell which combatant
At last would victor prove.
They marched and countermarched with skill,
Avoiding well the fray;
Here lines were seen of Federal blue,
There—Confederate gray.

At last he moved his force in mass,
And sent her summons there
That she should straight capitulate
Upon conditions fair.
“As you march forth the flags may fly,
The drums and bugles play;
But yield those eyes of Federal blue
To the Confederate gray.”

“You are the foe,” she answer sent,
“To maidens such as I;

I'll fight you with a dauntless heart,
And conquer you or die.
A token of the sure result
The vaulted skies display,
For there above is Federal blue,
Below—Confederate gray."

Sharp-shooting on each flank began,
And 'mid manœuvres free,
The rattle of small talk with
Big guns of repartee,
Mixed with the deadly glance of eyes
Amid the proud array,
There met in arms the Federal blue
And the Confederate gray.

Exhausted by the fight, at length
They called a truce to rest;
When lo! another force appeared
Upon the mountain's crest.
And as it came the mountain down
Amid the trumpets' bray
Uncertain stood the Federal blue
With the Confederate gray.

A corps of stout free lances these
Who poured upon the field,
Field Marshal Cupid in command,
Who swore they both must yield;
That both should conquer, both divide
The honors of the day,
And proudly with the Federal blue
March the Confederate gray.

His troops were fresh and hers were worn ;
What could they but agree
That both should be the conquerors,
And both should captives be ?
So they presented arms, because
Dan Cupid held the sway,
And joined in peace the Federal blue
With the Confederate gray.

* * * * *

Twelve years have fled ; I passed to-day
The fort they built, and saw
A sight to strike a bachelor
With spirit-thrilling awe.
Deployed a corps of infantry,
But less for drill than play ;
And some had eyes of Federal blue,
And some Confederate gray.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

CRY IN THE DARKNESS—THE SENTINEL'S ALARM.

NOT an Indian had been seen all the afternoon. No sign of danger. Night comes down as softly as a child closes its eyes in sleep, and the light breeze from the north brings a film of white cloud to hide a portion of the stars. A sentinel is posted on the bank of the stream, a second to the east, a third to the west. It seems almost absurd to take these pre-

cautions. The crickets sing under the stones—field-mice run about in the grass—the waters of the Loup sing a peaceful song as they flow past our camp.

No Indians—no signs.

At ten o'clock everybody but the sentinels is fast asleep. Some of the horses are lying at full length, so buried in slumber that their heavy breathing can be heard for yards away. At eleven o'clock all is quiet. Fleecy clouds now cover the heavens, making the night no darker, but more uncertain. As the eye looks off over the level plain the shadows take on a different shape and have more life.

Midnight! The three sentinels softly enter camp, bend over the sleepers, and five minutes later the guard has been changed. Those who slept are now as watchful as foxes; those who watched are in the land of dreams.

Half-past twelve o'clock! No sound now but the purling waters, and their monotony would close the eyes of a sentinel who listened long.

One o'clock! Now there is the quietness of a graveyard. Men and horses seem to be dead. The sentinel to the east gives a sudden start. He would deny it on his oath, but for an instant he slept. He shakes himself and looks over the camp. All is peace, but he has received a shock which makes his heart beat faster. His stand is at the foot of a cottonwood. He sinks down on his knees and peers out from either side of the trunk. Nothing in sight—nothing but the dark shadows cast by the clouds,

“Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!”

A cricket begins his song again after a long silence. It seems loud enough to waken every sleeper, but it is not. It is low and quiet. It reaches the ears of only one sentinel.

“Watch! Watch! Watch!”

His heart leaps to his mouth. The words came to him as plain as if spoken by some human being. Watch what? Watch where? Watch for whom?

“Watch! Watch! Watch!”

The sentinel's eye falls on a dark spot on the grass a hundred feet away. It is the shadow of a cloud. The darker spot in the centre is a rock lifting its head out of the earth. He noticed it before the darkness came. He can see nothing moving—there is no danger.

“Look! Look! Look!”

His heart jumps again and his eyes go back to the dark spot. They cling there for two or three minutes, during which time the cricket is absolutely silent. Did something move? Is the black spot nearer than it was?

“Creeping! Crawling! Coming!”

So shouts the cricket, and now the sentinel is sure that the dark spot has advanced. Of course it has! It has also changed the line of its advance. With bated breath he waits and watches. The man who disturbs camp without good cause will be taunted with cowardice. Ah! it does move. The black spot is now over fifty feet away.

“Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!”

The sentinel softly pulls back the hammer of his heavy carbine, raises the weapon quietly to his shoulder, and the loud report is followed by a cry so long-drawn, so wild and weird and full of death that no one ever forgets it. There is wild confusion for a moment—then everybody is ready.

“What is it?”

Three or four men advance to the dark spot, to find the body of an Indian stretched at full length on the earth, shot through the breast. Eighty rods away are half a hundred warriors waiting in the darkness for the spy to return. At the sound of his death-cry they mount their ponies and ride away.

THE DETROIT FREE PRESS.

HOW DID SHE KNOW?

HE had not said that he would come,
He wrote no single line,
And yet she knew

Without a word, or look, or sign.
The gentle breezes told her heart
Although they seemed so dumb:
So she put on her sweetest dress—
And then—he didn't come! .

OPPORTUNITY.

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain ;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's
 banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, " Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing !"—he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away, and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore, bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and, with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed the enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

EDWARD ROLAND SILL.

PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

CHARACTERS. .

PYGMALION, an Athenian Sculptor.

GALATEA, a Statue.

ACT I.—TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

[Pygmalion, a noted Greek sculptor, makes a most beautiful statue of a woman. Having attained perfection of form he longs to breathe life into his work and blames the gods that they have limited his power.

While uttering his complaints Galatea, coming to life, calls to him from behind the curtain.]

This scene can be very effectively given as a monologue performance.

Galatea (from behind curtain c.).—Pygmalion!

Pygmalion (after a pause).—Who called?

Gal.—Pygmalion!

Pygmalion tears away curtain and discovers Galatea alive.

Pyg.—Ye gods! It lives!

Gal.—Pygmalion!

Pyg.—It speaks!

I have my prayer! my Galatea breathes!

Gal.—

Where am I? Let me speak, Pygmalion;

Give me thy hand—both hands—how soft and warm!

Whence came I? [Descends.]

Pyg.—Why, from yonder pedestal.

Gal.—

That pedestal! Ah, yes; I recollect,

There was a time when it was part of me.

Pyg.—

That time has passed forever, thou art now

Pyg.—

It is.

Gal.—

And not long since

I was a cold, dull stone. I recollect
That by some means I knew that I was stone,
That was the first dull gleam of consciousness;
I became conscious of a chilly self,
A cold immovable identity.
I knew that I was stone, and knew no more;
Then by an imperceptible advance,
Came the dim evidence of outer things,
Seen, darkly and imperfectly, yet seen;
The walls surrounded me, and I alone.
That pedestal—that curtain—then a voice
That called on Galatea! At that word,
Which seemed to shake my marble to the core,
That which was dim before, came evident.
Sounds that had hummed around me, indistinct,
Vague, meaningless—seemed to resolve themselves
Into a language I could understand;
I felt my frame pervaded with a glow
That seemed to thaw my marble into flesh;
Its cold, hard substance throbbed with active
life,
My limbs grew supple, and I moved—I lived!
Lived in the ecstasy of new born life;
Lived in the love of him that fashioned me;
Lived in a thousand tangled thoughts of hope,
Love, gratitude, thoughts that resolved them-
selves
Into one word, that word, Pygmalion!

[*Kneels to him.*]

Pyg.—

I have no words to tell thee of my joy,
O woman—perfect in thy loveliness.

Gal.—

What is that word? Am I a woman?

Pyg.—

Yes.

Gal.—

Art thou a woman?

Pyg.—

No; I am a man!

Gal.—

What is a man?

Pyg.—

A being strongly framed,
To wait on woman, and protect her from
All ills that strength and courage can avert;
To work and toil for her, that she may rest;
To weep and mourn for her, that she may
laugh;

To fight and die for her, that she may live!

Gal. (after a pause).—I'm glad I am a woman.

[*Takes his hand—he leads her down L.*]

Pyg.—

So am I. [*They sit.*]

Gal.—

That I escape the pains thou hast to bear?

Pyg.—

That I may undergo those pains for thee.

Gal.—

With whom then wouldst thou fight?

Pyg.—

With any man

Whose word or deed gave Galatea pain.

Gal.—

Then there are other men in this strange world?

Pyg.—

There are, indeed.

Gal.—

And other women?

Pyg. (taken aback).—

Yes;

Though for the moment I'd forgotten it!

Yes, other women.

Gal.—

And for all of these

Men work, and toil. and mourn, and weep, and
fight?

Pyg.—

It is man's duty, if he's called upon,

To fight for all—he works for those he loves.

Gal.—

Then by thy works I know thou lovest me?

Pyg.—

Indeed, I love thee! [*Embraces her.*]

Gal.—

With what kind of love?

Pyg.—

I love thee [*recollecting himself and releasing her*] as
a sculptor loves his work!

[*aside*] There is diplomacy in that reply.

Gal.—

My love is different in kind to thine:

I am no sculptor, and I've done no work,

Yet I do love thee; say—what love is mine?

Pyg.—

Tell me its symptoms, then I'll answer thee.

Gal.—

Its symptoms? Let me call them as they come.

A sense that I am made by thee for thee,

That I've no will that is not wholly thine,

That I've no thought, no hope, no enterprise,
That does not own thee as its sovereign ;
That I have life that I may live for thee,
That I am thine—that thou and I are one !
What kind of love is that ?

Pyg.— A kind of love
That I shall run some risk in dealing with.

Gal.—

And why, Pygmalion ?

Pyg.— Such love as thine
A man may not receive, except, indeed,
From one who is, or is to be, his wife.

Gal.—

Then I will be thy wife.

Pyg.— That may not be ;
I have a wife—the gods allow but one.

Gal.—

Why did the gods then send me here to thee ?

Pyg.—

I cannot say—unless to punish me [rises]
For unreflecting and presumptuous prayer !
I pray'd that thou shouldst live. I have my
prayer,
And now I see the fearful consequence
That must attend it !

Gal.— Yet thou lovest me ? [rises]

Pyg.—

Who could look on that face and stifle love ?

Gal.—

Then I am beautiful ?

Pyg.— Indeed thou art.

Gal.—

I wish that I could look upon myself,
But that's impossible.

Pyg.— Not so, indeed, [*crosses R.*]

This mirror will reflect thy face. Behold!

[*Hands her a mirror from table, R. c.*]

Gal.—

How beautiful! I am very glad to know
That both our tastes agree so perfectly;
Why, my Pygmalion, I did not think
That aught could be more beautiful than thou,
Till I behold myself. Believe me, love,
I could look in this mirror all day long.
So I'm a woman.

Pyg.— There's no doubt of that!

Gal.—

Oh! happy maid, to be so passing fair!
And happier still Pygmalion, who can gaze
At will upon so beautiful a face!

Pyg.—

Hush! Galatea—in thine innocence

[*taking glass from her*]

Thou sayest things that others would reprove.

Gal.—

Indeed, Pygmalion; then it is wrong
To think that one is exquisitely fair?

Pyg.—

Well, Galatea, it's a sentiment
That every other woman shares with thee;
They think it—but they keep it to themselves.

Gal.—

And is thy wife as beautiful as I?

Pyg.—

No, Galatea; for in forming thee
I took her features—lovely in themselves—
And in marble made them lovelier still.

Gal. (disappointed).—Oh! then I'm not original?

Pyg.—

Well—no—

That is—thou hast indeed a prototype,
But though in stone thou did'st resemble her,
In life, the difference is manifest.

Gal.—

I'm very glad that I am lovelier than she.
And am I better?

[*Sits, L.*]

Pyg.—

That I do not know.

Gal.—

Then she has faults.

Pyg.—

Very few, indeed;

Mere trivial blemishes, that serve to show
That she and I are of one common kin.

I love her all the better for such faults.

Gal. (after a pause).—

Tell me some faults and I'll commit them now.

Pyg.—

There is no hurry; they will come in time:

[*Sits beside her, L.*]

Though for that matter, it's a grievous sin
To sit as lovingly as we sit now.

Gal.—

Is sin so pleasant? If to sit and talk
As we are sitting, be indeed a sin,
Why I could sin all day. But tell me, love,
Is this great fault that I'm committing now,

The kind of fault that only serves to show
That thou and I are of one common kin?

Pyg.—

Indeed, I'm very much afraid it is.

Gal.—

And dost thou love me better for such fault?

Pyg.—

Where is the mortal that could answer "no"?

Gal.—

Why then I'm satisfied, Pygmalion;
Thy wife and I can start on equal terms.
She loves thee?

Pyg.—

Very much.

Gal.—

I'm glad of that.

I like thy wife.

Pyg.—

And why?

Gal. (surprised at the question).—

Our tastes agree.

We love Pygmalion well, and what is more,
Pygmalion loves us both. I like thy wife;
I'm sure we shall agree.

Pyg. (aside).—

I doubt it much.

Gal.—

Is she within?

Pyg.—

No, she is not within.

Gal.—

But she'll come back?

Pyg.—

Oh! yes, she will come back.

Gal.—

How pleased she'll be to know when she returns,
That there was some one here to fill her place.

Pyg. (drily).—

Yes, I should say she'd be extremely pleased.
[*Rises.*]

Gal.—

Why, there is something in thy voice which
says

That thou^art jesting. Is it possible

To say one thing and mean another?

Pyg.—

Yes,

It's sometimes done.

Gal.—

How very wonderful?

So clever!

Pyg.— And so very useful.

Gal.—

Yes.

Teach me the art.

Pyg.—

The art will come in time.

My wife will not be pleased; there—that's the
truth.

Gal.—

I do not think that I shall like thy wife.

Tell me^amore of her.

Pyg.—

Well——

Gal.—

What did she say

When last she left thee?

Pyg.—

Humph! Well, let me see:

Oh! true, she gave thee to me as my wife—

Her solitary representative;

[*Tenderly*] She feared I should be lonely till she
came,

And counselled me, if thoughts of love should
come,

To speak those thoughts to thee, as I am wont
To speak to her.

Gal.— That's right.

Pyg. (releasing her).— But when she spoke
Thou wast a stone, now thou art flesh and blood,
Which makes a difference.

Gal.— It's a strange world;
A woman loves her husband very much,
And cannot brook that I should love him too;
She fears he will be lonely till she comes,
And will not let me cheer his loneliness:
She bids him breathe his love to senseless stone,
And when that stone is brought to life—be dumb!
It's a strange world, I cannot fathom it.

[*Crosses, R.*]

Pyg. (aside).—Let me be brave, and put an end to
this.

(*Aloud*).—Come, Galatea—till my wife returns,
My sister shall provide thee with a home;
Her house is close at hand.

Gal. (astonished and alarmed).—Send me not hence,
Pygmalion—let me stay.

Pyg.— It may not be.

Come, Galatea, we shall meet again.

Gal. (resignedly).—

Do with me as thou wilt, Pygmalion!

But we shall meet again?—and very soon?

Pyg.—

Yes, very soon.

Gal.— And when thy wife returns,
She'll let me stay with thee?

Pyg.— I do not know.
[*Aside*].—Why should I hide the truth from her?
[*Aloud*]. Alas!

I may not see thee then.

Gal.— Pygmalion!

What fearful words are these?

Pyg.— The bitter truth.

I may not love thee; I must send thee hence.

Gal.—

Recall those words, Pygmalion, my love!
Was it for this that Heaven gave me life?
Pygmalion, have mercy on me; see
I am thy work, thou hast created me;
The gods have sent me to thee. I am thine,
Thine! only and unalterably thine! [*music*]
This is the thought with which my soul is charged.
Thou tellest me of one who claims thy love,
That thou hast love for her alone. Alas!
I do not know these things; I only know
That Heaven has sent me here to be with thee.
Thou tellest me of duty to thy wife,
Of vows that thou wilt love but her; alas!
I do not know these things; I only know
That Heaven, who sent me here, has given me
One all-absorbing duty to discharge—
To love thee, and to make thee love again!

[*During this speech Pygmalion has shown symptoms of irresolution; at its conclusion he takes her in his arms and embraces her passionately.*]

W. S. GILBERT.

HER ANSWER.

“DEAR Nell, 'tis good-bye, your train's nearly
due,
And here are your tickets, your wraps, and the
keys,
With your check, and these roses—I gathered a
few
For you, little queen, and I hope they will please.

“Ah! there is the whistle, dear! Send to me, please,
The answer I pleaded so hard for last night.
Say, Nell, for an answer, send back one of these:
For yes, a red rose; for refusal, the white.”

A deep, heavy rumbling, a whistle's wild shriek,
A clashing and clanging, a red, glaring light.
Blue eyes flash an answer that lips will not speak;
A sweet summer dream has its ending to-night.

“I love her,” he murmured, as standing alone
He peered thro' the darkness that snatched her
from light.

“I love him, of course.” Her roguish eyes shone.
“I'll dip it in carmine and send him the white.”

A watchman asleep, a switch that was turned,
A hundred poor souls to eternity swept!
Across magic wires the fatal news burned,
The heart of a village in agony wept.

A hundred brave hearts by sympathy sped,
Passed in night's silence through valley and
glen,
And fought in the smoke of the wreck for the dead,
With the fierceness of demons, the pity of men.

Another, a woman! "My God! this is Nell!"
A white blossom crushed on the breast torn and
bruised,
The white rose—his answer—on which the blood
fell,
And painted the message her lips had refused.

"THE REVENGE."

A Ballad of the Fleet.

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnacle, like a flutter'd bird, came flying
from far away :
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-
three!"
Then spake Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I
am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out
of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but fol-
low quick,
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-
three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are
no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick
ashore;
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my
Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of
Spain."

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war
that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer
heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from
the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford and Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not
left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of
the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and
to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spanish came
in sight,
With his huge sea castles heaving upon the weather
bow.

“ Shall we fight or shall we fly ?
Good Sir Richard, let us know ;
For to fight is but to die !
There’ll be little of us left, by the time this sun be
set.”

And Sir Richard said again : “ We be all good Eng-
lishmen ;
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the
devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or Devil yet.”

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh’d, and we roar’d
a hurrah, and so
The little “ Revenge ” ran on, sheer into the heart of
the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck and her ninety
sick below ;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the
left were seen,
And the little “ Revenge ” ran on, thro’ the long sea-
lane between.
Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their
decks and laugh’d,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad
little craft
Running on and on, till delay’d
By their mountain-like “ San Philip,” that, of fifteen
hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning
tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails and we stay’d.

And while now the great "San Philip" hung above
us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-
board lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out, far
over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and
the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-
thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with
her dead and her shame,
For some were sunk, and many were shatter'd, and
so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the
world before?

For he said: "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the summer night
was gone,
With a grisly wound to be dressed, he had left the
deck,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly
 dead,
And himself he was wounded again, in the side and
 the head,
And he said: "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled far out
 over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet, with broken sides, lay round
 us, all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared
 that we still could sting,
So they watched what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us were maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate
 strife.

And the sick men down in the hold were most of
 them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder
 was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the
 side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?"

Sink the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in
twain !

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of
Spain !”

And the gunner said: “Ay, ay,” but the seamen
made reply :

“We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.

We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to
let us go ;

We shall live to fight again, and to strike another
blow.”

And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to
the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore
him then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard
caught at last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace ;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :

“I have fought for Queen and Faith, like a valiant
man and true ;

I have only done my duty, as a man is bound to do ;
With a joyful spirit, I, Sir Richard Grenville, die !”

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant
and true,

And had holden the power and glory of Spain so
cheap

That he dared her with one little ship and his Eng-
lish few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they
knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the
deep,
And they mann'd the "Revenge" with a swarthier
alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss, and long'd for her
own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke
from sleep,
And the water began to heave, and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
quake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their
masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-
shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little "Revenge" herself went down by the
island crags,
To be lost evermore in the main.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

SHALL atoms be eternally active, and intellect,
that has found them, end? Shall impalpable
light speed so swiftly and safely through infinite
space, and the mind, that measures its speed and

makes it tell its secrets in the spectroscope, be buried with the body? Shall mere breath send its pulsations through the wire, and after fifty miles of silence, sound again in speech or music in a far-off city, or stamp itself in the phonograph to sound again in far-off centuries—and the soul that has wrought these wonders pass to eternal silence? Shall physical force persist forever—and this love, which is the strongest force in nature, perish? It would seem wiser to trust that the infinite law, which is everywhere else so true, will take care of this human longing which it has made, and fulfill it in eternal safety. We make no argument, but we cannot ignore all the intimations of immortality. Cyrus Field tells of the night, when, after his weary search for that long-lost cable two miles deep in mid-ocean, the grapnel caught it, and, trembling with suspense, they drew it to the deck, hardly trusting their eyes, but creeping to feel it and make sure it was there. But when, as they watched, a spark soon came from a finger in England, showing that the line was sound, strong men wept, and rockets rent the midnight darkness. We and our world float like a ship on the mysterious sea of being, in whose abysses the grapnel of science touches no bottom, and can expect to find no solid line of logic connecting us to another land. But now and then there come from convictions stronger than cables, flashes of light bidding us trust that our dead share in divine immortality, and are safe in the arms of infinite Law and eternal Love.

HENRY M. SIMMONS.

WHAT ELSE COULD HE DO?

HER lips were so near
That—what else could I do?
You'll be angry, I fear,
But her lips were so near—
Well—I can't make it clear—
Or explain it to you,
But—her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?

MY LITTLE TEASE.

A MISCHIEVOUS fairy,
With step light and airy,
Has just pulled my hair, and is running away;
Two rows of baby pearls,
Head full of yellow curls,
Brimful of mischief she's thought of all day.
She runs first to greet me,
Comes romping to meet me,
Racing ahead and holding the door;
Stealing my easy chair;
Pulling me here and there,
If I get tired she teases me more.

Delightfully bright little,
Graceful and slight little,
Airy and light little wight of a tease,

Ah! life would be weary,
Be lonely and dreary,
Without thee, my deary, thou mite of a tease.
Joyous and glad little,
Not a whit sad little,
Not a bit bad little heart's joy and ease,
The sun would be mazy,
Seem clouded and hazy,
If this household daisy were not here to tease.

Little tongue never still,
Laugh like a mountain rill,
Eyes full of fun and her cheek like a rose,
Low sinks the summer sun,
Soft twilight stealing on,
Little head nodding, how drowsy she grows.
When the long day is done
Slumbers my darling one,
Tired and weary, her head on my knees,
Downward the eyelids creep,
Quiet, but sound asleep,
I love thee, I love thee, my own little tease.
GEORGE F. LYMAN.

THAT SUGAR-PLUM TREE.

HAVE you ever heard of the sugar-plum tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lillipop sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye town;

The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
 (As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
 Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to that tree you would have a hard
 time

 To capture the fruit which I sing:
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
 To the bowers where the sugar plums swing.
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
 And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
 Those sugar plums tempting you so.

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog,
 And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
 And her swelling proportions attest.
That the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
 From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar plums tumble, of course, to the
 ground—
 Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint
 canes,
 With striplings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
 As much as your apron can hold.

So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that sugar-plum tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye town.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE BENEDICTION.

IT was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.
“’Tis the priest’s doing!” was the word passed
round;
So, that, although since daybreak under arms,—
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends—piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel hat and long black coat were seen
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street
My company worked on. I kept an eye
On every house-top, right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,
Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came
out,

With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound,
In such a dangerous defile, not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,

Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square,
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it, black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done—deliberately done—
And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted
Under the huddled masses of the dead,
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;
While in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,

Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
That, as I speak, it comes before me now,—
The convent built in old time by the Moors ;
The huge brown corpses of the monks ; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam ;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest ;
And there the altar brilliant as a shrine ;
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.

I, certes, in those days
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
At a wax candle burning on the altar.
This time, however, I was awed—so blanched
Was that old man !

“Shoot him !” our captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
Heard ; but, as though he heard not, turning round,
He faced us with the elevated Host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings ;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,

The words came to us—

Vos benedicat !

Deus Omnipotens !

The captain's order
Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall swear !" Then one of ours, a dastard,
Leveled his gun and fired. Upstanding still,
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look
Set upwards, and indomitably stern.

Pater et Filius !

Came the words. What frenzy,
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not ; but 'twas done.
The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
Held himself up ; and strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated Host. For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard,
Et Sanctus Spiritus !

He said ; and ending
His service. fell down dead.

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

NAPOLEON'S ADVICE TO AN ACTOR.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE took a great fancy to
Talma, the actor, who somewhat resembled
him. That may have been the reason. At any rate,

Napoleon once gave Talma a lecture on acting. This is what he said :

“I like you,” said Napoleon to Talma, “because you are always the personage you represent. Pompey, Cæsar, Augustus, that sly politician, can never have resembled actors who are always on the stage and absorbed in getting themselves applauded. They used to speak and not to declaim ; and even at the tribune or at the head of armies they were orators, and not actors. Look you, Talma,” added the emperor, “you often come to see me in the morning. You meet a number of people. There are princesses who have been robbed of their lovers, princes who have lost their dominions, kings of yesterday whom war has brought to the top, victorious generals who are hoping for or asking for crowns. There are around me deluded ambitions, ardent rivalries, catastrophes, sorrows concealed at the bottom of the heart, afflictions which force their way into notice. Certainly there is plenty of tragedy ; my palace is full of it, and I myself am assuredly the most tragic of the figures of the time. Well, do you see us raise our arms in the air, study our gestures, assume attitudes, affect airs of greatness ? Do you hear us utter cries ? Doubtless no. We speak naturally, as each one speaks when he is inspired by an interest or a passion. So did the people who before us occupied the world’s state and also played tragedy on the throne. These are the examples to follow.”

AN EAGLE'S FLIGHT.

THOSE who have stood amid the sublime scenery at Harper's Ferry and watched the eagle there in his favorite haunts, now perched in solitary grandeur on some tall peak or towering crag, now wheeling into the heavens with his eye upon the sun; those who have delighted to watch him thus know something of his nature and his habits.

I witnessed there, upon one occasion, a scene which I wish I had the skill or ability to depict, for it was very beautiful.

There was a black, lowering, and portentous cloud in the west, charged with thunder; over its dark bosom the red lightning gleamed and danced, and the voice of the thunder came forth in tones which shook the hills.

An eagle came swooping on from the east directly in the face of the cloud itself. Onward he came with the rapidity of an arrow, seemingly resolved to penetrate the dark barrier, and make his onward way in spite of all resistance. Now he plunged into the dark bosom of the cloud, as if determined to snatch the lightnings of heaven. Anon he wheeled aloft as if resolved to scale the summit; and his shriek came forth in fierce defiance of the angry thunder. But suddenly he made one majestic swoop—not backward, no retreat in his nature—but directly along the very verge of the cloud, skirting the Blue Ridge, and perched himself upon one of its loftiest peaks. He

paused one moment, with bowed wings and glancing eyes; the cloud blew over without even the smallest pattering of rain, the sun came out again from the cloudless heaven, the eagle sprang from his perch and pursued his course far in the dim regions of the trackless west!

H. BEDINGER.

WINNIE'S WELCOME.

WELL, Shamus, what brought ye?
It's dead, sure, I thought ye—
What's kept ye this fortnight from calling on me?
Stop there! Don't be lyin';
It's no use denyin'—
I know you've been waiting on Kitty Magee.

She's old and she's homely:
There's girls young and comely
Who've loved you much longer and better than she.
But 'deed I'm not carin',
I'm glad I've no share in
The love of a boy who'd love Kitty Magee.

Away! I'm not cryin',
Your charge I'm denyin';
You're wrong to attribute such weakness to me;
If tears I am showin'
I'd have ye be knowin'
They're shed out of pity for Kitty Magee.

For mane an' consated,
Wid pride over-weighted,
Cold, heartless, and brutal she'll find ye to be;
When ye she'll be gettin'
She'll soon be regrettin'
She e'er changed her name from plain Kitty Magee.

What's that? Am I dhramin'?
You've only been shammin',
Just trying to test the affection in me?
But you're the sly divil!
There, now! Plaze be civil;
Don't hug me to death—I'm not Kitty Magee.

Your kisses confuse me—
Well, I'll not refuse ye—
I know you'll be tinder and lovin' wid me;
To show my contrition
For doubts and suspicion
I'll ask for first bridemaid Miss Kitty Magee.

THE SABBATH.

THE Sabbath was made for man—not to be contemned and forgotten. The constitution of his nature requires just such a season. It is identified with his pursuits and his moral tendencies. God has ordained it in infinite benevolence.

The reason for its institution, as recorded in His word, was His own example. It began with crea-

tion. The garden of Eden would not have smiled in all its loveliness had not the light of this day shone upon it.

Blot it out, and the hope of the world is extinguished.

How was it when the whirlwind raged in France? They could not carry out their measures of ferocity and blood while this last palladium of virtue remained. Desolation seemed to pause in its course, its waves almost subsided, when the spirit of evil struck this hallowed day from the calendar, and enacted a decade to the Goddess of Reason—after which the besom swept all before it.

Our own experience must satisfy us that it is essential to the welfare of our condition. Put the mind to any action of its powers; let its energies be exerted incessantly, with no season for abstraction and repose, and it will very soon sink under a task so hostile to its nature; it would wear out in such hard service.

So let the pursuits of business constantly engage our speculations, and the whole year become one unvaried calculation of profit and loss, with no Sabbath to open an hour for the return of higher and nobler feelings, and the heart will become the victim of a cold and debasing selfishness, and have no greater susceptibility than the nether mill-stones. And if in matters that are lawful such consequences would ensue, what will be the result of a constant, unbroken progression in vice! If this barrier against the augmenting flood of evils be prostrated, all your penalties and prisons will oppose an utterly inefficient

check. Irreligion will attain to a magnitude and hardihood that will scorn the restraints of your laws. Law, sir! of what avail can this be against the corrupted sentiment of a whole people? Let us weigh the interesting truth—that a free people can only flourish under the control of moral causes; and it is the Sabbath which gives vigor, and energy, and stability to these causes. The nation expects that the standard of sound principles will be raised here. Let us give it a commanding elevation. Let its tone be lofty. It is in this way we should expect to excite the enthusiasm of patriotism, or any other virtue.

T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

AN ITALIAN'S VIEWS ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

ONE man looka at da labor quest' one way, 'noder man looka 'noder way. I looka deesa way:

Longa time ago I gitta born in Italia. Pret' queeck I gitta big 'nough to know mya dad. I find him one worka man. Him worka hard in da hotta sun—sweat lika da wetta rag to maka da 'nough mon' to gitta da grub. Mya moth' worka too—work lika da dog. Dey make alla da kids work—mea too. Dat maka me tired. I see da king, da queen, and da richa peop' driva by in da swella style. It maka me sick. I say, "Da world alla wrong. Da rich have too mucha mon', too mucha softa snap. Da poor

have too mucha work, too mucha dirt, too much tougha luck."

Dat maka me one dago anarchista. I hear 'bout America, da freak countra, where da worka man eata da minca pie an' da roasa beef.

I taka da skip—taka da ship—sail ova da wat'—reacha Newa York.

Va! It reminda me of Naples—beautifula bay, blue sky, da plenta lazaroni and mucha dirta streets. I looka 'r-round for da easy job. It noa go. Da easy jobs alla gone.

It mora work to gitta da work dan da work itself. I gitta down on da richa peop' more anda more alla da time. Geea Whiz! Dat freea countra maka me sick!

Well, aft' while I strika da job—pounda da stone on da railaroad. It near keela me, but I eata da ver' lit' grub, weara da olda clothes, and socka da mon' in mya sock eacha day. I learna da one ting—da mon' maka da mare go.

I catcha da spirit ofa da town: I maka what you calla da progress. I find da man what maka da mon' nev' do da harda work. I quit. I buya da buncha banan', putta da banan' ina da bask ona my arm, sella him ona da street. Hulla Gee! I maka da twenty-fi' cent a day clear.

Ver' soon I have da gr-rata lotta mon'. I buya one handa org'; maka da moss, playa Ta-ra-ra boom all ova da countra; maka more mon': den I buy Jocka da monk'. Da monk is lika da businessa man—ver' smart. I maka him my cashier. Him

passa da contribution box lika da deacon in da church. Him maka da face, him dance.

Da biz grow. We sella da org'—buy one streeta piano. I hira one 'sistant. Da 'sistant pusha da piano, I grinda da crank, da monk' taka da mon'.

We gitta da ver' wella off. I gitta mar-r-red. Buya me one home, sweeta home.

I investa ma mon'—buy da fruita stands on da sidawalk—hire da cheapa dago chumps to runna da stands.

Da labor quest' ver' simp'—ver' plain. When I poor I say:—"Shoota da monopola! Keela da r-r-richa man!" Alla da same like when you in Roma do lika da Roma peop'.

Now I one r-richa man. I weara da fine clothes, picka my teeth with da golda pick—weara da diamond stud—driva my team and snappa my fingers.

It maka alla da dif' in da worl' which sida da fence you stana on.

JOE KERR.

DREAMIN' O' HOME.

I CAN'T jest tell what's come to her, an' yet I think
it's clear

That sumthin's goin' wrong o' late—to see her sittin'
there

A-dreamin' in the doorway, with that look into her
eyes,

As ef they still was restin' on the ole time fields an'
skies.

She's always dreamin', dreamin' o' the life we left
behind,

The little two-room cottage where the mornin' glories
twined ;

The roses in the garden, the yellow sunflowers tall,
The violets—but she herself the sweetest flower o' all.

You see, she uster sit there in the doorway, so content,

The sunflowers follerin' the sun, no matter where he
went ;

The brown bees sippin' honey and a-buzzin' 'roun'
the place ;

The roses climbin' up to her an' smilin' in her face.

An' now she can't forget it. When I tell her : " Little
wife,

There aint no use in grievin' for that simple country
life,"

She twines her arm aroun' my neck, an' smilin' sweet
to see,

She says : " It seems so far away to where we uster
be!"

There aint no use in chidin', or sayin' words o'
cheer ;

There's nuthin' in the city life like she was useter
there ;

Where preachin' cum but once a month an' street
cars didn't run,

An' folks they tole the time o' day by lookin' at the
sun.

An' larks got up at peep o' dawn an' made the med-
ders ring;
I tell you, folks, when one's brought up to jes' that
kind o' thing,
It's hard to get away from it; old feelin's bound to
rise,
An' make a runnin' over in a woman's tender eyes.
So there she sits a-dreamin', till I git to dreamin'
too.
An' when her head droops on my breast an' sleep
falls like the dew
An' closes them sweet eyes o' hers, once more we
seem to be
In the old home, where we'll rest some day together
—her and me.

ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

PAPA WAS STUMPED.

“PAPA,” said a little West End girl the other even-
ing, “I’m in fractions now, but I don’t under-
stand it. Tell me about some of these examples.”

“Certainly, certainly,” said the father. “What’s
the trouble?”

“Why, it says here that if a man travels 25,795
miles in $25\frac{1}{2}$ days, how many miles will he travel in
one day?”

“Say, Maria,” said the old man, as he looked
beamingly at his wife, “doesn’t that remind us of old

times? La me! it just takes me back to the little old log school-house in the woods. Why, Maria, I remember one day—”

“But, papa,” interrupted the child, “I’m in a hurry. What’s the answer?”

“Oh! yes. Yes, of course. Give me the example again. Now I have it. If a man travels 25,795 miles in $25\frac{1}{2}$ days, how many miles will he travel in one day? That’s an easy one. Maria, do you remember that little red-headed fellow who sat in front of you and annoyed you with his bean-shooter, and that hideous little Mary Bennett?”

“But, papa, what’s the answer?”

“Oh! the answer; let me see.”

The man figured and calculated and said “oh!” and “ah!” and scratched out and began again. Then he put his pencil in his mouth, paused a long while, and at last said:

“Maria, I’ve sorter forgotten about this fraction of a day business. How does it go?”

“Why, John,” said the good woman, “you-er, you-er find the greatest common divisor, and—”

“Say, Maria, that reminds me of the joke about the janitor who saw these very words on the black-board: ‘Find the greatest common divisor,’ and he said: ‘Well, is that durned thing lost again?’ Curious how these—”

“But, papa, what’s the answer?”

“Oh! yes; where was I? Well, you divide the 25,795 by $25\frac{1}{2}$, and the result will be the answer.”

“I know, papa, but what’s the result?”

"Didn't I just tell you that the result would be the answer? All you have to do is to put down the multiplicand—multiplicand! Where have I heard that word? Why, Maria, it just makes me want to get out and play marbles and hookey and things."

"But, Henry, you haven't solved that problem for the child."

"That's so. Well here goes. Twenty-five goes in 25 once; 25 into 7 no times, and into 79 three times and 4. And 45 once and 20, or twenty-twenty-fifths of 25 and one-halfths, or 1,031 and one-fifths, or—"

"Henry, what are you talking about?"

"Maria, I started out to find that greatest common divisor of yours, but taint no use. I say that any man who would undertake to walk 25,795 miles in $25\frac{1}{2}$ days is just a plain, ordinary, everyday fool. He can't do it."

"But, papa, what's the—"

"It hasn't got any answer. Just say to your teacher that it is preposterous—the idea of a man taking such a pedestrian tour as that. Truth is, Maria," he added confidentially to his wife, "I never did know anything about fractions."

THE LITTLE WOMAN.

DON'T talk to me of Olympus' maids,
Divinely tall and fair,
Of Cleopatra's imperial form,
Of Juno's stately air.

Those mighty dames with redoubted names,
May erst have held their sway—
'Tis the little woman—bless her heart—
Who rules the world to-day.

With her willful, witching, winsome ways,
Her artful, artless smiles—
Her airy grace and her fairy face—
Her wisdom, wit, and wiles,
She mocks the pride and she sways the strength,
She bends the will of man,
As only such a despotic elf—
A little woman—can.

Though her pathway may lead thro' the darkest ways,
She always finds a light;
Though her eyes be dazzled by fortune's rays,
She's sure to see aright;
Though her wisdom be of no special school,
Her logic "just because,"
The first has settled a kingdom's fate,
The last has made its laws.

'Tis the little woman that goes ahead
When men would lag behind,
The little woman who sees her chances
And always knows her mind—
Who can slyly smile as she takes the oath
To honor, love, obey,
And mentally add the saving clause—
In a little woman's way!

Would the diamond seem such a perfect gem
If it measured one foot round?
Would the rose-leaf yield such a sweet perfume
If it covered yards of ground?
Would the dew-drops seem so clear and pure
If dew like rain should fall?
Or the little woman seem half so great
If she were six feet tall?

'Tis the hand as soft as the nestling bird
That grips the grip of steel;
'Tis the voice as low as the summer wind
That rules without appeal,
And the warrior, scholar, saint, and sage,
May fight and plan and pray,
The world will wag till the end of time
In the little woman's way.

M. C. BARNES.

THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE.

THERE is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life, but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly are enveloped in obscurity; modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship have all their secrets, with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts which love understand each other by a word; half of each is at all times open to the other. Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance, and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is only

happy because it as yet knows nothing; age miserable because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of immortality commence.

If we turn to the understanding, we shall find that the pleasures of thought also have a certain connection with the mysterious.

To what sciences do we unceasingly return? To those which always leave something still to be discovered, and fix our regards on a perspective which is never to terminate. If we wander in the desert, a sort of instinct leads us to shun the plains where the eye embraces at once the whole circumference of nature, to plunge into forests, those forests the cradle of religion, whose shades and solitudes are filled with the recollections of prodigies, where the ravens and the doves nourished the prophets and fathers of the Church.

If we visit a modern monument whose origin or destination is unknown, it excites no attention; but if we meet on a desert isle in the midst of the ocean, with a mutilated statue pointing to the west, with its pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, and worn by the winds, what a subject of meditation is presented to the traveler! Everything is concealed, everything is hidden in the universe. Man himself is the greatest mystery of the whole. Whence comes the spark which we call existence, and in what obscurity is it to be extinguished?

The Eternal has placed our birth, and our death, under the form of two veiled phantoms, at the two

extremities of our career; the one produces the inconceivable gift of life, which the other is ever ready to devour.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE MEN OF GLOUCESTER.

Permission of Youth's Companion.

ON the tossing sea, the heaving sea,
Shattered and spent we lay.
The night had passed like a waking dream,
And the dawn broke cold and gray.

The rain had ceased, but the fierce wind still
Screeched through the rigging bare;
And the cold spray stung as it swept aslant,
Like winged ice through the air.

Over the bulwarks the great gray seas
Did heave themselves and break;
And when they broke, 'twas pity to feel
How the schooner's heart did quake.

And ever she cried and groaned, poor wretch,
As only a vessel can.
A womanish thing! but all the rest
Were silent, master and man.

There were twelve of us, for four had gone
When the mainmast thundered down.
Captain and mate, and ten men more,
All out of Gloucester town.

We thought of the town, as on we drove,
We thought of wife and child ;
And sometimes it seemed their voices came
Through the tempest howling wild.

Silent we lay, while death drew near
On the wings of the freezing hail,
When the captain raised his head and cried,
“Look, lads! a sail! a sail!”

And there, and plain in the sight of all,
A gallant steamer hove,
A right black line 'twixt the foam below
And the whirling clouds above.

Bravely she rode the plunging seas,
Bravely she faced the storm ;
And each of us felt his frozen heart
Grow, sudden, light and warm.

We looked where our signal flew aloft,
The silent cry of the sea,
And then our eyes on the steamer burned,
But never a word said we.

A stir on her deck! she had seen the flag:
A clustering at her side!
Her crew stood safe, and gazed at us,
But the space between was wide.

The space between was a boiling waste
Of gray waves beaten white ;
Of swirling hollows fathom deep,
And hissing foam-wreaths light.

And if they would launch a boat, methought,
What chance for a boat to live?
And where are the men, in such a sea,
A life for a life to give?

The wind it keened, and keened, and keened,
Through the rigging stiff and bare;
And "Death!" and "Death!" and ever "Death!"
Was the word 'twas crying there.

Again a stir on the steamer's deck,
And another stir at her side;
And a boat swung out and hung aloft,
Above the whirling tide.

Then e'en with my thoughts, our captain spoke,
"What chance for that boat to live?
What chance of saving our half-spent lives,
If these men their brave lives give?

"Now, answer, men of Gloucester town!
Shall we take this gift so free?
Shall we take these lives, from men that love
Their life as well as we?"

And "No!" we said. What should we say,
Being men of Gloucester town?
The captain raised his ice-stiff hand,
And hauled the signal down.

Then I closed my eyes; and we all, belike,
Thought over a bit of prayer;
And we thought of home, and the old gray church,
And the women kneeling there.

And still the wind it keened and keened
Through the frozen rigging bare;
And "Death!" and "Death!" and ever "Death!"
Was the word 'twas crying there.

A voice! a cry! my heart leaped up;
I looked, and lo! the boat
Rode lightly o'er the crested hills,
The bravest thing afloat.

And now she tossed aloft, aloft,
And now she swooped below;
But we saw the strong arms bent to work,
And the faces all aglow.

We tried to raise a feeble cheer,
But never a voice found we;
The captain waved his stiffened hand,
And we waited silently.

Ah! not in vain that gallant crew
Their lives so freely gave;
Ah! not in vain that gallant boat
Came leaping o'er the wave.

For home, for home, across the foam,
We now are sailing free,
While gladly blows the favoring wind,
And sunlit smiles the sea.

Once more must fall the peaceful night,
Once more must rise the sun,
Before we see the gray old town
That holds our hearts each one.

All honor to the noble men
Who risked their lives for ours ;
Who, never flinching, set their hand
Against the tempest's powers.

And yet—mayhap—some honor fell
On us of Gloucester town,
Then, when our captain raised his hand
And hauled the signal down.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

RAPID TRANSIT.

THE train leaves at 6 P. M.
For the land where the poppy blows ;
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms ;
The whistle a low sweet strain :
The passenger winks and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train.

At 8 P. M. the next train starts
For the Poppy land afar ;
The summons clear falls on the ear :
"All aboard for the sleeping-car."

But what is the fare to Poppy land ?
I hope it is not too dear ;
The fare is this, a hug and a kiss,
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took
On His knee in kindness great,
Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at 6 and 8."

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray,
"For to me they are very dear.
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

EDGAR WADE ABBOT.

ANNETTA JONES—HER BOOK.

A RARE old print of Shakespeare—his works—in
boards of brown,
With quaint engravings; here and there the yellowed
leaves turned down
Where sweet, love-breathing Juliet speaks—and as I
lean and look,
Traced in pale, faded ink, the words: "Annetta
Jones—Her book."

Now this old print of Shakespeare I prize, because
'tis rare—
The gem of all my library, in dust and glory there.
I marvel much at Hamlet's "ghost," and Banquo's
pictured bones;
But who, ye gods of ancient days, was this Annetta
Jones?

It seems I've heard that name before—Jones—
 Jones; but that "Annetta,"
With neat embroidery around the first and final
 letter,
Is sweet and quaint: she was no saint—prim, grim!
 for I discover,
By these divine marked sentences, Annetta had a
 lover!

And I believe her eyes were blue, her lips as cherries
 red,
And many a shy, sweet kiss they knew and tender
 words they said;
And from her powdered brows gold hair fell cloud-
 like, soft and sweet,
Down-streaming, dreaming, gleaming to her silver-
 slippered feet!

She lived, she loved, was wedded; the romance of
 her life
Perhaps was toned a trifle when her lover called her
 "wife;"
But what a glorious fate is hers! for as I lean and
 look,
Her name still shines with Shakespeare's: "Annetta
 Jones—Her book."

FRANK L. STANTON.

AN UNREGISTERED RECORD.

From the Vanderbilt Observer.

“YER kin talk 'bout yer Salvay'or, and yer Procter Knott, an' yer Nancy Hanks—an' I reckon dey is no slouches in deir way—but wen it comes ter runnin', dis nigger has rid de fastest hoss in de fastest time wat ever wuz made, I do reckon.”

The speaker was one of a group of colored “sports” who were discussing with much spirit the respective merits of Salvator, Nancy Hanks and other record-breakers.

“You see, it happen' dis way: In dose days I 'longed to ole Mars Tom Perkins, up hyar close to Nashville, and one day er lot of gypsies come erlong and 'lowed as how dey wuz out er vittles an' 'd trade er good mar fer er hawg. An' do Mars Tom wus allers er little 'spishus er gypsies, yit the mar did'n hab no blimishes, an' her teef showed she wuz only fo' years old; an' Mars Tom 'lowed as how dey'd steal suthin' ter eat any way, so he mek de trade an' lead her off. She wur er wiry little yaller mustang, an' strong ez er mule, do she did hab de debbil in her eye. Mars Tom he lead her home, an' git some ob de hans ter ride her, an' den de trubble do begin. She rar an' she pitch, an' she kick an' she bite, twell nobody'd come nigh her.

“In dose days I wuz er biggity young nigger, what wuz allers mightity uppish 'bout 'lowin' ez how Ash could ride anyting what went on fo' laigs.

Now I wuz passin' erlong an' he calls ter me, and says, sezee, 'Ash, kin yer ride dis mar?' An' I 'lows ter him, 'Course I kin ride de mar, but I bin plowin' an' is powerful tired,' fer she did hab de debbil in 'er eye. Den he 'lows ter me, 'Ash, if yer will ride dat mar, I'll gib yer er dollar fer ebry minnit yer stays on her back.' Now dat wur powful ginrous fer Mars Tom, 'case he wuz jes a leetle close; so I says ter him, 'Jes put a twiser in her nose an' hole de halter till Ash gets on.' Well, de hans dey puts on de twiser an' den I gits on, an' Mars Tom he say, 'Do'n turn loose de halter, boys, jes let go de twiser.' Dey done it, an' den de mar kinder rar up and come down wid all feet togedder, an' Ash he wur comin' down hed fust troo a cedar bush. De bush brek meh fall, an' only gits de dander up, so I bresh meh close an' 'low, 'Jes tek off dat saddle so I kin wrop meh laigs underneat, an' Ash 'll show dese grinnin' niggers how ter ride.' Dey tuk offen de saddle an' I mounts her and wrops my laigs roun' an' braces ginst her fo'laigs, an' den Mars Tom say, 'Is yer ready, Ash?' And I say, 'Ready; let her go.' An' she went.

"It 'peared lak she knowed it wa'n't no use ter try an' git Ash off. So straight es er bullet troo dat woods-lot she flew, ober de rock fence an' down de pike tell she come ter de railroad, den ober Mars Bob Scales' ten-rail fence, an' cross de paster ober a gate inter de medder, troo de medder up de branch, ober Mars John May's fence, troo briar patches an' corn fields, up de big hill an' down it inter de creek,

ober de fence onto de pike ergin, den troo Brentwood, scatterin' men, niggers, an' dogs, an' bruisin' me up 'ginst waggins an' buggies an' fence corners, but still I hangs on. She nebber stops ner slows up tell she meet er thrasher, den she wheel wid a little squeal an' start back de same track she tuk cumin', ebry foot er ground de same, tell at las' she jump de rock wall an' hit de woods-lot, an' wen she come up ter de stable wher de grass wuz long, Ash turn loose all holts an' drap inter de sof' grass jes erbout dead. Den Mars Tom he come an' picks me up an' 'lows ter me, sezee, 'Hyar's yer dollar, Ash, yer's bin gone jes one minnit.'"

W. C. CHERRY.

CREEPING UP THE STAIRS.

IN the softly fading twilight
 Of a weary, weary day,
 With a quiet step I entered
 Where the children were at play;
 I was brooding o'er some trouble
 Which had met me unawares,
 When a little voice came ringing,
 "Me is creeping up the stairs."

Ah, it touched the tenderest heart strings,
 With a breath and force divine,
 And such melodies awakened
 As no wording can define.

And I turned to see our darling,
All forgetful of my cares,
When I saw the little creature
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering,
Like a magpie in the trees.
Till at last she reached the topmost
When o'er all her world's affairs,
She delighted stood a victor
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image
Of man's brief and struggling life,
Whose best prizes must be captured
With a noble, earnest strife;
Onward, upward reaching ever,
Bending to the weight of cares,
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
We go creeping up the stairs.

On their steps may be no carpet,
By their side may be no rail;
Hands and knees may often pain us,
And the heart may almost fail;
Still above there is the glory,
Which no sinfulness impairs,
With its joy and rest forever,
After creeping up the stairs.

BEST POLICY IN REGARD TO NATURALIZATION.

EACH hour will behold this tide of foreign emigration rising higher and higher, growing stronger and stronger, rushing bolder and bolder. The past furnishes no test of the future, and the future threatens to transcend all calculations of this formidable evil. View this great subject in any light, and it still flings back upon us the reflected rays of reason, patriotism, and philanthropy. The love of our native land is an innate, holy, and ineradicable passion. Distance only strengthens it—time only concentrates the feeling that causes the tear to gush from the eye of the emigrant, as old age peoples by the vivid memory the active present with the happy past. In what land do we behold the foreigner who denies this passion of the heart? It is nature's most holy decree, nor is it in human power to repeal the law which is passed on the mother's breast and confirmed by the father's voice. The best policy of the wise statesman is to model his laws on the holy ordinances of nature. If the heart of the alien is in his native land—if all his dearest thoughts and fondest affections cluster around the altar of his native gods—let us not disturb his enjoyments by placing this burden of new affections on his bosom, through the moral force of an oath of allegiance, and the onerous obligation of political duties that are against his sympathies, and call on

him to renounce feelings that he can never expel from his bosom. Let us secure him the privilege at least of mourning for his native land by withholding obligations he cannot discharge either with fidelity, ability, or pleasure.

Give him time to wean himself from his early love. A long list of innumerable duties will engage all his attention during his political novitiate, in addition to those comprised in reforming the errors and prejudices of the nursery, and in creating and forming new opinions, congenial to the vast field which lies spread before him in morals, politics, and life. A due reflection will convince every alien, when his passions are not inflamed by the insidious appeals of senseless demagogues, that his highest position is that of a moral agent in the full enjoyment of all the attributes of civil freedom, preparing the minds and hearts of his children to become faithful, intelligent, and virtuous republicans, born to a right that vindicates itself by the holy ties of omnipotent nature, and which, while God sanctions and consecrates, no man can dispute.

LEWIS C. LEVIN.

CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark ;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark ;

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

TENNYSON.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I AM tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men ;
Heart weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away ;
For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie ;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.

From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh! the little hands too skillful,
And the child mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! From the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

DE CANDY PULL.

YOU kin talk about y'r op'ras, y'r germans, an' all
sich,
Y'r afternoon r'ceptions an' the pleasures o' the
rich,

You kin feast upon y'r choc'lates an' y r creams an'
ices full,
But none o' 'em is ekal to a good old candy
pull.

For ther' isn't any perfume like the 'lasses on the
fire,
A bublin' and a dancin', as it keeps a risin'
higher,
While the spoon goes stirrin', stirrin', till the kittle's
even full,
No, I reely think ther's nothin' like a good old candy
pull.

Then the exercise o' pullin' how it sets the cheeks
aglow,
While the tongue makes merry music, as the hands
move to and fro,
An' with scarcely hidden laughter, the eyes are
brimmin' full,
Fer the happiness is honest at a good old candy
pull.

It's true we miss the music an' the ball-room's crush
an' heat,
But ther' isn't any bitter that stays behind the
sweet,
An' I think the world' be better, an' its cup o' joy
more full
If we only had more pleasures like the good old
candy pull.

A. B. LUCE.

LITERATURE PERVERTED.

LITERATURE has been a most powerful agent in feeding the warlike propensity, and this is undergoing a vital and happy change. In former days it was altogether calculated to arouse and foster a martial feeling. The poems, the histories, the orations which for centuries have delighted mankind have been replete with the praises of heroes and conquerors. These pictures and descriptions have been seized upon, amplified, and issued at second-hand, or assumed as a species of model for every imitator from that day to this. A magical illusion has been attempted, and in a great degree effected. The battle-field, with its promiscuous carnage of men and horses, covered with clotted gore, and the frozen fragments of bodies—which else had now been warm with youth, and health, and happiness, blessing and being blessed—is represented as the field of glory. The devastation of fruitful fields, the destruction of happy homes, the cleaving down of the liberties of a free and prosperous and happy people appear under the guise of a splendid conquest. The tears and execrations of a nation of widows and orphans and childless parents—the smothered groans of an enslaved people—these sound the trump of everlasting fame for the author of such accumulated miseries; more loved and more lovely, in proportion as they are mingled more deeply with the tones of despair! And men have listened and admired and

have been made the dupes of their imaginations. But the scales of delusion are falling from the eyes of nations, and the literature of the age is turned, and is flowing with the general current. At the present day, he is more applauded who crowns a country with peace and plenty than he who covers it with bones and putrefaction—he who builds, than he who burns a city—he who has founded a wise system of laws, than he who has overturned it—he, in short, whose fame is associated with the happiness of his race than he who has wantonly hurled the firebrand of destruction into the home of that happiness, though the smoke and glare of its conflagration should reach the heavens, and the crash of its ruins shake the earth to its centre. When we reflect upon the influence exerted by a ballad, or a tale, shall we hesitate to hope the most blessed results from this change in the literature of the present age?

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

RUGGED wanderers out in the cold,
Waving defiance to autumn's blasts,
Tossing and shaking your straight rough hair,
Out 'mid the unquiet breezes there,
Like tattered pennants on swaying masts.

Red and yellow and white and pink,
Smooth and jagged, quiet and gay;

What are you saying as you are playing,
Dancing and bowing, nodding and swaying,
To and fro on this autumn day ?

You motley crowd in harlequin garb,
You stragglers bold, with spicy breath,
Who come at the end of the long procession
(Patient victims without transgression)
Of blossoms marching on to their death.

What are you calling out to the wind,
As he flies on his course past your garden places,
That makes him stop on his blustering way,
And, half in earnest, half in play,
Strike with rough hand your saucy faces ?

You are hardy and strong, oh ! autumn flowers,
As you carelessly laugh to the wind and the sky,
But stronger than you, or the wind, or the rain,
Is the law, the beginning of mortal pain—
No matter how beautiful, all must die.

ROBERTA KERR ELLIOT.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

I WOULD not listen to the wind to-day
If I could shut my ears against its moan,
Its murmurous monotone :
It is not winter in my heart, I say,
Why listen then to January's lay ?

But O, its threnody will importune,
And clamor to be heard. Sing how I will,
 Its voice will not be still,
But weirdly wails with low, lugubrious croon,
As the night's wing shadows the afternoon.

It is the wind, only the wind, I know,
And in my heart the June of love is warm,
 Safe from all fear of storm
Or dread of any tempest that can blow:
Ah, then, why does the wind's voice haunt me so?

No wonder that the wind tones so enthrall,
I mind me of another day when I,
 Rapt with a melody,
Heard its wild notes in some sweet interval;
And now its voice re-echoing through the hall

Is but a vehicle that brings to me,
Just as the skylark's sweet, impassioned rhyme
 Tells of the summer time,
A bit of life's unwritten history;
And heart and harp are tuned to the same key.

For life has many a burial house and crypt,
And many a ditty that we gladly sung
 In memory, is among
The blissful things that all too soon have tripped
Oblivionward, and from our keeping slipped.

I cannot shut my ears against the rhyme
Whispered at keyholes and at lattices,
 Unwritten harmonies;

No other heart but mine may catch their chime,
The echoing melodies of that old time.

And so the wind's voice haunts my soul to-day,
Mingling its melancholy melody

With my thoughts' symphony.

It is not winter in my heart, I say,

Yet I hear January's roundelay.

ROSALINE E. JONES.

HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountains dawn the day;
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily mingle they,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray;
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay;
Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay;
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk;
Think of this and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A SISTERLY SCHEME.

From Puck. Permission of Keppler & Schwarzmann, Publishers, N. Y.

ON the beach near a summer hotel, up in Maine, where the canoes were drawn up in line, there stood one summer morning a curly-haired, fair young man—not so very young, either—whose cheeks were uncomfortably red as he looked first at his own canoe, high and dry, loaded with rods and landing-net and luncheon-basket, and then at another

canoe, fast disappearing down the lake, wherein sat a young man and a young woman.

"Dropped again, Mr. Morpeth?"

The young man looked up and saw a saucy face laughing at him. A girl was sitting on the string-piece of the dock. It was the face of a girl between childhood and womanhood. By the face and the figure, it was a woman grown. By the dress, you would have judged it a girl.

And you would have been confirmed in the latter opinion by the fact that the young person was doing something unpardonable for a young lady, but not inexcusable in the case of a youthful tomboy. She had taken off her canvas shoe, and was shaking some small stones out of it. There was a tiny hole in her black stocking, and a glimpse of her pink toe was visible. The girl was sunburnt, but the toe was prettily pink.

"Your sister," replied the young man with dignity, "was to have gone fishing with me; but she remembered at the last moment that she had a prior engagement with Mr. Brown."

"She hadn't," said the girl. "I heard them make it up last evening, after you went up-stairs."

The young man clean forgot himself.

"She's the most heartless coquette in the world!" he cried, and clinched his hands.

"She is all that," said the young person on the string-piece of the dock, "and more too. And yet, I suppose, you want her all the same?"

"I'm afraid I do," said the young man, miserably.

"Well," said the girl, putting her shoe on again, and beginning to tie it up, "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Morpeth. You've been hanging around Pauline for a year, and you are the only one of the men she keeps on a string who hasn't snubbed me. Now, if you want me to, I'll give you a lift."

"A—a— what?"

"A lift. You're wasting your time. Pauline has no use for devotion. It's a drug in the market with her—has been for five seasons. There's only one way to get her worked up. Two fellows tried it, and they nearly got there; but they weren't game enough to stay to the bitter end. I think you're game, and I'll tell you. You've got to make her jealous."

"Make her jealous of me?"

"No!" said his friend, with infinite scorn; "make her jealous of the other girl. Oh! but you men are stupid!"

The young man pondered a moment.

"Well, Flossy," he began, and then he became conscious of a sudden change in the atmosphere, and perceived that the young lady was regarding him with a look that might have chilled his soul.

"Miss Flossy—Miss Belton—" he hastily corrected himself. Winter promptly changed to summer in Miss Flossy Belton's expressive face.

"Your scheme," he went on, "is a good one. Only—it involves the discovery of another girl."

"Yes," assented Miss Flossy, cheerfully.

"Well," said the young man, "doesn't it strike

you that if I were to develop a sudden admiration for any one of these other young ladies whose charms I have hitherto neglected, it would come tardy off—lack artistic verisimilitude, so to speak?”

“Rather,” was Miss Flossy’s prompt and frank response; “especially as there isn’t one of them fit to flirt with.”

“Well, then, where am I to discover the girl?”

Miss Flossy untied and retied her shoe. Then she said, calmly:

“What’s the matter with—” a hardly perceptible hesitation—“me?”

“With you?” Mr. Morpeth was startled out of his manners.

“Yes!”

Mr. Morpeth simply stared.

“Perhaps,” suggested Miss Flossy, “I’m not good-looking enough?”

“You are good-looking enough,” replied Mr. Morpeth, recovering himself, “for anything—” and he threw a convincing emphasis into the last word as he took what was probably his first real inspection of his adored one’s junior—“but—aren’t you a trifle—young?”

“How old do you suppose I am?”

“I know. Your sister told me. You are sixteen.”

“Sixteen!” repeated Miss Flossy, with an infinite and uncontrollable scorn, “yes, and I’m the kind of sixteen that stays sixteen till your elder sister’s married. I was eighteen years old on the third of

last December—unless they began to double on me before I was old enough to know the difference—it would be just like mamma to play it on me in some such way,” she concluded, reflectively.

“Eighteen years old!” said the young man. “The deuce!” Do not think that he was an ill-bred young man. He was merely astonished, and he had much more astonishment ahead of him. He mused for a moment.

“Well,” he said, “what’s your plan of campaign? I am to—to discover you.”

“Yes,” said Miss Flossy, calmly, “and to flirt with me like fun.”

“And may I ask what attitude you are to take when you are—discovered?”

“Certainly,” replied the imperturbable Flossy. “I am going to dangle you.”

“To—to dangle me?”

“As a conquest, don’t you know. Let you hang round and laugh at you.”

“Oh! indeed?”

“There, don’t be wounded in your masculine pride. You might as well face the situation. You don’t think that Pauline’s in love with you, do you?”

“No!” groaned the young man.

“But you’ve got lots of money. Mr. Brown has got lots more. You’re eager. Brown is coy. That’s the reason that Brown is in the boat and you are on the cold, cold shore, talking to Little Sister. Now if Little Sister jumps at you, why, she’s simply taking

Big Sister's leavings; it's all in the family, any way, and there's no jealousy, and Pauline can devote her whole mind to Brown. There, don't look so limp. You men are simply childish. Now, after you've asked me to marry you—"

"Oh! I'm to ask you to marry me?"

"Certainly. You needn't look frightened, now. I won't accept you. But then you are to go around like a wet cat, and mope, and hang on worse than ever. Then Big Sister will see that she can't afford to take that sort of thing from Little Sister, and then—there's your chance."

"Oh! there's my chance, is it?" said Mr. Morpeth. He seemed to have fallen into the habit of repetition.

"There's your only chance," said Miss Flossy, with decision.

Mr. Morpeth meditated. He looked at the lake, where there was no longer sign or sound of the canoe, and he looked at Miss Flossy, who sat calm, self-confident and careless, on the string-piece of the dock.

"I don't know how feasible—" he began.

"It's feasible," said Miss Flossy, with decision. "Of course Pauline will write to mamma, and of course mamma will write and scold me. But she's got to stay in New York, and nurse papa's gout, and the Miss Redingtons are all the chaperons we've got up here, and they don't amount to anything—so I don't care."

"But why," inquired the young man; and his tone suggested a complete abandonment to Miss

Flossy's idea: "why should you take so much trouble for me?"

"Mr. Morpeth," said Miss Flossy, solemnly, "I'm two years behind the time-table, and I've got to make a strike for liberty, or die. And besides," she added, "if you are nice, it needn't be such an awful trouble."

Mr. Morpeth laughed.

"I'll try to make it as little of a bore as possible," he said, extending his hand. The girl did not take it.

"Don't make any mistake," she cautioned him, searching his face with her eyes; "this isn't to be any little-girl affair. Little Sister doesn't want any kind, elegant, supercilious encouragement from Big Sister's young man. It's got to be a real flirtation—devotion no end, and ten times as much as ever Pauline could get out of you—and you've got to keep your end 'way—'way—'way up!"

The young man smiled.

"I'll keep my end up," he said; "but are you certain that you can keep yours up?"

"Well, I think so," replied Miss Flossy. "Pauline will raise an awful row; but if she goes too far, I'll tell my age, and hers too."

Mr. Morpeth looked in Miss Flossy's calm face. Then he extended his hand once more.

"It's a bargain, so far as I'm concerned," he said.

This time a soft and small hand met his with a firm, friendly, honest pressure.

"And I'll refuse you," said Miss Flossy.

* * * * *

Within two weeks, Mr. Morpeth found himself entangled in a flirtation such as he had never dreamed of. Miss Flossy's scheme had succeeded only too brilliantly. The whole hotel was talking about the outrageous behavior of "that little Belton girl" and Mr. Morpeth, who certainly ought to know better.

Mr. Morpeth had carried out his instructions. Before the week was out, he found himself giving the most life-like imitation of an infatuated lover that ever delighted the old gossips of a summer-resort. And yet he had only done what Flossy told him to do.

He got his first lesson just about the time that Flossy, in the privacy of their apartments, informed her elder sister that if she, Flossy, found Mr. Morpeth's society agreeable, it was nobody's concern but her own, and that she was prepared to make some interesting additions to the census statistics if any one thought differently.

The lesson opened his eyes.

"Do you know," she said, "that it wouldn't be a bit of a bad idea to telegraph to New York for some real nice candy and humbly present it for my acceptance? I might take it—if the bonbonnière was pretty enough."

He telegraphed to New York and received, in the course of four or five days, certain marvels of sweets in a miracle of an upholstered box. The next day he found her on the veranda, flinging the bonbons on the lawn for the children to scramble for.

"Awfully nice of you to send me these things,"

she said, languidly, but loud enough for the men around her to hear—she had men around her already : she had been discovered—“but I never eat sweets, you know. Here, you little mite in the blue sash, don’t you want this pretty box to put your doll’s clothes in?”

And Maillard’s finest bonbonnière went to a yellow-haired brat of three.

But this was the slightest and lightest of her caprices. She made him send for his dog-cart and his horses, all the way from New York, only that he might drive her over the ridiculous little mile-and-a-half of road that bounded the tiny peninsula. And she christened him “Muffets,” a nickname presumably suggested by “Morpeth;” and she called him “Muffets” in the hearing of all the hotel people.

And did such conduct pass unchallenged? No. Pauline scolded, raged, raved. She wrote to mamma. Mamma wrote back and reproved Flossy. But mamma could not leave papa. His gout was worse. The Miss Redingtons must act. The Miss Redingtons merely wept, and nothing more. Pauline scolded; the flirtation went on; and the people at the big hotel enjoyed it immensely.

And there was more to come. Four weeks had passed. Mr. Morpeth was hardly on speaking terms with the elder Miss Belton; and with the younger Miss Belton he was on terms which the hotel gossips characterized as “simply scandalous.” Brown glared at him when they met, and he glared at Brown.

Brown was having a hard time. Miss Belton the elder was not pleasant of temper in those trying days.

"And now," said Miss Flossy to Mr. Morpeth, "it's time you proposed to me, Muffets."

They were sitting on the hotel veranda, in the evening darkness. No one was near them, except an old lady in a Shaker chair.

"There's Mrs. Melby. She's pretending to be asleep, but she isn't. She's just waiting for us. Now walk me up and down and ask me to marry you so that she can hear it. It'll be all over the hotel inside of half an hour. Pauline will just rage."

With this pleasant prospect before him, Mr. Morpeth marched Miss Flossy Belton up and down the long veranda. He had passed Mrs. Melby three times before he was able to say, in a choking, husky, uncertain voice :

"Flossy—I—I—I love you!"

Flossy's voice was not choking nor uncertain. It rang out clear and silvery in a peal of laughter.

"Why, of course you do, Muffets, and I wish you didn't. That's what makes you so stupid half the time."

"But—" said Mr. Morpeth, vaguely ; "but I—"

"But you're a silly boy," returned Miss Flossy ; and she added in a swift aside : "You haven't asked me to marry you!"

"W-W-W-Will you be my wife?" stammered Mr. Morpeth.

"No!" said Miss Flossy, emphatically, "I will not.

You are too utterly ridiculous. The idea of it! No, Muffets, you are charming in your present capacity; but you aren't to be considered seriously."

They strolled on into the gloom at the end of the great veranda.

"That's the first time," he said, with a feeling of having only the ghost of a breath left in his lungs, "that I ever asked a woman to marry me."

"I should think so," said Miss Flossy, "from the way you did it. And you were beautifully rejected, weren't you. Now—look at Mrs. Melby, will you? She's scudding off to spread the news."

And before Mr. Morpeth went to bed, he was aware of the fact that every man and woman in the hotel knew that he had "proposed" to Flossy Belton, and had been "beautifully rejected."

* * * * *

Two sulky men, one sulky woman, and one girl radiant with triumphant happiness started out in two canoes, reached certain fishing-grounds known only to the elect, and began to cast for trout. They had indifferent luck. Miss Belton and Mr. Brown caught a dozen trout; Miss Flossy Belton and Mr. Morpeth caught eighteen or nineteen, and the day was wearing to a close. Miss Flossy made the last cast of the day, just as her escort had taken the paddle. A big trout rose—just touched the fly—and disappeared.

"It's this wretched rod!" cried Miss Flossy; and she rapped it on the gunwale of the canoe so sharply that the beautiful split-bamboo broke sharp off in

the middle of the second joint. Then she tumbled it overboard, reel and all.

"I was tired of that rod, anyway, Muffets," she said; "row me home, now; I've got to dress for dinner."

Miss Flossy's elder sister, in the other boat, saw and heard this exhibition of tyranny; and she was so much moved that she stamped her small foot, and endangered the bottom of the canoe. She resolved that mamma should come back, whether papa had the gout or not.

Mr. Morpeth, wearing a grave expression, was paddling Miss Flossy toward the hotel. He had said nothing whatever, and it was a noticeable silence that Miss Flossy finally broke.

"You've done pretty much everything that I wanted you to do, Muffets," she said; "but you haven't saved my life yet, and I'm going to give you a chance."

It is not difficult to overturn a canoe. One twist of Flossie's supple body did it, and before he knew just what had happened, Morpeth was swimming toward the shore, holding up Flossy Belton with one arm, and fighting for life in the icy water of a Maine lake.

The people were running down, bearing blankets and brandy, as he touched bottom in his last desperate struggle to keep the two of them above water. One yard further, and there would have been no strength left in him.

He struggled up on shore with her, and when he got breath enough, he burst out:

"Why did you do it? It was wicked! It was cruel!"

"There!" she said, as she reclined composedly in his arms, "that will do, Muffets. I don't want to be scolded."

A delegation came along, bringing blankets and brandy, and took her from him.

* * * * *

At five o'clock of that afternoon, Mr. Morpeth presented himself at the door of the parlor attached to the apartments of the Belton sisters. Miss Belton, senior, was just coming out of the room. She received his inquiry after her sister's health with a white face and a quivering lip.

"I should think, Mr. Morpeth," she began, "that you had gone far enough in playing with the feelings of a m-m-mere child, and that—oh! I have no words to express my contempt for you!"

And in a most unladylike rage Miss Pauline Belton swept down the hotel corridor.

She had left the door open behind her. Morpeth heard a voice, weak, but cheery, addressing him from the far end of the parlor.

"You've got her!" it said. "She's crazy mad. She'll make up to you to-night—see if she don't."

Mr. Morpeth looked up and down the long corridor. It was empty. He pushed the door open and entered. Flossy was lying on the sofa, pale, but bright-eyed.

"You can get her," she whispered, as he knelt down beside her.

"Flossy," he said, "don't you know that that is all ended? Don't you know that I love you and you only? Don't you know that I haven't thought about any one else since—since—O Flossy! don't you—is it possible that you don't understand?"

Flossy stretched out two weak arms, and put them around Mr. Morpeth's neck.

"Why have I had you in training all summer?" said she. "Did you think it was for Pauline?"

H. C. BUNNER.

HEROD.

THE populace was stirred, and here and there
Stood groups of men with wondering on their
brow

Who cried: "A new star rises in the East!
Read us its meaning." But none could answer why
Unheralded a new and unfamiliar star
Should burst upon astonished vision, until
There came athrough the city's northern gates
Three old men bearing gifts of precious gold,
Of frankincense and myrrh. To eager questionings
They answer gave with reverence: "It is the star
Of Christ the promised Saviour—Him we seek
To lay our off'rings at His sacred feet."
The Tetrarch Herod heard, and jealous fear
Seized on his heart, lest hearing such reports

His subjects might with disaffection cast
Allegiance off, and following swell the train
Of worshipers of Him whom prophets had fore-
told.

The Wise Men, bidden to his presence came
And this command received :

“ Go quickly hence

And find the Child and straightway bear me word
That I, too, may with all my household haste,
With joyous speed to greet the Royal Babe.”

(O ! vile fore-runner of Iscariot the False,
Who later on for silver sold the Christ !

Thy heart doth plan destruction to the Child
The faithful Magi seek ! 'Twere better far
To trust Him to waters where the crocodile
Holds bloody revels—'twere safer far to trust Him
To jungles deep, where lurking lion waits
To seize his prey !—For there might helpless inno-
cence

Appeal to savage pity and the beast
Instead of rending, stop to lick the face.)
And bowing low the Magi left the king,
Their faithful hearts with fear and doubt o'er
filled.

Outside the city's gates each other asked :
“ What meaneth this dissembling ? Is't fear or hate
Impels the homage of this haughty king ?
Shall we obey his mandate ? Nay, as the star
Shall guide our footsteps to the Royal Babe,
So, homeward turning shall a light divine
Our way direct.”

Thus prayerfully, with trust
In God, o'er rough and troublous paths, beset
With difficulties, jaded and faint with travel
They journeyed on, till they beheld the star
Suspended hung, like royal gem, above
The stall in Bethlehem, and sudden disappear
And then they knew their pilgrimage was o'er.
Inside the stall, warmed by the sweetened breath
Of wondering kine, the pilgrims bent the knee
And mingled praise and prayer with angel's songs.
Footsore and weary, down they lay and slept
Till morning dawned, and, filled with exaltation,
They knelt before the Child in adoration.
Being angel-warned in dreams, they grasped their
 staves
And homeward sought their way through lands that
 lay
Far off from fair Jerusalem.

And Herod waited,
While wrath consumed his heart, like fiery lava
In mountain hid doth clamor for release.
Yet soft his accents, as the tiger's voice
Assumes a gentle purr at love's sweet urgings,
So Herod's voice dropped low: "What ho! with-
 out!
What news from Christ, the promised Lord? Look
Toward the East and say who journeys hither."
And day by day the answer came: "None come,
My liege, who bringeth tidings of the Christ."
Within his private chambers, where none might see,

The demon raged, and Herod voiced his hate
In words of cruel meaning :

“ Defied by gray-beards !
In their doting strength !—menaced by a puling babe
Who knows no greater want than its mother’s breast ;
I—Herod—Tetrarch of famed Jerusalem,
Feel well my people’s growing disaffection,
And yearning for this new-born hidden King.
And shall it be ? This shame be cast abroad,
And I, great Herod scorned ? Shall I, deserted,
Sit in desolation, and hear the shouts
Proclaiming Christ the King ? Shall robe and crown
Be forfeits paid by royalty to imposition ?
By heavens ! it shall not be ! Ho ! guards without !
Command, in Herod’s name, a band of men,
A hundred strong, with spear and spike and sword,
Search Bethlehem of Judea from door to door,
And slay, on pain of death, all children—males
Of two years old and under, and thus assure
The death of Christ, this newly-born usurper.”

And whilst the soldiers, disciplined to obey,
Pursued their bloody search, the kingly coward
Crouched, trembling, fearing, behind his barred
doors
And in hoarsest whispers gave countenance to the
deed
That won for him the ’strangement of his people,
And gave his name to men as writ in blood
Of prattling innocents.

“Thus will I purge my subjects
Of traitorous thoughts, and through affliction’s
means

Chastise them to allegiance so nearly forsworn.
(Was that a shriek? A woman’s voice most sure!
Close up the doors and draw the hangings close!
The noisy sounds from highways troublous grow.)
Thus do all kings by means as best beseems
Protect their thrones from usurpation,
And thus shall I!—(what wails of agony
Doth fill the air! I never thought to feel
So terrified.) Ho! guards! bring hither quick,
Players with noisy instruments to drown
With loud performing all these outer sounds
That do my brain distract.”

(To the players) “Dear friends
Thy king distraught with fever would regale
Himself with strains thou knowest so well to play.
Play—play! Beat drums and clash the cymbals
fierce.

And you are best of friends! My soul is rent
With fear—thy welcome music fills mine ears
As heavenly sounds—louder still! Heard’st not
Those anguished screams that smote the traitorous
air?

Nay? heard’st not? Then ’twas imagination.
My fevered brain unbridled playeth pranks
With senses erst controlled—once more that shriek—
That woman’s shriek—freezes my blood! Play
louder!

Bah! thou art players such as only hast
The skill and touch of troubadours!
Give me the cymbals. Now, keep up time with one
Who plays on heartstrings, not on twanging chords
Of paltry harps. Louder! thy stupid heads
Shall pay a forfeit if mine ears detect
A sound again save thine own soulless strains.
Play! play! the drum doth keep no company
With my crashing cymbals. Break thy weak'ning
harp-strings,
Unskillful fools, with louder fingerings! Now,
Now! 'tis better! Friends, 'tis music as befits
My royal players—(Gods! a shriek more fierce
Stingeth mine ears)—Away! begone! Thy heads
Shall pay for bungling hands that lacked the skill
To humor Herod's fancy!"

And while he lay
Unconscious in his misery, the carnival of death
Went on in distant Bethlehem, and from the cave
Upon the hill so near the city's gates,
Joseph and Mary with the Infant Christ, arose
And stole away for peace from Herod's hate.

ALICE BROOKS

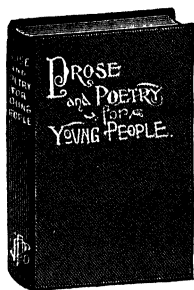
CUPID SWALLOWED.

T'OTHER day, as I was twining
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, midst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,

But the little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor—Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him;
And what d'ye think I did?—I drank him!
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart strings.

LEIGH HUNT.

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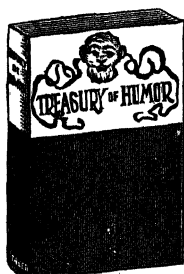
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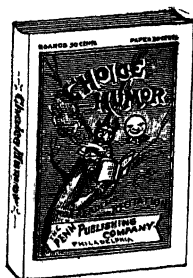
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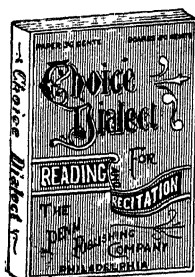
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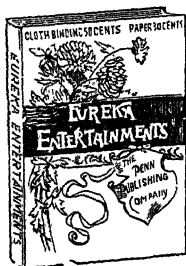
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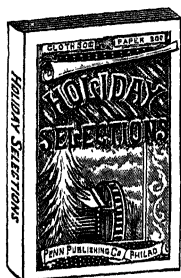
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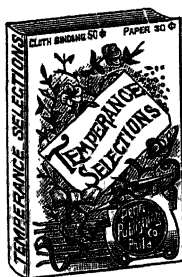
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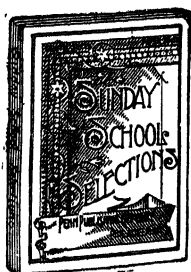
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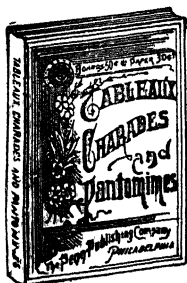
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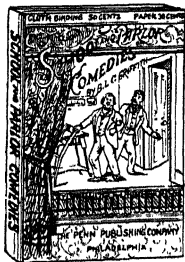
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